

The Illustrated

LONDON NEWS

NOVEMBER 1984 £1.30

BATTLE FOR THE SEA BED

Alex Finer reports on the contest for mining rights

VOICES OF AMERICA

Trevor and Penelope Fishlock record some American voters' views on the Presidential election

RETAIL REVOLUTIONARIES

Carol Kennedy's profile of Marks and Spencer



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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

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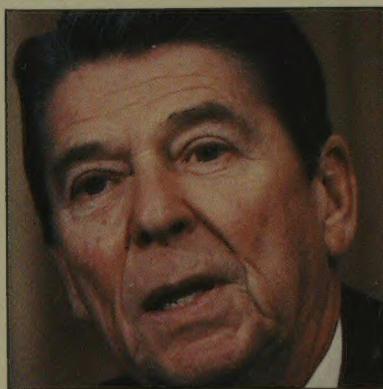
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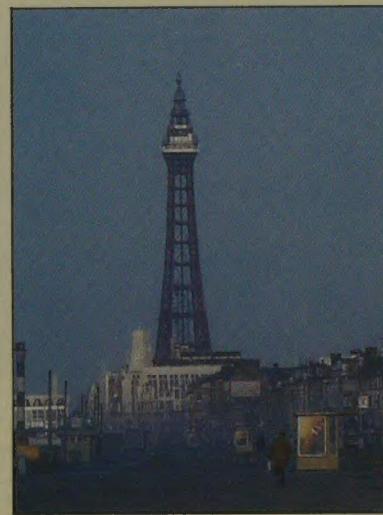
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**IT SEEMED AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY
TO START LOOKING FOR NORTH SEA OIL.**

1 9 6 5

A routine press conference in London, and an off-the-cuff remark by Shell UK's top geologist. Within minutes his comments are on every Editor's desk in Fleet Street, and by morning, being repeated the length and breadth of the country. While the sceptics scoff, the politicians pray. If what has been hinted at is indeed true, it will alter the economic and political fortunes of Britain for decades to come. Out in the North Sea, it is reported, Shell expects to strike oil.

1 9 6 6

The financial markets of London buzz with anticipation following Shell's discreet announcement of 'a significant gas discovery' 32 miles off the coast of East Anglia. Within two years Shell and other companies are bringing North Sea gas ashore, and with it a dramatic revival for the British gas industry. Plans are made for completely converting the National Grid to natural gas.

1 9 6 7

Armed with the latest seismic data, two geologists from Shell set up a small office in a tiny flat, over a bookshop, in the centre of Aberdeen. It seems as good a place as any from which to tackle their awesome task. They have been instructed to begin exploration of the vast and hostile waters of the northern parts of the North Sea.

1 9 7 1

At the northernmost offshore well yet drilled in the world, a veil of secrecy descends over Shell's activities. Communications with the mainland are suddenly coded through 'scrambler' phones. Information is rushed to Shell's scientists for prompt analysis. Until, as abruptly as they began, the exploration team cease all activity, seal the well, and are clearly seen making off for entirely new locations. A simple manoeuvre to ensure that nobody will guess what they have found.

1 9 7 2

Shell proudly announces the discovery of what will prove to be a giant oil and gas find for Britain, the Brent Field.

1 9 7 4

The latest analysis of the Brent Field shows that the possible reserves of oil and natural gas liquids are double the original estimate. With Britain's oil deficit still around £3.8 billion, the news is welcome indeed.

1 9 7 6

The very high ratio of gas and gas liquids to oil being produced at Brent leads to a daring new scheme.

A pipeline 278 miles long is to be laid on the seabed, to bring ashore the gas and gas liquids for separation. It will be the longest, and deepest, offshore pipeline ever built and is yet another challenge for British industry. Much of the technology required for North Sea development must be capable of operating in waves of up to 100 feet high, and in gusts of wind up to 100 miles per hour.

In this instance, underwater cameras, side-scan sonars and computer systems are needed that will operate 600 feet beneath the sea.

1 9 7 8

The scheme is a success. Now it will be possible to bring the gas and gas liquids ashore for further use. The gas will be extracted and fed into the National Grid.

It would be possible to split the remainder into ethane, butane, propane and natural gasoline — important resources for industry. To do so, a highly advanced plant, costing many millions of pounds, will have to be specially built.

1 9 8 0

Work begins on the £400 million Gas Liquids Plant being built by Shell at Mossmorran, and on the 138 mile pipeline that will feed it. Soon Mossmorran will be the largest construction site in Europe.

1 9 8 2

Oil production from Brent approaches 310,000 barrels per day. This vast quantity helps transform Britain's oil deficit of yesteryear into a surplus of around £4.4 billion.

1 9 8 4

A VIP gathering to witness the opening of the new Mossmorran plant. Distinguished speakers touch on one or two environmental aspects of the plant, such as how it has been built tucked into the contours of the land so as to be as unobtrusive as possible. Also mentioned are the industrial aspects, such as how the hydrocarbons being produced will ultimately be used in the manufacturing of a thousand and one household items, from lipsticks to records.

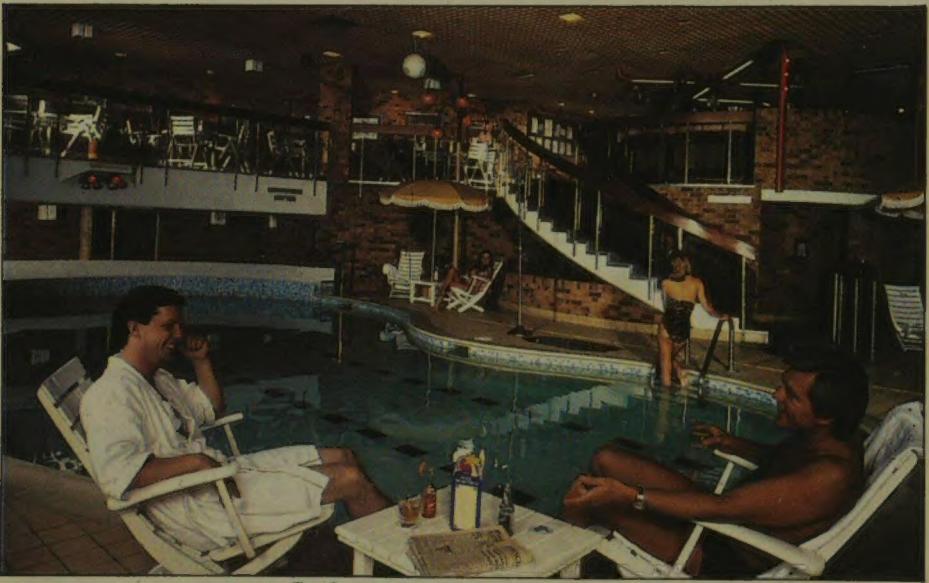
But above all, it is noted that the opening of Mossmorran marks the culmination of the twenty years in which Shell, and the countless number of smaller British companies that have worked for her, have invested thousands of millions of pounds and great skill and ingenuity in the North Sea.

With excitement, we all look forward to the next twenty years.

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THISTLE HOTELS

A rarity in Sussex

by Ursula Robertshaw

Pevsner described Mackay Hugh Baillie Scott (1865-1945) as "a brilliant and rare architect who vies with Voysey in importance in the field of domestic architecture at the end of the 19th century". It is therefore surprising that Scott's house The Crow's Nest, sited high in Ashdown Forest at Duddleswell, about 3 miles from Crowborough, should have escaped notice in Pevsner's volume on Sussex. He does list another house by the architect in Crowborough, Winscombe House, but notes regretfully that the principal rooms have been considerably or totally altered.

The Crow's Nest is happily intact, a fine and rare example of the Arts and Crafts period. It is listed Grade II and was built in 1904 when Scott's work was at its apogee: highly individual, romantic, rambling yet not difficult to manage.

Scott was born near Ramsgate, son of a Scottish aristocrat. He was articled to Charles Davis, City Architect of Bath, and settled in the Isle of Man in 1889. In 1897 he was commissioned by the Grand Duke of Hesse to provide decorations and furniture for the Grand Ducal Palace in Darmstadt and during this commission he worked closely with C. R. Ashbee, much of the work on furniture, light fittings and metalwork being undertaken by the latter's Guild of Handicrafts.

In 1901 Scott moved back to the mainland and settled in Bedford. He had already got to know Archibald Knox while he was in the Isle of Man, and this designer collaborated with him on the stained glass and fireplaces to be installed in his houses. These influences are much in evidence in The Crow's Nest, which is a treasure trove of unspoilt Arts and Crafts style.

There is plentiful stained glass, with the typical Glasgow School stylized birds and flowers. There are copper- or brass-cowled fireplaces set in green-tiled surrounds, very much akin to one shown in the recent exhibition of the

Glasgow Style at Kelvingrove, made in 1901 by E. A. Taylor. There are newel-posts of characteristic tapering square cross-section, topped by tile-like flat finials. There is a bedroom with unspoilt built-in cupboards with attenuated lines and recessed panels which would not seem out of place in a Charles Rennie Mackintosh interior. There are doorcases whose rectangles are broken by carved and painted motifs at the corners.

Above all there is an endearing lack of symmetry at once surprising and charming, and a refreshing sense of space. For example, angled off one corner of the drawing room is a bay window, forming a little annexe from which one can sit and survey the garden. From the back of the house this bay appears at the house's angle, its pleasant tiled roof reaching up to the first floor and breaking the line of fenestration. The door to the terrace here, which has a fine wrought-iron screen within, is surmounted by a ceramic lunette of The Annunciation; and the vista to this door from the end of the garden is itself broken by a bronze sundial on a brick quatrefoil base. All over the house there are details to delight: passages and a stairwell enclosed by a screen with leaded lights, oak panelling, display shelves, built-in bookcases, inglenook fireplaces, and two magnificent first-floor rooms with barrel ceilings.

This period, at the end of the last century and the very beginning of this, was one in which the most solidly and worthily built houses of all time were erected. Builders were using machines where appropriate, but with conscience and skill; and architects working for discriminating clients were eager to incorporate the output of the many fine craftsmen they knew personally.

The Crow's Nest has seven bedrooms and includes two self-contained flats—which, however, could easily be restored into the body of the house. It stands in about 3 acres of gardens. Full particulars from Hampton's Mayfield office (0435 872294). Offers around £150,000 are sought ●



The Crow's Nest, near Crowborough, has the entrance at the side of the house.

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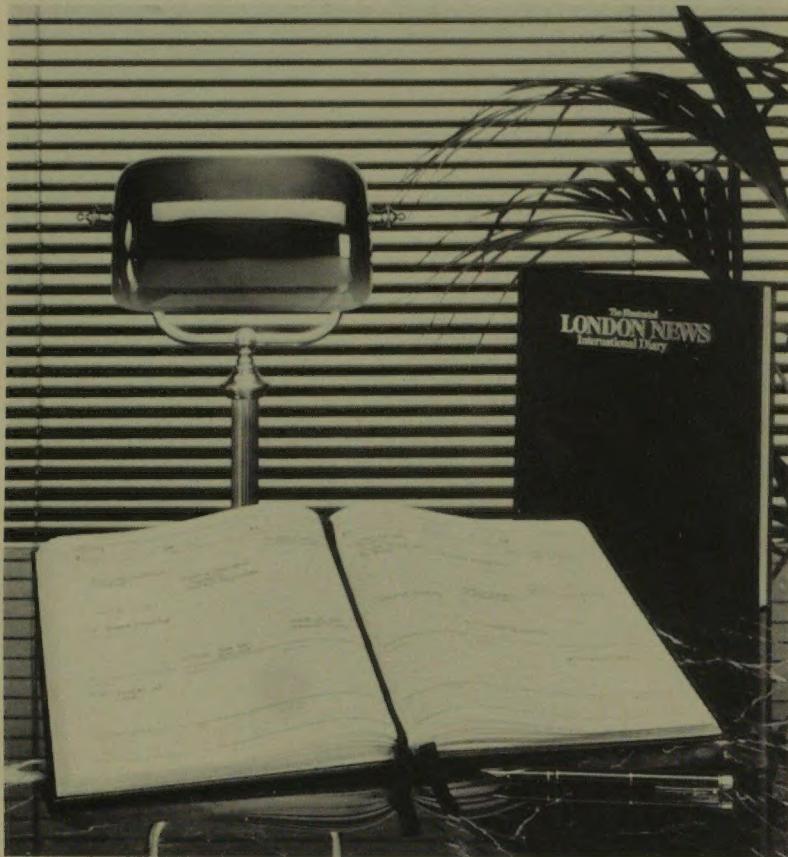
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One nation: or two?

Members of Parliament have returned to Westminster after the long summer recess in sober and reflective mood, only too aware that they and the institution they serve are under direct attack by misguided people who wrongly believe that violence and murder might achieve their aims when democratic means have failed. MPs of all parties were quick to support the Prime Minister when she kept the Conservative Party conference going after the IRA bomb exploded in the Grand Hotel, killing four and injuring many others, and to make it clear that Mrs Thatcher spoke for the nation when she declared, at the conclusion of her courageous speech to the conference less than 12 hours after she had escaped from the wrecked hotel, that democracy would prevail.

As the news broke of the explosion at Brighton the first concern was for the dead and injured. Many people will have seen the television pictures that morning as Norman Tebbit and his wife were dug out of the wreckage, injured but alive, and shared in the relief that many others had escaped unharmed from the devastation. Many senior Cabinet Ministers, including the Prime Minister, could have been killed, as well as many others not involved with the Government or with politics. Even after the conference had ended and the visitors had left, the rescue work went on, in spite of the dangerous state of the building, and most people's second thought will have been admiration for the emergency services—the police, fire and ambulance men and women, and the hospital staffs. After these initial reactions there was a pause for reflection, and MPs and others began to consider some of the broader implications of this attack on the members of the Government—the biggest in scale since the abortive Gunpowder Plot of 1605.

One was the question of security. Party conferences are friendly affairs. In addition to the formal debates these gatherings of the faithful give loyal workers from party organizations all over the country the opportunity to meet and talk to the party leaders and MPs in the most informal circumstances. Such exchanges are valued as much as the more structured proceedings in the conference hall. At Brighton, as at the other party conferences, there were strict security operations in force at the conference centre but not in the hotels. Even at the Grand, where the Prime Minister and many of her senior Cabinet colleagues were staying, people could walk freely in and out without challenge. In the light of the later police assumption that the bomb, made up of some 20lb of commercial explosive set off by a timing device, may have been secreted on the sixth floor of the hotel several weeks earlier, this relaxed attitude may not have contributed to this particular disaster,



but it certainly confirmed that Mrs Thatcher and the Cabinet are among the IRA's prime targets, and thus in need of better protection than they were given at Brighton. The fact that the bomb was there, whenever it was installed, shows that there was some deficiency.

Improving security does not mean that total protection can be guaranteed. In a free society such as we rejoice in there must be communication and contact between the people and their elected representatives. An enormously difficult task is imposed on the police when we insist on maintaining access even when there are murderers around intent on exploiting what they see as the weaknesses of a liberal and open society. One of the IRA's fundamental misconceptions of Britain is that it might be bombed into doing what it cannot otherwise be persuaded to do. Its admission of responsibility—and perhaps its motive—is a reminder that the Irish question is now coming high on the political agenda. There is to be a meeting between Mrs Thatcher and the Irish Prime Minister, Garret Fitzgerald, this month, and there has probably never been a time when there has been such agreement between the two governments on the need to overcome the threat that the IRA presents to both. The Brighton bomb can only have strengthened this determination, and perhaps even hastened the approach of a political settlement.

In Britain there will be total support for any move that promises to bring to an end this source of violence that has plagued the nation for so many years. But even in the aftermath at

Brighton it will not be forgotten that there have recently been troubling signs in our own society that violence is regarded by some as an acceptable way of obtaining objectives that have not been achieved in the ballot box. Few people can fail to have been sickened by the recent sights of miner bashing miner, or of illegally organized squads of flying pickets trying to force others not in their industry not to go to work. Some have argued that Mrs Thatcher herself has, through the forcefulness of her personality and her determination to carry out her policies, had a polarizing effect, so that Britain seems recently to have been becoming divided into two nations—the one productively employed, relatively well off and reasonably content, the other frustrated, full of grievance and, probably, unemployed. The problem of unemployment does not explain the miners' strike, since miners have been given a guarantee against compulsory redundancy, but it is the present scourge of our society, as the Prime Minister said at Brighton. The Government is now spending vast sums on job-creation schemes, employment subsidies and youth training schemes. Unemployment is now replacing the conquest of inflation at the top of the national agenda, though the nation has yet to be persuaded of it. In the aftermath of the bomb explosion Mrs Thatcher spoke for Britain, and the goodwill and support she received on that fearful day will, if carried forward in the coming parliamentary session, provide her with a unique opportunity to re-establish Britain as the one nation it must be.

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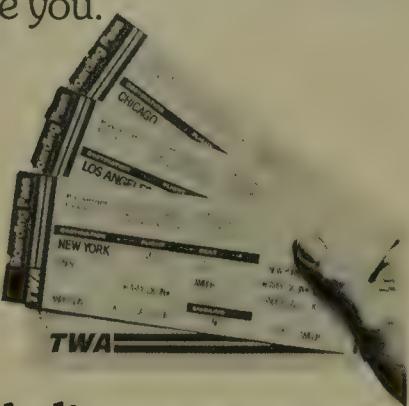
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IRA attack at Brighton: At 2.54 am on October 12 a Provisional IRA bomb exploded on the sixth floor of the Grand Hotel, Brighton, where the Prime Minister and members of the Cabinet, and other Conservative Party members, were staying during the Party Conference. Four people were killed: Sir Anthony Berry, MP for Enfield, Southgate, Eric Taylor, chairman of the North-West Area Conservatives, Mrs Roberta Wakeham, wife of the Chief Whip who was also badly

injured, and Mrs Jean Shattock, wife of the chairman of the Western Area Conservative Party. 32 people were injured, including Industry Secretary Norman Tebbit and his wife. The Prime Minister, who was unhurt though shaken, immediately announced that the last day of the Conference would proceed as planned. The bomb contained about 20lb of explosives and was set off by a long-term timing mechanism. Police believed it was hidden up to six weeks earlier.





Among the 32 people injured were Sir Walter Clegg, MP for Wyre, and Industry Secretary Norman Tebbit, right, who was trapped for four hours under rubble.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



Shocked survivors, some seriously hurt, some with minor cuts, all covered with rubble dust, passed quickly into the care of waiting ambulances, above and right.



THE STANDARD



THE STANDARD



THE STANDARD

Rooms on the top floors crashed down to bury people below. The solidity of the hotel, built in 1862-64, saved it from even more severe damage. Chief Whip John Wakeham was brought out severely injured. His wife Roberta was killed.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



PRESS ASSOCIATION

The Prime Minister was escorted out after a narrow escape. She had been in her bathroom only minutes before the explosion shattered it, left.



Future indefinite: The Connaught Hospital in Aldershot, built by an unknown architect between 1895 and 1897, is under threat of demolition. Originally brought into being to treat soldiers suffering from venereal disease, it was later used as a general hospital, then increasingly fell into disuse as the size of the Army decreased. In recent years the main block has acted as the offices, archive and reference library of the Army Ogilby Trust, the central body for military museums and military history. Moves to convert the hospital into a home for the various military museums scattered in and around Aldershot have been widely supported and MacAlpine's have generously offered to carry out the necessary conversion at cost, estimated at about £1 million.

But the Army dislikes using buildings which do not have flat roofs, and proposes rather to pull down the hospital and build on the site new barracks, to replace ones built in 1965 which are no longer usable, and a new sergeants' mess; and a new museum elsewhere. Costings are incomplete but the sergeants' mess alone is estimated at £2.25 million. The Connaught Hospital is a fine, solidly built and elegant Victorian building which is still surprisingly good structurally. Its champions argue that it would be better to house a museum of history in a historic building, thus preserving it and providing an atmosphere to stimulate the imagination. The decision rests with the Defence Secretary, Michael Heseltine, and is expected to be announced in soon.

The Queen in Canada: The two-week royal tour of New Brunswick, Ontario and Manitoba took the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh from a welcome by the Governor General with a Guard of Honour of Mounties to informal visits to the Italian community in Toronto and to an Indian reservation. There was some adverse criticism of the Queen's appearance in Canadian newspapers but this was obviously not shared by the enthusiastic crowds which greeted the royal couple. As Prime Minister Brian Mulroney told the Queen at a farewell dinner in Winnipeg, "The monarchy is a central feature of our national life."



ASSOCIATED PRESS

The children were obviously delighted to meet the Queen, from Sarah Eisen, above left, who presented a bouquet in Toronto, to the youngsters at the Six Nations Reserve at Brantford Ontario, above right. The Queen was accompanied by Chief Wellington Staats of the Council of Mohawks.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY REX FEATURES

With the Duke of Edinburgh and Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, above left, at a Government Gala concert in the Roy Thomson Hall, Toronto. At St Boniface, above right, the Queen watched canoeists commemorate the expedition of Pierre la Verendrye who charted the lakes and rivers of Manitoba 250 years ago.

NOV 84

Monday, September 10

Douglas Hurd, former Home Office Minister, was appointed Secretary of State for Northern Ireland in succession to James Prior, who retired to the back benches. Other appointments included Rhodes Boyson as Minister of State for Northern Ireland, David Young as Minister without Portfolio with a seat in the Cabinet and, as a life peer, in the House of Lords, Lord Gowrie as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster while remaining Minister of the Arts, also with a seat in the Cabinet. Giles Shaw as Minister of State, Home Office and John Gummer as Paymaster General.

Tuesday, September 11

Essex retained the county cricket championship after Nottinghamshire lost to Somerset by 3 runs.

Wednesday, September 12

There was renewed violence in South Africa as police fought running battles with rioters in Soweto. The death toll in three weeks of disturbances rose to at least 40 and damage to property was estimated at more than £15 million in the Sharpeville area alone.

Thursday, September 13

Pan American Airways ordered 91 aircraft from Europe's Airbus Industrie, in which Britain has a 20 per cent stake, in a deal worth £737 million.

A senior Ministry of Defence official, Clive Ponting, was committed to trial accused of passing secret documents relating to the sinking of the *General Belgrano* during the Falklands war to a Labour MP, Tam Dalyell.

Six African and Indian activists sought by South African security police took refuge in the British Consulate in Durban.

Two people died on the coast of North Carolina when it was hit by Hurricane Diana in the worst storm for 30 years. Winds reached 100 mph and many buildings were damaged.

The Police Federation accepted a 5 per cent pay rise for its members.

Friday, September 14

Further talks between the National Union of Mineworkers and the Coal Board to try to end the six-month-old miners' strike collapsed.

Britain's inflation rate rose to 5 per cent in August.

Saturday, September 15

A second son, to be christened Henry Charles Albert David but called Prince Harry, was born to the Prince and Princess of Wales. He weighed 6lb 14oz.

Sunday, September 16

The ousted Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh, Opposition politician N. T. Rama Rao, was asked to form a government after a threat of a general strike.

Monday, September 17

The biggest exercise in Europe since the end of the War, Exercise Lionheart, began. More than 131,000 British and allied troops were involved in the £31 million Nato exercise.

The Liberal Party Assembly began in Bournemouth. Against the urging of the Party's leader, David Steel, the Assembly voted for the immediate removal of cruise missiles from Britain.

Monday, September 17

270 of London's 360 main post offices closed in a 24-hour strike by members of the Union of Communication Workers over threatened job losses.

Tuesday, September 18

Port delegates voted 76-8 with six abstentions to end the 22-day dock strike. NUM leaders later rejected the peace deal reached by the dockers and reimposed picketing at Hunterston and Ravenscraig.

Soviet journalist Oleg Bitov, 52, who defected to the West last year, appeared in Moscow to allege that he had been kidnapped and tortured by the British

Secret Service. The Home Office dismissed the charge as absurd.

Colonel Joe Kittinger made a record-breaking 72-hour solo transatlantic crossing from the United States in his airship *Rosie O'Grady*. He came down near Savona in Italy, but broke a foot on landing.

Wednesday, September 19

The £ fell to a new record low of \$1.22.

Thursday, September 20

More than 20 people were killed, most of them Lebanese applying for visas, by a kamikaze bomber driving a car which exploded at the new United States embassy in East Beirut. The Islamic Jihad movement subsequently claimed responsibility.

The British Cabinet approved the draft Anglo-Chinese agreement on Hong Kong. The capitalist system would be retained for 50 years after the Chinese take-over in 1997. The documents were signed in Peking on September 26.

Israeli-backed Druze soldiers avenged the death of three comrades by killing 13 Shia Muslims and injuring 22 others in a weapons and grenade attack on the village of Sakhmur in Lebanon.

The leader of the Greater London Council Ken Livingstone and three Labour colleagues won the four GLC by-elections they had forced as a "referendum" on government plans to scrap the authority, but with only a 20-30 per cent turn-out.

Peace was restored in the South African gold fields after a two-day strike and violence in which seven men died and 89 were injured in the north and south divisions of Western Areas Gold Mine near Westonaria. The miners had demanded a 25 per cent increase in wages, but the union finally accepted 14 per cent.

The latest design for the £18 million extension to the National Gallery was rejected by the Secretary of State for the Environment, Patrick Jenkin. He asked Trafalgar House, the developers, to submit revised proposals which would do away with the tower.

Saturday, September 22

A British holidaymaker, David Mathieson, was stabbed to death while on holiday on the Spanish Costa Brava. He had gone to the aid of his wife who was being attacked by muggers robbing her of her handbag.

Monday, September 24

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh began a two-week official visit to Canada, postponed from July because of the election there.

South Africa refused to return to Britain four South Africans charged with attempting to smuggle arms who had been free on bail since May. This was a reprisal for the refusal of the British Government to order the removal of six anti-apartheid leaders who took refuge in the British Consulate in Durban on September 13 and who were still there.

The Sandanista government in Nicaragua announced its readiness to sign the Contadora peace treaty without delay or modifications, and called on the United States to sign a ratification of it. The United States State Department dismissed the announcement as hypocritical because the Sandanistas were not committed to free elections as proposed by the Contadora group of Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela and Panama.

The volcano Mount Mayon in the central Philippines erupted for the second time in two weeks.

The Greater London Council gave the Arts Council six months notice to quit the Hayward Gallery on the South Bank to make way for a "people's picture gallery". This would entail the cancellation of a series of exhibitions

already arranged by the Arts Council, which was to take legal advice.

Tuesday, September 25

Miners' pickets ambushed a convoy of 140 lorries carrying coal and iron ore from Port Talbot to the Llanwern steel works by dropping missiles on them from bridges on the M4 motorway.

The price of four-star petrol rose by 3.2p, bringing the average price per gallon to 189.6p.

Wednesday, September 26

There was a general strike in the Basque region of Spain after the French government extradited three Basque separatists accused of terrorism.

The South African government freed five prominent anti-apartheid leaders from detention without trial.

Thursday, September 27

At the UN General Assembly in New York, on the eve of his meeting with President Reagan, the Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko blamed the US for the collapse of nuclear arms control talks.

An £18 million redevelopment plan for the banks of the Thames at Richmond was approved by the Department of the Environment. It included offices, shops, flats and two restaurants on a 3½ acre site and the restoration of the 19th-century town hall.

Friday, September 28

The pit deputies' union, the National Association of Colliery Overseers, Deputies and Shotfirers (Nacods), voted 82 per cent for strike action in support of the NUM's opposition to colliery closures, but set no date for the strike to begin. Talks were arranged with the National Coal Board, the NUM and with Acas.

President Reagan and Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Secretary, met for talks at the White House. Both agreed that the process of rapprochement would be long and slow.

A report showed new evidence of structural faults in tower blocks in Newham, which had been reinforced after the Ronan Point disaster. On October 9 Newham Council decided to move 600 families out of eight blocks similar to Ronan Point.

Saturday, September 29

A massive haul of weapons and ammunition being smuggled from the United States to the IRA was seized when the Irish trawler *Marita Anne* sailed into a trap 2 miles off the south-west coast of Ireland near Skerries Rocks.

Monday, October 1

The Labour Party conference opened in Blackpool. It voted to support a resolution praising the striking miners and condemning police violence; and it rejected the Party leader's (Neil Kinnock's) proposal for a one-man one-vote procedure for the reselection of MPs. The conference also voted for a non-nuclear defence policy.



The body of an Iron Age man found at Lindow Moss, Cheshire (Oct 3).

Arthur Scargill, the NUM president, was served with a High Court writ for contempt of court relating to the ruling that made the 30-week-old miners' strike unlawful in Yorkshire—a judgment in the action brought by two Yorkshire miners.

The Bank of England mounted a £250 million rescue programme for Johnson Matthey Bankers after potential losses estimated at between £100 million and £150 million on loans.

The Sikhs' holy shrine, the Golden Temple at Amritsar, was returned to civilian hands. Gangs of young extremists drove priests out of the Temple and raised the separatist flag inside before police stormed the building and made 400 arrests.

Tuesday, October 2

British Aerospace and Rolls-Royce gained a £600 million contract to re-equip the United States navy with Hawk trainer jets.

Wednesday, October 3

19 people, 11 of them children, were drowned when a pleasure launch, the *Martina*, sank after collision with a barge in Hamburg harbour.

The first prehistoric body of a man, to be discovered in Britain, with hair and skin intact, was unveiled at the British Museum. He was found in a peat bog at Lindow Moss, Cheshire, and his remains have been dated to about 500 BC.

Thursday, October 4

Britain's jobless rose to a record total of 3.28 million, 13.6 of the workforce.

A High Court judge adjourned for six days the contempt action against NUM leader Arthur Scargill, who failed to appear in court in the hope that "wiser counsels might prevail". Three further committals for contempt were to be answered on October 11.

Ethiopia was reported to be in a desperate situation because of the effects of prolonged drought on grain production. 6 million people were at risk from the famine.

Salvage experts recovered the 30th and last container of radioactive material from the wrecked French cargo ship *Mont Louis*, sunk off Ostend on August 25.

Friday, October 5

Violence continued on the miners' picket lines. Near Rossington Colliery, Doncaster, an industrial rivet gun was used against ambulances.

Up to 140 East Germans climbed over a fence to seek asylum in the West German embassy in Prague in an attempt to obtain exit visas to the West.

More than 5 tons of cannabis with a street value of more than £5 million was seized by police and customs officials from the training ship *Robert Gordon*, on the River Crouch in Essex. Eight people were arrested.

Chile and Argentina reached agree-

ment on the 100-year-old dispute over the ownership of the Beagle Channel. Chile was to retain sovereignty over the islands Lennox, Picton and Nueva; Argentina was to be granted oil and mineral rights on the Atlantic shelf to the east of them.

Leonard Rossiter, the actor, died aged 57.

Saturday, October 6

Three of the six anti-apartheid leaders who had occupied the British Consulate in Durban for 23 days left the building and were immediately arrested by South African security police.

Sunday, October 7

63 people were arrested during a weekend of vandalism when some 3,000 bikers attended a rally at Skegness.

Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, was among guests attending parades and celebrations to mark the 35th anniversary of the founding of the East German state in Berlin.

Monday, October 8

Two British officers were among seven men killed when Iraqi jets fired an Exocet missile at the 115,000 ton tanker *World Knight* in the Gulf and set it ablaze. The attack ended a three-week lull in hostilities against international shipping.

Tuesday, October 9

The Conservative Party Conference opened in Brighton. The Home Secretary Leon Brittan announced new measures to expedite justice, safeguard the independence of chief constables and provide more money to police the pit dispute.

Vauxhall's three car and truck assembly plants came to a standstill when workers walked out after rejecting a 6.75 per cent pay offer. Union leaders at Jaguar rejected the company's offer of a 21 per cent increase over two years.

El Salvador's left-wing guerrillas accepted a proposal for peace talks by President Duarte, designed to end the five-year civil war.

Gina Campbell, daughter of Donald Campbell, set a new unofficial women's waterspeed record with an average of 122.85 mph at Holmpierrepont, but her boat, the *Agfa Bluebird II*, crashed during a practice run and was smashed to pieces. Miss Campbell was unhurt.

Wednesday, October 10

The High Court imposed fines of £1,000 on Arthur Scargill, the president of the National Union of Mineworkers and of £200,000 on the union for contempt of court in defying the ruling that the 31-week-old pit strike was not official.

The European Parliament paid Britain the £457 million Common Market rebate which had been frozen for 10 months.

Average earnings in Britain rose to £159.50 a week, a rise of 8.1 per cent, though the gap between men's and women's wages increased.

Thursday, October 11

Three people were killed and 18 injured when a crowded rush hour train collided with a freight train outside Wembley Central station in north London.

The Nobel prize for literature was awarded to Jaroslav Seifert, 83, the dissident Czech poet.

Friday, October 12

A 20lb IRA bomb exploded at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, where the Prime Minister and many Conservative Party members were staying during the annual Conference. Four people were killed and 32 injured.

Britain's annual inflation rate fell to 4.7 per cent.

Sunday, October 14

Sir Martin Ryle the astronomer died aged 66.



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The very young Prince Harry

A second son, to be christened Henry Charles Albert David but to be known as Prince Harry, was born to the Prince and Princess of Wales at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, on September 15. Third in the line of succession to the throne, the young prince weighed 6lb 14oz at birth.



These photographs of the Prince and Princess of Wales at home with their two sons, the first of the young family together since Prince Harry was born, were taken by Lord Snowdon. The new baby was wide awake for his first sitting, if not yet quite so confident as two-year-old Prince William.

→



Well-wishers left flowers, below; and, right, Prince William visited with his father and was escorted home with his nanny, Barbara Barnes, before the parents left hospital with day-old Prince Harry.



PHOTOGRAPH BY REX FEATURES



Protected by the nuclear paradox

by Sir Arthur Bryant

War has always been, and so long as it occurs always will be, a cause of incalculable human suffering. This has been so whether it is fought with flint-head arrows and primitive knives and axes, in medieval armour and visors, or with modern artillery, machine guns, tanks and aircraft. I have just been re-reading some of the letters written to his wife by former English Poet Laureate John Masefield who, rejected by the Army in 1914 because of ill health, became at the age of 36 a Red Cross orderly in a French hospital. Serialized in *The Times* to mark the 70th anniversary of the outbreak of the First World War and brilliantly edited by Peter Vansittart, they are being published this month by Constable under the title of *John Masefield's Letters from The Front 1915-1917*.

The picture of suffering they present is one which could be paralleled by a faithful account of war in any period of history. "You've no idea of it", Masefield wrote on March 5, 1915—when the European war launched by Germany seven months before was still in its early stages and long before the full cumulative horror of it had begun to impinge on the national consciousness of our sea-sheltered island population—"you can't even guess the stink of it, from the bloody old reeking stretchers to the fragments hopping on crutches, and half heads, and a leg gone at the thigh, and young boys blinded and grey-headed old men with their backs broken... The man whose arm I saw cut off (I burned the arm afterwards, by the way, in the heating furnace) is a cultivator in Brittany, the right arm gone, three little babes and a wife, 2d a day wound pension for each child, and perhaps 50 years' life to come."

Five days later Masefield described the arrival of a hospital train in the snow. "It had 500 more or less wounded men in it (some had been there two days, and five were dead in it) and there they were, in every kind of filth, just as they had come from the trenches, in third-class carriages and cattle trucks, with blood and vomit and the stink of death... One had been lying out for four days on the battlefield, without tending or food; one had a leg smashed into pieces, and another had been blown by a shell and had bits of rope in his face and no eyes and no nose, and his knee broken and his wrist, and another had been blown by a shell and then blown by a bomb, and another had septic diarrhoea and is dying now... Very few could remember when they were wounded; it was just a long blur of pain ago... We took the worst first and got them into bed here, and then went back for the rest... We are afraid we must lose

three, for that strange stink of death has come back among us..."

"As we feared, one of the newcomers died last night. He was wounded a week ago, and lay on the field four days and nights... and put into that hellish cage in a goods van, beside a stove, with 12 others, for a day or two, and came along in the night to us, with the stove red hot beside his face. He had rigged up a dirty towel to screen his face, poor man, and had a wounded man just a foot above him, and another a foot below... I helped to get him to bed, and we all did our best... his wife could not come in time, and he died at 8 o'clock... And all his marching and fighting and narrow escapes came to nothing, and all his letters that he wrote with a stub of pencil in the trenches will be all the poor widow has. She was screaming in the wards today... This is the damned hellish misery the Bosches are making all over Europe."

War is like that. For once the search is abandoned for peaceful solutions to disputes between nations or smaller entities, whether regional or ideological, and reason, tolerance and compromise are rejected for armed violence, there is no limit to the cruelty which warring human beings will inflict on one another. The more extensive the war, the greater the suffering. Twice during the first half of this century major wars between great nations have swept the civilized world from 1914 to 1918, between imperial Germany, Austria and Russia, republican France, libertarian Great Britain and her worldwide maritime empire, the United States and Italy; and again, from 1939 to 1945, on a still vaster scale, involving almost every nation on earth. In both these universal wars tens of millions died in battle or of wounds,

and as many more by massacre, mutilation, torture, liquidation in gas chambers, pestilence and famine.

In the Second World War, while her British and American allies were liberating France and freeing Western Germany from the Nazi armies, Communist Russia with its inexhaustible manpower overran the whole of Eastern Europe as far as the Elbe, almost all the Balkans and vast territories in Central Asia, as well as, later, the former Japanese conquests in China.

But at this point, after the war in Europe had ended with the surrender of Germany and Italy, the war in the Far East against the Japanese was brought to a sudden end when the United States dropped atom bombs in quick succession on two Japanese cities, and brought about Japan's unconditional surrender. The possession of this new and devastating weapon by the USA and later, on a smaller scale Britain—whose scientists had first pioneered it—effectively halted the otherwise irresistible advance across a devastated and exhausted Europe of Communist Russia's vast conquering armies.

The powers who at first enjoyed sole possession of the atom bomb made no attempt to use it to impose permanent peace on the rest of mankind, and in default of their doing so, Russia succeeded in producing her own atomic and nuclear weapons and making herself equal, if not more than equal, in nuclear power to America itself. The rival development of these devastating weapons has become such as to make the earth itself uninhabitable in the event of a nuclear war. The drop in temperature caused by millions of tons of smoke and dust forming between the sun and earth after a major nuclear

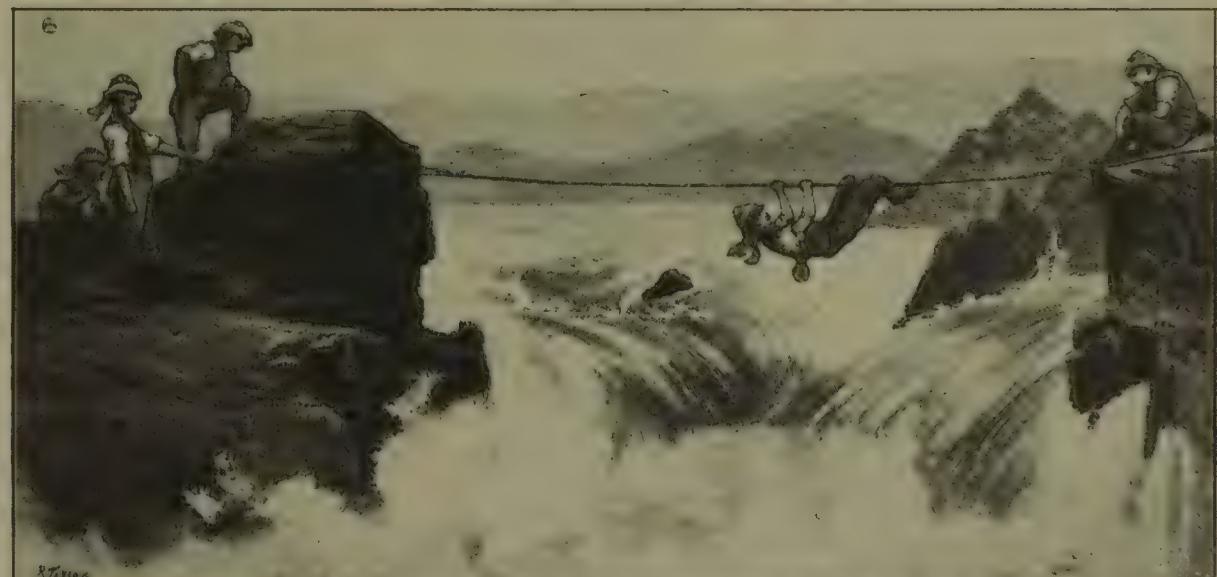
explosion would now create a universal "nuclear winter" under which men would no longer be able to survive to feed themselves or cultivate the poisoned earth.

Yet, by a strange but providential paradox, the very existence of a retaliatory nuclear weapon in the hands of a peaceful power could effectively deter a would-be aggressor—even one far superior to it in nuclear and conventional arms—from ever resorting to war. For such a nuclear war, unlike the conventional wars of the past, would fall not only on those fighting it and on the helpless civilian population, but on the very leaders who had had the folly and temerity to launch it, well knowing that its peaceful opponents possessed the means of making a suicidal nuclear war general.

The inestimable value of such a deterrent in the hands of the weaker and pacific party to an international dispute is that, so long as it keeps it, it need never be used, and prevents the would-be aggressor from using his.

Should the totalitarian Russians, who possess the world's most powerful armed forces, both nuclear and conventional, and in the past have sought to enlarge their totalitarian dominions by aggression, now show themselves ready in this state of stalemate to join with the libertarian West in a gradual reduction of these dreadful weapons of universal destruction, it would obviously be right and make sense to join with them in trying to do so. But until then it remains elementary prudence to keep in our hands the salutary deterrent whose retaliatory use, in the unlikely event of the Russian leaders being so suicidally insane as to launch a nuclear war, would involve them in the same universal destruction as their own people and armies.

100 years ago



The main difficulty facing the British Nile expedition to relieve General Gordon was negotiating the cataracts on the 1,500 mile journey up river to Khartoum. The dramatic illustration, above, which appeared in the *ILN* on November 1, 1884, shows an officer crossing the cataract near Wadi Halfa to help guide one of the boats, which would be hauled up the rapids by natives.



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ENCOUNTERS

by Roger Berthoud

Roles that break moulds



CAMERA PRESS

"Judi Dench as Mother Courage? Sorry, I just don't see it!" That sort of comment, entirely plausible, is music to the ears of the lady in question, who is tackling the role of Brecht's ambivalent symbol of war's destructiveness in a new Royal Shakespeare Company production (opening at the Barbican on November 2). She loves parts in which she is considered miscast. "People are so sure you are in the pigeon-hole they think you are in. I like to blow up those sort of attitudes," she said when we met at the Barbican.

"People get an idea that a character has to be in a certain mould. Why should Lady Macbeth"—a role she enormously enjoyed—"have to be a tall lady, like Judith Anderson? She can as well be a small lady with a searing passion for her husband." That was how she played her, to acclaim. To succeed as Lady Bracknell in Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, she had to break the spell woven over the part by Dame Edith Evans, and much enjoyed doing so.

If she was less successful as Sally Bowles in *Cabaret*, it was partly

Judi Dench: important to go too far.

because the director Hal Prince wanted to stick close to the original in Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*. "Sally is meant to be a non-singer, a middle-class English girl who had been to Cheltenham and who can't do it." In the event, the management inserted a note in the programme saying "Judi Dench has not got a cold", to stop people inquiring when her voice was likely to be better, an episode she still treasures.

While some actors like to read and see everything to do with a part, she approaches her roles with an open mind, in an instinctive, un-intellectual way. She feels lucky never to have seen Brecht's *Mother Courage*, let alone the legendary performance of Helene Weigel in the title role with the Berliner Ensemble.

"I don't read the play—I like someone to come and tell me the story," she said. "It's like what's left over from childhood. In this case, Howard Davies (the director) did so. And when I am acting, I feel as if I am telling a

story: I am the sieve between the author and his audience. What I feel first is the actual look of the character... I think it's wonderful if you can be unrecognizable, so the person who walks on stage is that character; and that of course has to come from inside. It's like an empty jar—you can fill it up."

Her desire to know how a character looks stems, she believes, from her days as a trainee stage designer. First she had wanted to be a dancer. But her father, a York doctor, pointed out that she might have to stop by the age of 40, and perhaps teach. "He was frightfully sensible and sanguine about it, but that went very deep. I decided to be a stage designer, but I soon lost heart: from what I saw, you have to be a really unique talent to be a good designer."

While at her Quaker convent school, a drama teacher had encouraged her acting, as did another at a "brother" school during co-productions. She was heartened, too, by the single-minded enthusiasm for the stage of her younger brother Jeff, now also with the RSC. At the Central School of Speech and Drama in London her career was clinched by the encouragement of Walter Hudd, then head of productions, and she shared honours there with Vanessa Redgrave. On leaving, she floated early to prominence as a not unanimously acclaimed Ophelia at the Old Vic.

She stayed there from 1957 to 1961, subsequently doing many seasons with the RSC and one at the new National Theatre. In such large, permanent companies it takes time to get to know one's fellow actors, she said "... and I feel I need to know the others so I can then make a fool of myself: in a way, you can't play a part till you have gone too far. When you have broken down the barriers, it's very exciting."

With all her success and awards, and with her very fresh, zestful personality and slightly zany humour, it is hard to believe she sees acting as a means of communication compensating for shyness. She likes to be the go-between, the interpreter. "I can't walk into a room full of people with any kind of ease, and I really have no small talk." At parties, she said, she tends to stand behind her actor husband Michael Williams. She loves Hampstead, where they live with their daughter Finty in a wonderfully located period cottage in what sounds like connubial bliss; and has an addiction to camping holidays in Scotland.

A literary hedgehog unrolls

Mixed emotions assault me as I cruise along the M4 through glorious Wiltshire to interview Geoffrey Grigson, the poet, critic, compiler of anthologies and fecund writer about places, people, flowers, art, archaeology and much else. Writing testy and waspish reviews of other people's books is another Grigson speciality, and two years ago in *The Guardian* he had written a very



Geoffrey Grigson: pugnacity overdone.

irritating (and short!) review of my own biography of Graham Sutherland. Would Mr Grigson, 80 next March yet fertile as ever (two new books out this autumn and five of his 70-odd earlier ones recently republished in paperback mainly by Allison & Busby), be as prickly as his reviews? Should I challenge him on his sneers at my masterpiece?

"Geoffrey!" shouts his wife Jane, the well known cookery writer, in the direction of the garden shrubbery, after welcoming me to their charming old farmhouse at Broad Town, near Swindon. She is a friendly lady in her 50s who has clearly done justice to her own recipes. Geoffrey duly emerges: about 6 feet tall, plenty of grey hair, looking singularly unspiky, and muttering diffidently about being a bad interviewee. Yet he was easily enough launched into the subject of this latest book, *Recollections—Mainly of Writers and Artists* (Chatto & Windus). Among those recollectors are Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Henry Moore, John Piper and Ben Nicholson.

"We have missed Ben more than anyone," says Geoffrey. Jane adds: "I used to get the most marvellous letters from him, full of drawings. I suppose someone will do something about publishing his letters one day..."

Geoffrey: "Ben was great fun. The first Dover sole I had was with Ben, in Switzerland." Jane: "It can't have been, Geoffrey!" Long story about how the car-mad Nicholson's new Mercedes has been admired by the *garagiste* near the Grigsons' house in France, prompting a quip from Nicholson whose humour eludes me.

Jane departs to make some coffee. "Dark or medium roast?" she asks. Geoffrey is soon at a loss for a name. "Where's my memory?" he cries, referring to Jane. Does he have a good filing system for his anthologies, of which *The Faber Book of Reflective Verse* is the latest? "I'm pre-filing. Jane's pre-computer."

His book about their French house

and environs, *Notes from an Odd Country*, is among those lately republished by the Sovereign Press. The Grigsons bought the house 21 years ago. "It's near Vendôme, in a little village up a cliff, and looks down on the river Loir, without an e," he says. "If one was a bit more long-sighted, one could see Ronsard's front door from ours . . . you can recognize the area in half of Ronsard's most famous poems." Jane, back with the medium-roast, puts in: "The little streams he wrote about, you can go and see them . . . and the people pride themselves on their affability—Ronsard's *douceur de vivre*." Geoffrey: "The apples have fewer blotches, the vegetables shine."

Back to his famous friends. He recalls a splendid trip to Holland with Henry Moore, which included a visit to Amsterdam's red light district, when Moore commented of one girl who was knitting in her bra at the window: "I wonder if she will finish her jumper before she gets a customer."

And T. S. Eliot? "I was a bit scared of Eliot—that kind of aloofness." Long, complicated story about his first meeting with Eliot, who had been at school in St Louis, Missouri, with the father of Grigson's first, American wife (who died young). But did he admire his work? "I don't think one could exactly help being an admirer of his work . . . he was there, like Mont Blanc. The criticism was really wonderful, and serious." Serious is a high Grigson compliment. So is stimulating.

The writer and artist Wyndham Lewis was both. "He was one of the most maligned, kindest men I have ever met. He had a sharp tongue, of course, and didn't suffer fools gladly . . .

he would advise you what to read; he would say 'Isn't it time you went to the Prado? Have you read Bradley?' [the great late 19th-century literary critic]. Wyndham Lewis was serious. He thought it was your duty to tell the truth if the truth was worth telling." Had Lewis influenced his own approach? "Lewis soon realized that Auden and MacNeice were serious . . . he felt that if you have a talent, it's your duty to use it seriously and not be for sale." Did he think his own reputation for pugnacity was exaggerated? "Entirely. What I am less happy about is to have reviewed sharply books which weren't worth reviewing at all." Ouch!

Over lunch (fruit soup, duck, local bilberries—interesting) the talk is of the joys of Vienna, Budapest and Crete, and of how lamentable it is that the French writer Marguerite Yourcenar is not better known here. Later I turn him to his childhood in Cornwall as the seventh son of a rector near Looe—"wonderful, stimulating countryside. My poor father, who was rather a fancier of beautiful women, wanted another daughter—the first one died. I was the last product of my poor long-suffering mother."

Most of his brothers were killed during or in the aftermath of the two world wars. Geoffrey went from dislikeable St John's School, Leatherhead, to Oxford, then worked on the book pages of *The Yorkshire Post* and *Morning Post*, and started to make his name as editor of the magazine *New Verse* in the brilliant Hampstead of the 1930s. Fascinating memories. Five hours after my arrival I reluctantly left. The old wound of his review remained unmentioned. But it felt healed.

to help people who want to sell things; to persuade French collectors to buy at Christie's; and to "get the name known in France for all useful purposes". Rivals Sotheby's had opened an office in Paris a year earlier. Any pictures, furniture, silver and jewelry which French residents want to sell through Christie's are sent to London. "We are not allowed to hold sales in France, by law," she explained. "French auction houses have a monopoly." The Hotel Drouot is the biggest of these, but French commissions to buyer and seller are, helpfully, much higher than those in London.

French realism in these realms is stronger than French chauvinism, it seems, though she is sometimes asked "Are you trying to get all works of art out of France?" There is no danger of that, since all works of art being exported must first be offered for sale to French museums at the export valuation price—a tedious process—and must not be sold abroad for less. All proceeds from the sale must be repatriated to France. Those long-standing regulations were a limitation on trade, she admitted, though less severe than the virtual impossibility of getting anything out of Italy.

What difference had she noted, I wondered, between the taste of French and British collectors? "My personal view," she said diffidently, "is that the French like *la grande décoration*"—in other words, they have a greater penchant for the ornate, reflected in their furniture, and often find the, to us, harmonious simplicity of English furniture rather plain and ordinary.

The much greater wealth of the English in the 18th and 19th centuries, plus the tradition of the Grand Tour and Britain's isolation from the ravages of Continental wars had, she pointed out, enabled our country houses to accumulate unrivalled collections of paintings. Thanks to the practice of primogeniture, these remained largely intact, whereas under French law estates had to be divided up more or less evenly between children, ensuring the break-up of big collections.

When she is not about Christie's business, communing with her family—she has a son and daughter and three grandchildren—or being a cultivated *Parisienne*, the Princesse de Broglie likes to travel adventurously, usually to visit archaeological sites. In 1960 she was the only west European when she took the trans-Siberian train from Moscow to Peking. Much tougher was a trip to the beautiful North Yemen just after its war with Egypt ended. She has visited most famous archaeological sites in the Middle East, and many in Iran, Turkey and Afghanistan.

Her recent appointment to the eight-strong top Christie's board—there are others for Europe as a whole, the UK and USA—gives her a say in strategic decisions concerning the firm's future. Judging by our interview, she will say nothing that is not sensible, useful and strictly relevant.

An eminently sensible princess

When Christie's, the auctioneers, asked whether I might be interested in encountering Princesse Jeanne-Marie de Broglie, the first woman to be appointed to their international board, I imagined a tall, rather thin lady, perhaps a bit alarming in the intensity of her aristocratic sophistication. In reality she turned out to be a well-groomed, practical-looking lady whom I could envisage in Hunter wellies leaning on a shooting stick at some horsey event, a dog or two in tow (she has a Jack Russell, it transpired).

Although she became a *princesse* by dint of marrying a son of the Duc de Broglie, neither her marriage nor their subsequent divorce brought any significant change of social status: her own father was the Duc de Maillé, and her mother was a Radziwill, of the princely Polish family. She has never visited Poland for fear that her vision of it, based on family stories, would be shattered.

The Maillé seat is in Berry, as in *Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*, near Bourges in central France. After spending her childhood there she studied art and archaeology at the Sorbonne in Paris, and stayed in the capital to become a partner for three years

in the Daniel Cordier gallery, which dealt in contemporary art. Then, with two young children to look after, she worked as a dealer from home, becoming Christie's first representative in Paris in 1968.

Her main tasks, she said, have been



Princesse Jeanne-Marie de Broglie: the English were much richer.

Letter from New Zealand

by Des Wilson

NN 84

It took New Zealanders nine years to realize that Sir Robert Muldoon was always an unsatisfactory Prime Minister. They admired his strength, but saw too late that there was a narrow line between demonstrations of it and straightforward bullying. They admired his down-to-earth manner, even crudity, until the lack of imagination behind it became only too apparent. They loved his promotion of what even New Zealanders humorously call "Godzone country" until they realized that his foreign policy had not emphasized their independence but tied them too closely to the United States. This summer they finally attributed the cracks in national unity and loss of national confidence to him, and voted him out.

I arrived back in New Zealand, my home country, for the first time in three years, just a week after the election, and the change in atmosphere was almost visible. Even people who had voted for Muldoon a week earlier were admitting that there was a different feel to the place. A friend in Christchurch said, "I never really realized the impact of the personality of that man until he went. You can almost feel the happier atmosphere in the streets and the shops." It sounds a bit over the top, and had I not seen it for myself, I would have put it down as an exaggeration. But New Zealand is a small, isolated country of only three million people, hanging on to the edge of the globe: one personality or one event there can have an impact out of all proportion to the effect in a larger country more accustomed to the ebb and flow of substantial happenings.

Muldoon was a man who always turned defence into attack, a popularist, and yet at the same time remote. Now, in political terms, he is no more. His associates in the National Party have made it clear that the days of his leadership are limited.

The man of the moment is 42-year-old David Lange, once a familiar roly-poly figure around the Law Courts of Auckland, to which he had returned from the bedsitters of Earls Court in London, now slimmed down to the point where he is a big man rather than a fat one, articulate, open, comfortable with the media, and leader of a Labour Party that won the election with a landslide.

Whatever the effect of his individual policies, he is already making a contribution by healing the wounds opened by the Muldoon years. Whereas I left New Zealand in 1981 in subdued mood, with a sense of foreboding about the continued unity and prosperity of this brave and beautiful country, I returned to Britain this time as comfortable in mind as I was made

physically by New Zealand Airways.

For a country of New Zealand's size and isolation, its own unity and sense of identity is crucial. It has to be comfortable with itself because it has to spend a lot of time with itself, and largely has to solve its own problems. The most immediate of those problems are what to do about the ANZUS Pact, what to do about the economy, and what to do about South Africa.

There was a time when New Zealanders assumed that if a nuclear war took place, it would be in the northern hemisphere and would not affect them. The concept of a nuclear winter has caused them to revise that view. They now realize that while the country might not be devastated by the impact of a direct hit, it would eventually inherit the climatic and other longer-term effects that could make the entire planet uninhabitable.

During his election campaign Lange had promised to ban US nuclear-powered and nuclear-armed ships from New Zealand's ports. The Australian Prime Minister, Bob Hawke, had also promised the same thing in his election campaign, but forgot the plan afterwards. Lange, however, stood firm, and was publicly annoyed when President Reagan at a televised press conference in the aftermath of the New Zealand election implied that Lange's stance could easily be reversed.

The US Secretary of State George Schultz said that the ANZUS Pact could not survive New Zealand's lack of co-operation in providing harbour for US nuclear ships, but this Lange would not accept. However, the new Prime Minister has been embarrassed recently by a decision of the annual Labour Party Conference to make it party policy to pull out of the ANZUS alliance altogether. Lange has made it clear that he cannot accept this as government policy, particularly as it was established after the election, and in fact his embarrassment, and the concern of the Australians, will be balanced by a realization that his party's attitude to ANZUS strengthens his hand with the Americans in explaining that he must stand firm on his nuclear warship policy.

Like previous prime ministers, Lange has also made himself Minister for Foreign Affairs. His criticism of the Muldoon era was that New Zealand's foreign policy was basically determined by the Americans, and to some extent by British interests. He wants a foreign policy based on independence. This means, as his Labour predecessor Norman Kirk said, that "when we have to deal with a new situation, we shall not say what do the British think about it, or what would the Americans want us to do, but rather what do we



PRIS ASSOCIATION

David Lange, Labour Prime Minister of New Zealand since the July election.

think about it?" New Zealand's foreign policy ought to be based on its own perception of its national interests and, in the view of both the late Norman Kirk and David Lange, "To base our foreign policies on moral principles is the most enlightened form of self-interest, for what is morally right is likely to be politically right." This may strike seasoned international politicians as somewhat naïve, but it is no less healthy for that.

On the home front Lange inherited a financial crisis made more severe by a flow of money from the country in the period between the election and his administration's assumption of power. He immediately devalued the pound by 20 per cent and has won plaudits for trying to create a consensus on how the nation's economy should be developed.

In September industrialists, trade unionists, politicians and others joined in a three-day debate in the parliamentary chamber, much of it televised, to discuss the country's economic problems and try to achieve that consensus. This was an approach learnt from Bob Hawke, and Lange knew that if he was able to unite industry and his administration behind a common policy it would have two benefits: first, everybody would be working in the same direction; second, it would be more difficult for the National Party, the natural party of business, to criticize his policies at a later date.

At the beginning of the conference a deal was announced between employers and workers on a long-term wage-fixing arrangement. Under it, tripartite talks on the state of the economy would be held before each round of wage negotiations. It was a promising start.

Of the three major issues—ANZUS, the economy and South Africa—the first is internationally the most critical, the second has the most obvious

domestic impact, but the third may well decide the next election. It is difficult for outsiders to understand the passions aroused by this issue, not least because it is equally hard to understand the central place in New Zealand life occupied by the sport of rugby. As soon as boys are old enough to stand on their own two feet, they have a rugby ball for their birthday present, and by the time they are nine or 10 they are involved in this sport competitively. It is a national passion. The All Blacks have become a symbol of the macho qualities New Zealanders value, and their success has helped to put this small country on the world map.

The New Zealand Rugby Union is almost as powerful as the government—indeed, when it came to the question of whether the South Africans should be able to tour New Zealand in 1981 the Rugby Union proved more powerful. In defiance of the rules that Muldoon himself helped establish at Gleneagles on sporting links with South Africa, the New Zealand Rugby Union invited the Springboks to tour. Muldoon, realizing the political sensitivity of the issue, tried to play it both ways, indicating on television that he disapproved of the tour, but refusing to interfere (unlike his predecessor, Norman Kirk, who had stopped an earlier tour from taking place).

The tour led to huge demonstrations, the worst scenes of violence since the Maori Wars of the early 19th century, and to divisions within communities and even within families that are not completely healed today.

Lange made it clear before the election that he was opposed to any further sporting contacts with South Africa, and indeed to any contacts with South Africa. He has been helped by the behaviour of the South Africans themselves: immediately after the election they withdrew their consul from Wellington and publicly attacked the New Zealand Prime Minister. If there is one thing New Zealanders dislike more than having politics interfere with their rugby, it is having anyone criticize their country. By attacking Lange, the South Africans played into his hands.

New Zealand's stand on the nuclear warships and determination to achieve an all-Pacific nuclear-free policy could make the country a catalyst in that part of the world. The new era of co-operation between the three sectors of the economy offers real hope. If Lange can persuade his fellow countrymen once and for all to accept that the price of sporting engagements with South Africa is far too high in the way it divides the country and alienates international opinion, then the Pacific sun may once more shine brightly on Godzone country.



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Garden of mixed delights

by Angela Wilkes

Nov 84

Strong emotions were aroused a decade ago when the old Covent Garden passed into history. Is the new market, prettier if less picturesque, in danger of being too successful? Photographs by Clive Boursnell.



It is just 10 years since the 300-year-old fruit and vegetable market at Covent Garden—traditionally the “convent” garden of Westminster Abbey in medieval times—moved south of the Thames to its bland, new container depot site at Nine Elms, Battersea.

The transformed Central Market, repaired and fitted with shops and restaurants, opened in June, 1980. The three ranges of colonnaded buildings, designed in 1820 and 1830 by Charles Fowler for the then landlord, the Duke of Bedford, to replace stalls in the Piazza, had been given a new role. As with most facelifts, smoothness and prettiness were given precedence over character. Has the new Covent Garden succeeded in blending, as the GLC planners intended, thriving commercialism with good taste, and a cosmopolitan street scene with well managed entertainment for its visitors?

At its christening, critics sourly predicted that the revamped Central Market would quickly fill with “commercial trendies selling the unwanted to the disinterested”. Some of those who work in the area dislike the way the project has materialized. Barclays

“The street entertainment is one of the best things that’s happened and I never thought I’d see it in England.”

Bank messenger Ronald Slater, 50, whose journeys on foot have criss-crossed the market thousands of times in the past 14 years, feels that the atmosphere was knocked out of the market along with the old, rotted wooden fittings: “Now I think it’s more about the GLC wanting to get money,” he said. “Longman’s the flower shop, who were here originally, at Number 22, have gone. I never thought they’d leave, but I believe the rents and rates just crippled them.” Phyllis Brown, secretary of the Covent Garden Actors’ Church Union who walks to work from Waterloo to St Paul’s—the “actors’” church built by Inigo Jones and under whose portico most of the street entertainment takes place—commented on the rising prices in the area. “I like the way the GLC has opened the place out, and it’s pleasing to walk there now—it’s the most you can do! You can’t afford to shop!”

Actor Philip Locke, who has lived in an Edwardian block of flats around the

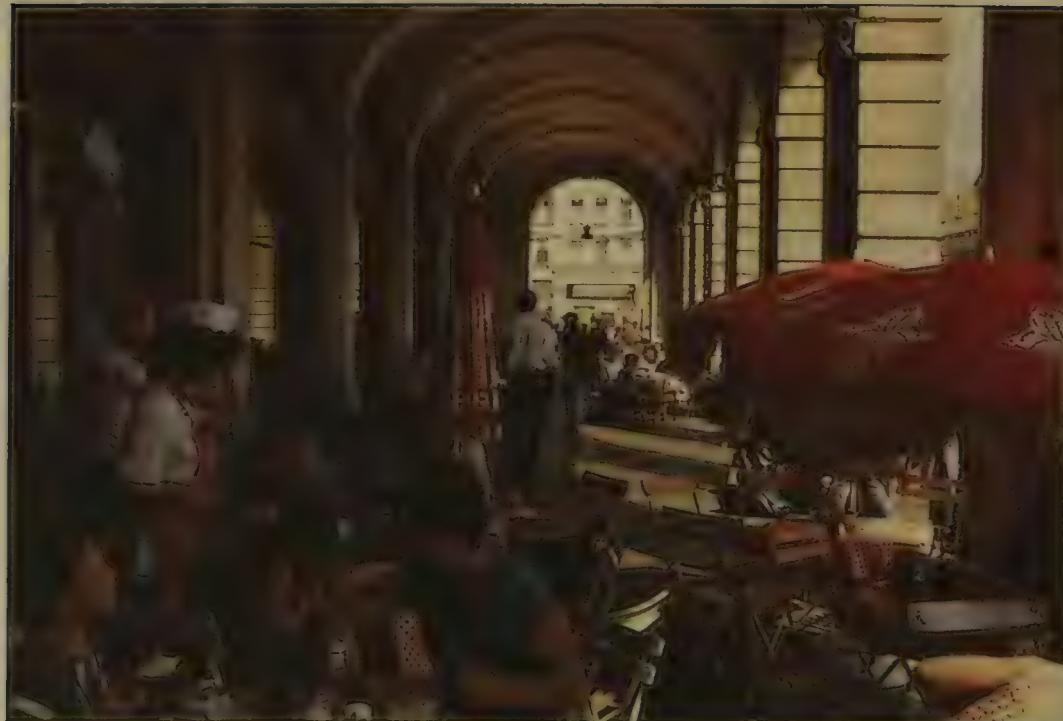
corner from the market for five years, is more sanguine about the change. “Before it moved, the market was wonderful with its smell and chaos of fruit and flowers and old architecture. We all had terrible fears that it would be redeveloped in a totally philistine way. But it has kept much of the architecture and has a new kind of ambience now. Before, it was one of people working. Now it is one of entertaining visitors to London but it doesn’t smack solely of tourism. It’s rather exciting.”

Nevertheless, he admits that he is having to look for a new flat because he can no longer afford Camden Council’s rising rates and service charges of almost £2,000 a year. Camden Council owns properties north of Shelton Street, while Westminster City Council owns many blocks of flats in the south-west sector of Covent Garden.

Licensee Sean Cronin, 49, of the Market Tavern in Russell Street, just to the east of the market, says he is

“dreading” the next round of rent increases at his Watney’s tied house. Rates have trebled since he and his wife Pauline, 37, took over in April, 1973, 10 months before the market moved out. The Cronins’ bedroom overlooked the old flower market and when “the air turned blue with porters’ effing and blinding and laughing at 4 am”, they knew it was time to get up and prepare for the five-to-nine early opening. Despite the uncivilized working hours—they also opened between 11 am and 3 pm when the then Market House was one of half-a-dozen specially licensed pubs in the area serving the market—they miss the atmosphere and the characters. “You never used to see females in the pub then, but it was alive. Porters used the front bar and buyers the back and they never mixed socially,” recalls Mrs Cronin. “Now most of our custom is tourists, passing trade, and it’s all lager and traditional ales. No one spends like those porters used to. Great rolls of banknotes they used to have...”

It is true that much of the old market feeling has gone forever. Granite flagstones that rang to the clash



Garden of mixed delights

of metal-rimmed barrow wheels now echo the gentler tread of thousands of feet. The swearing and laughter and scraping of boxes and revving of engines have been supplanted by body-poppers' loudly amplified disco beat, folk tunes on guitars, operatic arias, saxophones, the odd wind ensemble.

The market has been turned upside-down: instead of beginning its day so early that it was practically the night before, it now gets up late and goes to bed late; central London's only late-night shopping facility, it is open until 8 pm, six days a week.

It is doubtful whether former porters or fruit and veg buyers are among those browsing through the British crafts and knick-knacks, or sipping a milkshake at the New York Deli. The market man always liked something a little stronger anyway. Brandy and milk, perhaps, or rum and coffee or Scotch and tea after a hard morning's work. But he might feel at home among the jostling crowds and would be heartened to see most of his landmarks so well preserved. If you climb up to one of the specialist shops on the first floor—the Anniversary Press, "Britain's biggest collection of original newspapers 1870 to 1980", for instance—there, shown to advantage amid the stripped pine and air-conditioned simplicity of the gallery, is a Victorian fireplace still *in situ*. Down in the Lower Courts, in an alcove of the Crêperie, is a lovingly restored old stove as used by some Cockney to make his tea or heat his underground premises in cold weather.

The GLC spent £4 million paving the square and renovating and converting the Central Market building in 1974. It has turned this listed building into quite a showpiece. Yet Covent Garden is traditionally about people, not just buildings. The surrounding Piazza, designed by Inigo Jones, was

London's first residential square. It has been humming with human activity for centuries: election speeches were made there in Hogarth's day. Nearby coffee houses were frequented by Dr Johnson—he first met Boswell in Russell Street; and Pepys watched the first Punch and Judy show in Britain beneath St Paul's portico. Have the planners created the right mixture of shops, cafés, restaurants and areas in which to linger to bring the people in? Businessman Robert Heron believes they have. He owns the original-newspaper gallery on the market's upper level and both the Newsprint shops, one in the market and another in Long Acre. "The public vote with their feet," he says. "If businesses don't make money here, they go."

There were 49 units to fill four years ago and the GLC wanted above all to avoid ending up with a gappy row of shops, showing failures that would deter further investment. So they handpicked businesses with flair and originality, producing high-quality, unusual goods. They did not encourage High Street chains to move in. Heron's two enterprises typify the new kind of Covent Garden market trader. "This place hasn't been turned over to easy choices. My businesses are extremes: one very *Crossroads*, the

"Now most of our custom is tourists... and it's all lager and traditional ales. No one spends like those porters used to."

other highly specialized." He says that first floor specialized premises now cost around £10 a square foot in rent. His own gallery took "a considerable time" to build up goodwill and he felt that most of the similar premises also went through difficult times. "You don't attract browsers from the street. Shoppers are coming in here for something specific." It is a rarified niche shared by the owners of the shops selling records



Top left, restaurants line the Inigo Jones arcade in Covent Garden's Piazza. Top right, designer Olivia Barnard at her stall in the former flower market where only handmade goods can be sold. Above, businessman Robert Heron in the office of his original-newspaper gallery in the Central Market.

of stage shows and the toy cutout theatre specialists.

Rents have risen by around 20 per cent since the new market opened and now range from £2,200 for a tiny ground-floor shop up to £36,000 a year for a large one. One giant retailer spanning more than one unit is currently paying £50,000 a year. The GLC collects the rents and pays for the servicing and the rates go to Westminster City Council.

The leases are for a minimum of seven years. Restaurants tend to show longer-term financial commitment with leases of 20-30 years. If they were to sell it tomorrow, says the GLC, the market would probably make around £10 million. The GLC would resist its sale to private ownership, but this may happen if the GLC is abolished.

With such high stakes, shopkeepers obviously want to keep their prime sites. There have been a few who could not: a pine furniture shop tucked away on the first floor was an early casualty. A neon sign vendor, a shoeshop and a florist did not stay either. But with a

combined annual turnover of £1 million, Robert Heron's two newsagent's ensure that his business empire is a success. "Covent Garden remains as it has always been, a popular public space," he avers. "The GLC should be applauded—although they cannot claim all the credit because a public movement achieved that when they opposed other would-be developers. The GLC may have been called commercially trendy in its choice of businesses. But at their very lowest, they are interesting; and at their best, they offer a different shopping experience. Besides, there are few other places in London supported and subsidized by retailing where you can actually enjoy a day out without spending a penny..."

Outside, a modern-day Eliza Doolittle gives the lie to the notion that the market includes a colourful floor show which is entirely free. A tourist is photographing her in her Edwardian lace-up boots, long skirt, pinny and faded brown straw hat, perhaps not realizing that her giant pannier is full of scented, dried posies—for sale. "I'll tell



you what," she says in her chirpy sparrow voice, hitherto exercised to full lung capacity in a few Cries of London: "I'll charge you £1 for the photograph and you get the flowers free." Sheepishly, the photographer forks out.

It is hard to stroll among the banks of stalls in the market centre without being tempted to buy something. Displayed on wooden stands from the former flower market are hand-made goods of every description. Stall holders pay the GLC £12 a week a stall. They are supposed to produce the goods themselves—they are all carefully inspected—and the pitches are so popular that every one is booked, says one stall holder, designer Olivia Barnard. Trading as Miss Haversham, she is setting up her lace parasol and dress stall. Each Wednesday she carries her wares in a van from Hitchin in Hertfordshire. She will not say what her profits are. Parasols cost from £15 to £50, dresses are between £12 and £200. She admits that she has built up "a good business" in four years.

The market is usually packed. Taxi driver Bill Sullivan, 60, says that despite the one-way systems, walkways and congested traffic, he heads for Covent Garden often. "People have heard about it and they want to see it for themselves." There is no denying either that the Market and its environs are on the international street entertainment circuit.

Buskers on the east side are managed by the GLC. Those in front of the church are more experimental and raucous, and come under the wing

of Alternative Arts. Some, like break-dancer Dougie Haywoode, 18, from Lewisham and his friends Darnell, Cat and Whiteyes, operate under their own management and the not-always tolerant eye of the Metropolitan police. "We're moved on a lot," says Dougie, after a particularly spine-bending routine. "People stop and watch but don't on the whole appreciate our kind of

"Covent Garden remains as it always has been, a popular public space."

dancing. Some are a bit stingy. On a bad day, we get about a fiver each. But otherwise it's between £15 and £20. Some of the police are kind and give us 10 minutes before they move us on."

Watching the free entertainment can prove costly, however, if you fall prey to the groups of bagsnatchers and pickpockets who descend on the area. Bow Street police say the Central Market is a likely place to lose your handbag, wallet or purse—either watching an entertainer or lounging in a wine bar. Street crimes reach a peak in the summer months and around Christmas and are rising steadily: "nearly 500 in August and more than 80 over the Bank Holiday weekend," says Constable Ian Pickard. "But there were crimes in the market in the old days: then whole lorryloads disappeared. When you consider that perhaps 300,000 visitors might pass through the market in the summer

months, an average of 20 handbag crimes a day isn't that amazing."

Two men closely associated with the birth of the new Covent Garden are John Arrowsmith, 45-year-old priest-in-charge of St Paul's and a member of the Forum—an elected group of some 30 local residents and workers which acts as go-between between the public and the GLC—and Geoffrey Holland, 47, the GLC architect and planner responsible for the project.

They both agree that, if anything, the Central Market and its surrounding area have become *too* popular. Arrowsmith commented: "On balance, I think it's worked well, but there is a sense of local people being squeezed out of pubs, and everywhere being taken over by noisy hordes of tourists. The success of the Central Market has pushed up property prices and rents and many traditional smaller businesses such as bookbinders and glass blowers have gone. We have got some additional housing out of the scheme, but many flats are tending to become studio flats and weekend pads for company directors." The Market is turning a blind eye to the inclusion of a large office (often empty for a long while) in every chunk of housing put up. And, contrary to the original plans, there is still very little open space in the area, he says.

Geoffrey Holland agrees that there are problems with over-use, and reckons rent increases have been an inevitable result of the Market's success. "While the GLC can propose socially-based policies, obviously the

Craft stalls in the converted Central Market, built in the late 1820s.

property industry doesn't." He does not believe that smaller firms have been squeezed out: one shopkeeper had died, an overseas parent company had gone bankrupt, and another owner had relinquished all business interests. The pine furniture shop was, he admits, "a mistake—we were still learning in that first year". What about the florist? "It was a marvellous use in a marvellous unit. Don't know why it didn't work."

As for the influx of tourists, GLC surveys show that of the six million visitors to the market a year, 80 per cent are Londoners. And predominantly the same people keep returning.

"I don't feel the same as I did about the place in the beginning—it was my baby then," Holland continues. "But I still go there and enjoy it. The street entertainment is one of the best things that's happened and I never thought I'd see it in England. And you can enjoy yourself without spending the earth," he says. His only criticism is that many items for sale are not to his personal taste. "If I had my way, I'd fill the market with yacht chandlers and vintage car dealers. I don't like modern antiques and consciously designed 'heritage' goods. I was worried that the market would become twee. It's a lot less so now than when it first opened and we are getting a wide social mix, ethnic minorities, all ages, down there. It is a bonus that it has become a tremendous financial success, too."

VOICES OF AMERICA

Report by Trevor and Penelope Fishlock



More clearly than columns of commentary, the views of 16 American voters of varied origins, callings and persuasions sum up the issues at stake in the presidential elections on November 6.

David Lanegran

Age 42. College Professor, St Paul, Minnesota. Voting: Democrat



Mondale has a more peaceful approach to international affairs. He is less inclined to blame the Russians for everything wrong in the world and he does not support the policy the administration is developing in Central America.

Reagan seems unconcerned about the record level of federal indebtedness. Mondale has the courage to say it is a problem and will if necessary raise taxes to reduce it. That combination of honesty and ability to recognize a real problem should make him a good president.

Reagan's environmental policy is terrible. The Department of the Interior is not acting as a proper steward of the people's resources in land, water and air. Mondale knows the real value of a protected and well managed environment. He is much more of an outdoors man than the Hollywood cowboy who apparently thinks all that people need is suburban California to be happy.

Reagan's economic policy will not result in a stronger nation. At present he seems to be reaping the fruits of an up-swing in business activity but the rate of growth is already declining and

he has not one new idea on how the industrial labour force, industrial cities and farmers can prosper in the years to come. Our agriculturalists are suffering and the federal government has no idea of how to structure a strong agricultural sector of the post-industrial society.

Mondale has a pro-educational position. He recognizes that our educational system needs help while Reagan is content to let private schools get the benefit of tax breaks. Mondale also has a positive attitude towards racial minorities and will do something to improve their educational and economic levels.

Dr Wayne Lanier

Age 45. Microbiologist, San Francisco, California. Voting: Democrat



I am a member of the Democratic party and have worked for Democratic candidates in elections since 1960. Reagan appeals to Republican fears by promising a return to an old-fashioned America lost in the golden haze of the mythical past. Many are working people who kept their jobs during the recent Reagan recession, but are fearful of losing them. Others are fundamentally religious people who fear modern changes and want to return to the "old morality".

Mondale supporters fear Reagan, involvement in Central America, nuclear armaments, loss of civil liberties, destruction of wilderness areas and the return of recession.

The Communist Press refers to American presidents as "tools" of capitalism. Never have we had a president who so obviously fits this description. When one looks at his accomplishments instead of his words, one sees almost all forms of control removed from business, high-profit military spending, union busting and economic and tax policies directly designed to increase the profits of the few at the expense of the many.

Reagan's involvement with the military and his conservative attitude have resulted in a kind of military adventurism which is both dangerous to the world and a disservice to the US.

If he is returned to office, it is very likely that we will end up sending soldiers to Central America by the summer of 1985. With his casual attitude to nuclear arms, this may be the least of the dangers.

Miss Pat Reimbold

Age 26. Accountant, East Brunswick, New Jersey. Voting: Undecided



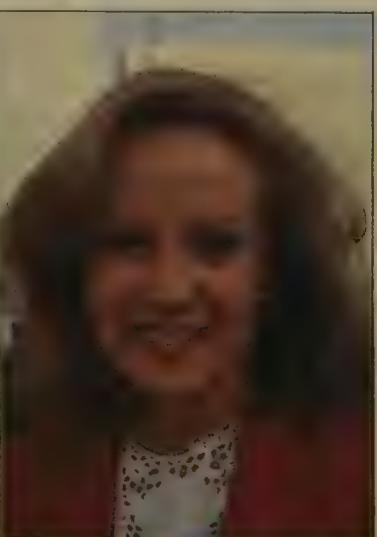
I have not yet decided how to vote. I will wait until I have seen the candidates debating the issues on television

before I make up my mind. I feel uncertain about Reagan's foreign policy. I think he is a bit one-sided and uncompromising about things. He says, "This is the United States and we are great, and that's it"—well, that's not enough for me. And he is getting on in years.

But Mondale seems indecisive, and has a lot of people pushing him from behind. I would have preferred Gary Hart as the candidate. I am glad that Mondale picked Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate—but I think she may have been chosen so that the Democrats could say they were doing something for women. That would be cynical of them.

Miss Nancy Lorenz

Age 37. Policy specialist with federal government on health-care programmes, New York City. Voting: Republican



I am a Republican, although I went through a period of supporting the Democrats when I was in college. But now I am out in the world of business I see that Reaganism works. The Democrats foster the welfare-state mentality, which I am absolutely against. It makes people dependent. They cannot do anything for themselves and they lack incentive. My father's parents came to the United States from Ger-

many in 1901 and my mother's parents from Hungary at the same time. They had to work hard, learn the language, assimilate, and it was a rough time. But through sheer hard work my father attended college and raised himself up. How do you think I feel when I see immigrants now wanting benefits, and not even bothering to learn English? They demand interpreters!

People say Reagan has cut too much off the welfare programmes, and perhaps this is so in some areas, but under the Democrats we swung too much the other way with too many handouts. We need a long spell of Republicanism, perhaps eight to 16 years, to eradicate any trace of the welfare-state mentality.

Dong Soo Ha

Age 49. Secretary-general of the Korean Association of New York, owns delicatessen in Brooklyn, New York. Voting: Democrat



Koreans are the newest immigrant group in the United States. There are 150,000 in the New York City area and 4,200 own their own businesses. Of the city's 1,600 fruit and vegetable shops, 950 are Korean-owned. Koreans also own dry cleaners, stationery, shoe-repair and clothing shops. We work hard and want very much to assimilate. We have political organizations, and the majority of Koreans belong to the one that supports the Democrats.

We like the Democrats because their policy considers the middle- and lower-class people as against the rich. We are middle-class people, small businessmen, and we think that the Democrats are on our side. Republicans want this country to return to the days when the upper class dominated and all the rest were slaves. We don't like that class system. We are an immigrant group, and believe in civil rights.

We came to this country because it promised so much—the American dream—and we don't want to see it spoiled. The most important reason for coming for the majority was the chance to give their children a good education. But Reagan is cutting the education budget, and we feel very strongly that this is wrong, and will jeopardize the future for our children.

Miss Ernestine Bonet

Age 56. Office manager, New York City. Voting: Democrat



Reagan thinks he is in a Warner Brothers movie with someone writing the script so that everything will turn out OK. He gets involved in things he doesn't understand. Take Central America: it could turn into another Vietnam. He frightens me to death with his simplistic view of the world. And he is polarizing people, which in my view is wrong, the worst thing a public official can do.

The Republicans always try to make the other side look like traitors. They are doing it now by bringing religion into the campaign, and exploiting the American flag. I am a Democrat, and I have a very deep feeling for the flag. It is also my flag and I don't want Republicans saying that because they wave it they are more patriotic than me. The most important thing about Mondale is his honesty.

Thomas Nazaro

Age 42. Cleaner, New York City. Voting: Republican



I started sleeping rough on the streets of New York when I was 16. My family was very poor and I didn't have an education. I had odd jobs. Things got very bad and I started on alcohol and drugs. I was angry because welfare schemes didn't seem to be for poor whites like me. But all the time I

wanted to work. I didn't want to lose my dignity and you do when you have no job. I went into various treatment programmes.

Now, at last, I have a job, somewhere to live and I am going to college on a full grant to learn technical drawing. It was this government that did it for me, and I am definitely going to vote for Reagan. They have put me on the road to recovery, not the Democrats. The Republican philosophy is that you must do something for yourself and this government has given me the opportunity to do just that.

Reagan is honest, and stands by what he says. I like his defence policy: strong America. When I lived on the New York streets I carried a knife to protect myself. It is the same with national defence—if we are weak they are going to come right in and get us.

I dislike Democrats for the way they run New York. Poor people are forced out of their homes, which are turned into fashionable apartments for the rich. They provide nothing for poor people.

The Reverend William Greenlaw

Age 41. Runs soup kitchen in a church, New York City. Voting: Democrat



My main reason for disliking Reagan is his defence policy. He cannot understand *détente* and just sees everything in terms of the US having to be bigger and stronger. This leads to schemes like his "star wars" plan which is the most frightening of all. And his comments about the Russians' "evil empire" was an indication of what he really believes. This is the true Ronald Reagan. A polarizer, a man devoid of pragmatism, a man who will not compromise, inflexible. I think this is a dangerous sort of person to have as president. Liberal has become a dirty word. Mondale does not have any charisma and it is hard to get enthusiastic about him, but the Democrats had to choose a candidate who could appeal to the widest possible constituency.

In my job I can see the result of Reagan's welfare cuts first hand. The people we serve are at the bottom of the social heap. In August we provided 14,600 meals, our highest total so far.

Meanwhile military spending is sacrosanct. But I fear that Reagan will win, unless he makes a major gaffe. Even if he does he will probably get away with it. He is known as the "Teflon president"—nothing sticks to him!

Mrs Aletta Baker

Age 51. Housewife, Dallas, Texas. Voting: Republican



When I saw the Olympic flame being carried across America it made me very proud. That did a lot for the country, and we have Reagan to thank for the way we feel about America today. Reagan is a real leader, unlike Mondale who seems indecisive. Carter was indecisive, too, and the Democrats just don't seem to make good leaders.

Economically we are doing well and I would be horrified if the Democrats came in again. Mondale has said that he will raise taxes and I don't want that. I am a little concerned about Reagan's age, and I am glad that he has a strong running mate in George Bush, a Texan. Somehow I have a secure feeling when Republicans are running the country. I don't get this with Democrats.

Tom McLeod

Age 33. Taxi driver, Austin, Texas. Voting: Democrat



Reagan is so terrible. He is a disaster as far as I am concerned. I belong to an anti-nuclear group and we ➤➤

went to Dallas to demonstrate while the Republican convention was being held. Nuclear war destroys us all, everything, and Reagan is the one more likely to get us into it. His mind is stuck back in the 50s and he sees everything in simple terms.

This society is divided into the haves and the have-nots, thanks to Reagan, and the have-nots are being squeezed and squeezed until they break. Of course the Democrats are a centre, middle-of-the-road party. We have nothing here like your Labour Party in Britain. I wish we did, because from what I have read about Mr Foot and Mr Benn I think I'd like them. Mr Kinnoch sounds on the right track, too.

Miss Myrtle Hawkins

Age 30. Clerk in city government, Dallas, Texas. Voting: Democrat



I am a Democrat because I feel Democrats are on the side of people who are not well off. I saw the delegates who were at the Republican convention in Dallas and they were certainly people with money. Why should they be interested in the poor?

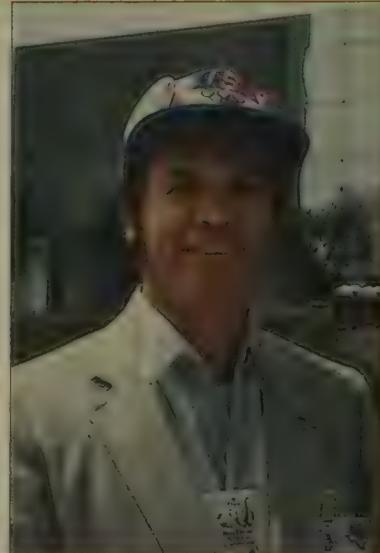
A lot of black people will not vote at all because they say: "Why bother, what difference does it make?" But it is important to vote, although I am not very optimistic about Mondale's chances. We were excited about the Reverend Jesse Jackson and his voter registration drive. I think he is doing a lot of good, and has helped to make black people feel that they can change things. But it will take time. Jesse Jackson speaks so well, his words reach out and grab you. He has paved the way for the future.

Guillermo Rios

Age 52. Farmer's insurance agent, West Covina, California. Voting: Republican

I support Reagan absolutely. It was always my dream to get to the United States. I was born in Mexico City and worked as a shepherd. From where I saw things, the United States was the land of opportunity. If only I could get there! And then I did, as I had an uncle living in Los Angeles. I came here when I was 17.

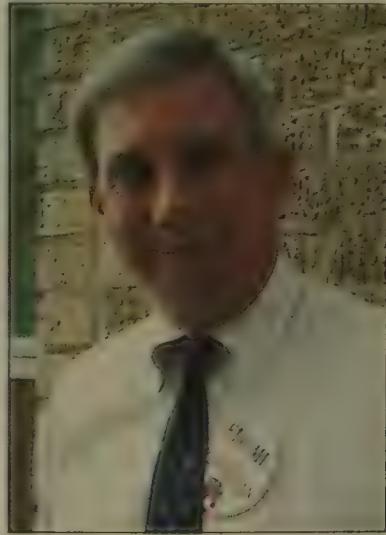
My dream was fulfilled. As far as I



shares. But it hurts only them—they are not President of the United States. But in Reagan's case this sort of behaviour is dangerous.

Tim Kelly

Age 40. Mortgage banker and State senator, Anchorage, Alaska. Voting: Republican



am concerned, America is Reagan's country. He was a good governor of California, and I think he has proved that Reaganomics works. I know that some farmers are complaining, but you cannot please all of the people all of the time. I think his defence policies need stronger backing from the American people. Some of them are lukewarm about the way he wants to increase defence spending. But I say to them that the only way to achieve peace is to make sure that you are stronger than your enemy—that way he won't come at you!

Murray Weinman

Age 37. Chartered accountant, teaches corporate and partnership taxation at New York City University, Lynbrook, Long Island. Voting: Democrat



Initially I was going to vote for Reagan, as the economy is doing well and inflation has remained low. My clients are happy and business is good. The area I live in, Nassau county, is solid Republican.

But I have decided to vote Democrat because of Reagan's erratic behaviour. His radio test in which he joked about bombing Russia is a prime example. He falls asleep at cabinet meetings and has to be prompted by his wife. I have seen this type of behaviour in my older clients. They get tired and fall asleep, and make silly decisions about selling

and we have got much poorer since he took office. In New Orleans people are really feeling the pinch. The children are suffering, young people are getting menial jobs with no hope for the future. The situation is very bad. Republicans just want to cast us aside, forget us, put us out of their minds.

But it is difficult to get people to see they can change things by registering and voting. They think it is hopeless and Reagan can never be defeated. But he can.

He is causing a lot of people to have shattered dreams. These are not lazy people, but people who genuinely want to work. Republicans say that work brings dignity—but what if a person has tried and tried and finds all doors are closed to him? They are sad and disappointed. The American dream is turning into a nightmare for them. Society is unfair, it is a rich man's world, and it is very hard to bear. I teach in an elementary school and Reagan's cuts are really beginning to bite.

Larry Shoufner

Age 70. Retired chemist, Carson City, Nevada. Voting: Republican



I was Reagan's campaign director in Alaska in 1980. I think he was an excellent governor of California, and his economic policies worked. My great grandfather came from Ireland to this country in 1880 and as an Irishman I liked Reagan's policy of supporting individuals against government. Also, I liked the way he went to Ireland to visit his roots—I would like to do that sometime!

Alaska became a state only in 1959, and we regard ourselves as a frontier state. We are having an economic recovery, living off our oil revenues, enjoying very low taxes and quite frankly we do not want the government to interfere. We are coming out of the recession and it would be unthinkable if the Democrats got in and spoiled everything.

Mrs Geraldine Bell

Age 50. Teacher, New Orleans, Louisiana. Voting: Democrat

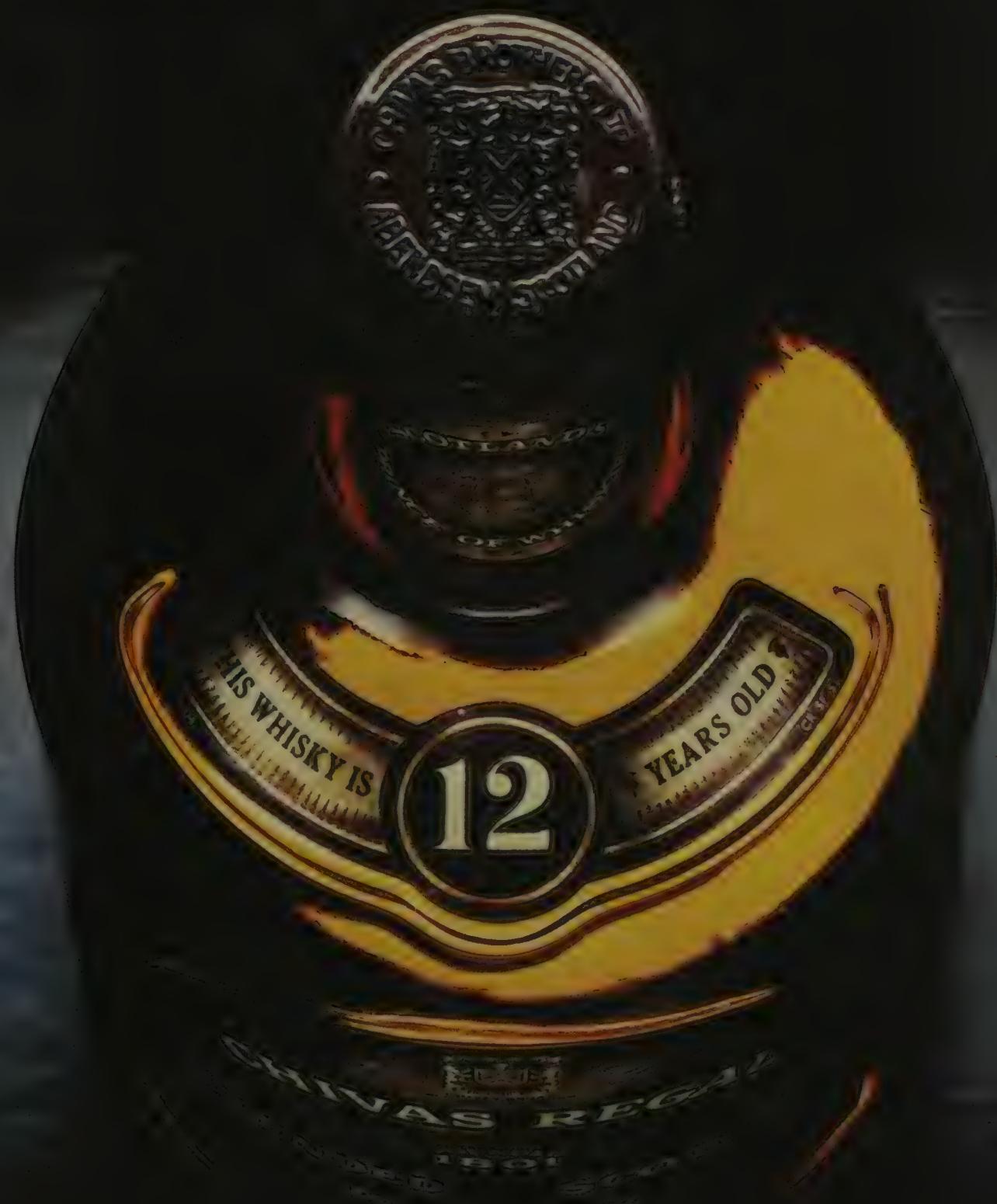


The only free thing we poor people have is the right to vote for Mondale. Reagan is anti-poor, anti-minorities,

I will vote for Reagan because of the fundamental differences between the Republicans and the Democrats. Reagan believes in a smaller government presence. Let people do things for themselves, don't have the government do everything. There are too many government rules and regulations at the moment which hinder the small businessman. I worked for a while in the mobile-home business and when you sell a mobile home you have almost 20 different sales-tax calculations to do, one for each of the items included in the sale—this is bureaucracy gone mad. I don't blame Reagan for this—he has said that he is going to do something about it.

As a pensioner, I like the way that Reagan is treating the senior citizens. We have opportunities for a fulfilled and happy life. To claim, as his opponent's do, that pensioners are starving is nonsense.

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I've got used to gossip.
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VP it's part of the job. And if I always
pick James as my chauffeur when I
come to Canada... well that's my affair.



I knew he was waiting but, somehow,
I was in no great hurry to leave the plane.
The seven hours or so I'd spent in the
Intercontinental Executive Class cabin of
Air Canada flight AC865 had been the
most relaxing I'd enjoyed for a long time.

The cabin was so peaceful, my seat
so big and roomy, working was easy.
There were no interruptions. The cabin
attendants were there when I wanted

them, and not when I didn't. Not that I
worked all the way... the lunch menu
and the film were too tempting for that.

We landed in Toronto right on
schedule. My time out of time was over
and I made my way slowly to the door...
and James.

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The retail revolutionaries

"If it's not good enough for me and my family to eat or wear, it's not good enough to sell." That homely dictum from Lord (Marcus) Sieff, former Chairman and now President of Marks & Spencer, says a great deal about the chain store that pioneered a social revolution and about the powerful hold of "Marks & Sparks" on the affection of the British public. Throughout 100 years of change and upheaval in the way we live, the Marks & Spencer philosophy of mass-market quality and value for money, personally controlled from the boardroom, has consistently proved the most successful formula in British retailing.

In this its centenary year Marks & Spencer continues to reign supreme among British chain stores, the benchmark against which others measure their performance. Its 263 stores in the UK are visited by 14 million shoppers every week, including thousands of foreign tourists, and its 1983-84 sales turnover reached £2.9 billion, an increase of nearly 14 per cent over the previous year. Group profits before tax for the same period were £279 million, an increase of 16.7 per cent. In the league table of the UK's top 10 companies by market capitalization it ranks as the fifth largest, just after ICI.

Three out of every five British women buy their underwear at M & S, its food departments sell one million chickens every week, and it is Britain's biggest fishmonger as well as biggest shoe shop (advised on women's footwear by Edward Rayne, the Queen's shoemaker). The Marble Arch branch, flagship of the chain, regularly features in the *Guinness Book of Records* for taking more money per square foot than any other retailer in the world.

Other high street stores like Sainsbury and W. H. Smith watch keenly when M & S goes into new areas such as book publishing. It entered that field in 1975 with seven titles; last Christmas 150 St Michael books were on the market, each with a print run of

by Carol Kennedy

It is 100 years since Michael Marks set up his first stall in Leeds market. Today value for money—and imaginative management—remain the watchwords of Britain's most successful chain store.

Colour photographs by Ethel Hurwicz



100,000. Although in recent years Marks has sometimes been outsmarted by competitors—in areas like the fast-moving world of young fashion, for example—it has swiftly learnt to adapt. Its new strategy of moving into more expensive home furnishings and accessories will be closely monitored by its rivals. So will its plans to expand beyond the high streets into out-of-town sites with car parking, in line with changing shopping habits. The company has a capital investment programme of £100 million a year over the next four years.

There are Marks & Spencer stores in nine European cities outside the UK (two in Paris), and the company controls more than 200 outlets in Canada, which have finally become successful after some initial misjudgments on the kind of clothes Canadians wanted to

buy. St Michael branded goods are sold in 30 countries, as far afield as Japan, and in 1981 M & S started a company in Hong Kong to develop sales in the Far East. Sooner or later the famous name is bound to tackle the richest market of all—the United States.

The company's centenary has coincided with a historic change of leadership. Lord (formerly Sir Derek) Rayner took over from the second Lord Sieff as chairman and chief executive in July, 1984, the first time that control of the business has moved out of the hands of its founding Jewish dynasties. Rayner is neither Jewish nor has any family connexion with the inter-married Marks and Sieffs. But Sieff, now 71, will remain very much involved as President, and Rayner has made it clear that though aspects of the

business may change, there will be no departure from the principles on which M & S has built its reputation.

Value for money was the company's guiding philosophy from its beginnings in 1884, when a poor Polish immigrant named Michael Marks, maternal grandfather of the present Lord Sieff, set up a stall selling everyday necessities in Leeds market. Marks had been a pedlar and to finance his new venture he borrowed £5 from Isaac Dewhirst, a local businessman whose company supplied these travelling salesmen with wholesale goods. I. J. Dewhirst of Leeds still makes men's suits for Marks & Spencer and is the firm's oldest supplier.

To encourage people to buy—the newly industrialized working class was still shy of shopping—he tacked up a notice which read: "Don't ask the price, it's a penny". Marks reckoned, correctly, that low profit margins coupled with fast turnover would lead to success: his first big-selling line came with reels of cotton which he bought for 1s a gross and sold for 1d each.

Soon the penny goods increased in range—earthenware cups and bowls, hammers and chisels, soap and candles, toy soldiers, handkerchiefs, hatpins, notepaper and pens: Marks's humble trestle table expanded into a chain of "Penny Bazaars" in Leeds, Castleford, Wakefield, Warrington and Birkenhead, stocked from a central buying and distribution system based in Wigan. By 1894 the business had become too big for one man to handle and Marks took on as his partner Isaac Dewhirst's cashier, Tom Spencer, who paid £300 for a half-share in the newly formed company. Marks was then 31 and Spencer 42.

The two men were well matched as business partners; Spencer, the bluff Northerner, looked after the administration and accountancy; Marks, the intuitive Continental with a sympathetic understanding of his working-class customers, handled the buying. ➤



The familiar St Michael trademark now appears on books, above. Sales of new lines like kitchenware, above right, rival fashion, far right, on which the company's fortune was founded. Lord Sieff, right, is President of M & S.

Both men embodied Victorian values of thrift and hard work but beyond that, in the personality of Michael Marks, there was something more. It was the kind of gift, as company historian Goronwy Rees noted, that can make retailing almost a social service. Marks's son Simon, who was to run the company for nearly half a century with his brother-in-law Israel Sieff, once observed that he had learned his social philosophy "from Michael Marks and not Karl Marx."

In 1903, still located mainly in the market halls of northern cities, the business became a limited company, with issued capital of 30,000 £1 shares, 14,995 of which were allocated to each partner. But the partnership was to be short-lived. Tom Spence died aged 53 in 1905 and Marks followed him in 1907, aged only 44. Their respective sons were young and inexperienced, and for a few years the company was run by the executors of the two estates, William Chapman and Bernard Steel.

Marks's concept of the fixed-price limit was not the first in its field—the American firm F. W. Woolworth had been founded on that principle in 1879 and opened its first English branch in 1909—but in addition to cheapness he offered both quality and variety. In 1913 the company, by then with 140 branches, one-third of them in London, proudly advertised itself as "The Penny Universal Providers. Value, Variety, Quality. Quantity are the firm's Watchwords. Everybody's requirements for ONE PENNY." The First World War with its inflation and



shortages put an end to that splendid boast. In 1926 a new price ceiling was fixed at 5s, though that did not survive the Second World War.

The years between the wars were a dynamic and formative period. Simon Marks, who had taken over as Chairman in 1917 at the age of 28, brought back from America such innovations as the weekly sales checklist for each department which controlled stock and supplies. That became the basis of Marks & Spencer's whole system of stock control, a key factor in the firm's development.

In 1927 M & S went public with an issue of one million 10s shares: the capital raised was invested in building a chain of "super stores" on the American model. Simon Marks perceived that his father's philosophy of providing the best quality at the lowest price could be achieved only through marrying large-scale production to large-scale retailing and, most importantly, through establishing a new kind of collaboration between producer and retailer.

The first of these direct relationships,

cutting out the wholesaler, gave Marks & Spencer its famous St Michael brand name. The firm's hosiery suppliers in Leicester, a company called Corah, already used the name St Margaret, taken from a nearby church. After considering a number of saints' names to go with the Corah label, Marks chose St Michael in deference to his father and to the patron of the Jewish people. (When the Vatican "decreed" other saints, including St George and St Christopher, a Papal side personally telephoned Israel Sieff to assure him St Michael was not among them.)

Significantly, the first savings Marks & Spencer made from its direct selling with Corah—Is on a dozen pairs of stockings—were invested in improving the product rather than in cutting the price by a penny. Sales increased dramatically.

Today more than 700 companies supply St Michael goods to detailed specifications laid down in Marks & Spencer's laboratories. Nearly 150 of these suppliers have been manufacturing for over 25 years 50 of them for over 40 years. Marks & Spencer has

several times considered manufacturing for itself but, as John Salisse, director of public relations, explained: "We always came back to the view that we should stick to our last. If you have shops to sell what your factories make, the tendency is for them to sell what is easy for the factories to make. We wouldn't want to be torn in that way: it's what the customer wants that counts."

The company makes tough demands on its suppliers, on whom its reputation ultimately depends—but it also pays promptly, in seven days.

Buying direct had other effects on company policy. It naturally encouraged suppliers within easy reach, so Marks & Spencer built up a "buy British" reputation which still accounts for over 90 per cent of the goods sold in its stores. The power of M & S purchasing helped pull the British textile industry through the 1930s slump; today the company buys one-fifth of all Britain's output and is the largest clothing exporter in the country.

The strongly Jewish character of Marks & Spencer's ruling families—

Simon Marks and Israel Sieff married each other's sisters—had its own influence on shaping the stores' development. The two men's long friendship with the Zionist leader Chaim Weizmann, a scientist and chemist, led to a fascination with new technologies and inspired them to apply it to consumer goods. The first M & S textile laboratory was set up in 1935, inaugurating the detailed systems of specification which today control quality at the point of production down to the number of stitches in a cardigan seam and the standard of breast meat in chicken. Awareness of scientific advances also led to mutually beneficial arrangements with innovative suppliers like ICI and Courtaulds, who were given the mass market base necessary to develop new fibres.

Throughout the 1930s Marks and Sieff moulded the company in a highly personal way. The brothers-in-law, who both became life peers, as did Israel Sieff's son, often referred to their "David and Jonathan" relationship: when Sieff returned from business trips, Marks was invariably at the station to meet him and bring him up to date on developments, and the two men often sat in their office above Baker Street until long after midnight. Harry Sacher, who married Simon Marks's sister Miriam and founded the third Jewish dynasty in M & S, used to say Marks and Sieff were "the board in permanent session on the company's Marks". The partnership lasted until Marks died in 1964.

Flora Solomon did, Armed with an authorization from the Chairman, as she recalled in her recent memoirs, *From Bikes to Baker Street*, she toured Marks & Spencer's stores asking questions and finding a world of insecurity and even hunger among salesgirls who earned a minimum wage of 17s a week. In those days traders could impose almost any conditions on their staff. Marks & Spencer were no worse, but no better than any other retailers.

When they read her report, Marks and Sieff immediately gave Mrs Solomon the go-ahead for a Welfare Department which was to set new standards for British retailers. In 1934 she introduced staff canteens providing a three-course lunch for 6d (for only 30p today, staff can have morning coffee, lunch, and afternoon tea), and established a little miniature health service with a doctor, dentist and chiropodist attached to each store.

One Ascot Week, when Marks and Sieff were setting off for the races in their grey toppers, she seized the psychological moment to persuade them to raise the minimum wage to £1. Years later, speaking of many human achievements of the Welfare Department, Israel (then Lord) Sieff, remarked: "Whatever we have done because we felt it had a moral obligation turned out to be good for business within five years. The company has one of the best reputations in Britain among consumers, and spends an average £250 million a year on workers' pensions and profit-sharing schemes. 22,000 of its 48,500 workforce have been on the payroll for more than five years. "In the High Street," says John Salisse, "they still say 'Marks is a good company to work for'. We genuinely treat our staff as individuals and they respond well."

Customer relations also benefit from M & S solicitude: nursing mothers, for example, are known to receive exceptional care when they need to feed their babies during a shopping trip. In its centenary year M & S earmarked more than £3.5 million—between £5,000 and £25,000 a store—to support charities in its local communities.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Marks & Spencer seemed set to bring mass retailing into a new era of department-store quality, symbolized by the spacious, panelled Pantheon store in Oxford Street which had been opened in 1938. But 16 of its 235 stores were destroyed by bombs, and many more severely damaged. The day after the heart was torn out of Coventry, Marks & Spencer reopened for business there in a disused garage.

Flora Solomon organized mobile cantines in the bombed cities and set up the communal "British Restaurants" providing two-course hot meals for 8d.

The social revolution started by Marks & Spencer, in which clothes were no longer a badge of class, continued in the postwar years. Princely paid factory workers alike were to Michael Marks. (The company now accounts for one-third of all underwear and nightwear sold in Britain, and one-quarter of men's socks.) Previously exclusive garments such as cashmere were made accessible to a mass public. About this time the company, which has never had fitting-rooms in its stores, introduced its much admired principle of exchanging goods without question.

The food side, started in 1927 with ice cream, now accounts for a third of the firm's total sales. There is a premium on freshness—three-quarters of all its food products have a shelf life of four nights or less.

The firm's great postwar innovation was its crusade against waste and bureaucracy—one with which Derek Rayner, who went up the Marks & Spencer ladder from management trainee to chairman, became so identified that he was seconded to Whitehall, first by Edward Heath and then by Margaret Thatcher, in order to launch a blitz against unnecessary paperwork. (He was enshrined in the *Yes, Minister* TV series as Sir Mark Spencer.) In fact, Simon Marks had begun the process in 1956,





when he used to drop in unexpectedly to stores near his London and country homes. On one such occasion he saw assistants working late marking up stock cards and thick batches of forms waiting to be filled in.

A directive went out ordering all executives to examine procedures and to trim their paperwork; as a result, stockroom routines were streamlined and sales staff given responsibility for stocking their own counters. Job satisfaction as well as efficiency improved. Time clocks were abolished and punctuality improved in direct ratio to the increased trust shown. Scrapping the detailed check-in of supplies at individual stores saved 200,000 documents a week; productivity per head of staff more than doubled between 1956 and 1968, and profits as a percentage of turnover rose from 8.5 per cent to 12 per cent.

"Operation Simplification", as Lord Marks called it, spawned a continuing search for greater efficiency. By the end of 1984 all M & S stores will be fully computerized, improving control of sales trends and stock records as well as accounting. The hunt goes on, too, in product innovation: Marks's success has created a new generation of chain-store competitors, some of whom, like Benetton, have challenged M & S sharply in the field of instant fashion for the under-25s. One of Lord Rayner's first moves has been to accelerate a sophisticated new presentation in the stores, where outfits are now co-ordinated by colour and accessories instead of being separated into blouses, skirts and woollens in different sections of the store. "We are all after the working woman now," says Rayner.

The company is also going into the financial services being increasingly offered in Britain's high streets. Its first



move this summer was to issue its own credit card in a pilot scheme in Scotland.

Retailing can never stand still, and M & S introduces a dozen new lines each week in food alone. "Many people make a weekly trip to Marks & Spencer just to see what's new," says John Salisse. Suggestions from staff often produce profit-making results and are rewarded with financial prizes. One salesgirl collected £500 for her idea of a two-colour mixture for tights. About a dozen such awards are made each month.

This year Marks ventured into an area it once swore to keep away from—high-value items requiring after-sales service like electric clocks and table lamps. (Micro-chip technology with its greater reliability reduces the need for repairs.) Home-ware sales in 1983-84 were already double those of clothing, and for the first time, non-clothing sales were expected this year to account for more than 50 per cent of turnover.

New products are rigorously tested on staff as well as on special consumer

panels. "When you see someone wearing the same dress every other day, you know what they're up to," says Pat Kirkwood of public affairs.

Marks & Spencer's strength is that it has always been run on personal lines, extended all the way down the management tree. The present Lord Sieff (whose surname in Hebrew means "brilliant") used to telephone stores at random late on Saturday afternoons to see how the day's sales had gone, and once drove through heavy snow from London to Chatham to thank staff personally for turning up to work.

Most of the present board have been store managers themselves including Salisse, who has been 40 years with the company. It takes an average of eight years to rise to store manager, and from there it is possible to progress to an executive post, responsible for a group of 30 stores, thence perhaps to the boardroom. Only three of the 263 branches are run by women, though an increasing number are reaching other managerial positions. As early as 1909 a store manageress named Miss Gibbs was put in charge of management

Record sales have put the Marble Arch branch, above, in the *Guinness Book of Records*. Behind the scenes, left, computers aid efficiency—at which Chairman Lord Rayner, above left, excels.

training for the entire company.

All Baker Street executives spend a week every 18 months with a branch manager and every store is visited by at least one director each year.

The company's shining public face was somewhat dimmed last year by the revelation that directors were buying their company houses on highly advantageous terms. It embarrassed Lord Sieff, though shareholders eventually endorsed the arrangement. City analysts, too, became less enthusiastic about Marks & Spencer as a short-term investment. But the advent of Lord Rayner (who was responsible for turning round the ailing Canadian operation) is viewed with confidence by stockbrokers' research departments; he is seen as having "a lot of bright ideas".

He will undoubtedly continue the Chairman's tradition of prowling the stores and keeping managers on their toes with unexpected phone calls. As for Lord Sieff, the habits of a lifetime may prove difficult to break. "He might come in at 8.15am instead of 8", suggested one M & S executive wryly.

And as Marks & Spencer enters its second century, the family tree still flourishes in the boardroom, where Marcus Sieff's son David, 45, is a director of foods and export, and John Sacher, 44, is director of personnel. Like the rest of the management, in their St Michael shirts and socks, they will continue to demonstrate that quality control begins at the top.

Carol Kennedy is Deputy Editor of *The Director*.



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Striking a chord

by Derek Jewell

Nov 84

A profile of the ablest and most resilient of the former Beatles, whose determination to script a film—
appearing shortly—was fired by a brief but painful spell in a Tokyo prison.

Paul McCartney has done much in his 42 years—like bearing the burden of a Guinness Book of Records “Triple Superlative Award” as the most successful music composer in history, selling 100 million albums, 100 million singles, winning 62 gold discs, spending nine days in a Japanese gaol and earning, the last time I saw an estimate, around £50 million a year.

The McCartney crew don't agree that figure, but does the precise sum matter too much? He is very, very rich, and so is the Exchequer because of him: he is not a tax exile. While maturing, he has remained the very pleasant and attractive human being I first encountered while working as a journalist in Liverpool a quarter of a century ago.

After first hearing him and The Beatles in the Cavern around 1960 and observing them later, I wrote a piece for *The Sunday Times* in which I hedged my bets on whether they would succeed. He rang me up, not to remonstrate, but to ask me to be a touch more positive next time, since they needed all the help they could get! Recently he gently reminded me of my pusillanimity: “I warned you, remember, that in 25 years I'd still be around, didn't I?” That's him, in essence: sane, not explosive, careful as well as talented.

One of his secrets as an artist is his outspoken realism and honesty about himself and the world. In a song of 1980 called “Waterfalls” he wrote: “One of these days When my feet are on the ground, I'm gonna look around and see See what's right, see what's there And breathe fresh air ever after.” He knows he *ought* to get his feet on the ground. But realistically he understands that it's a “one of these days” proposition. He should do it; but will he? Aren't we all like that? That is his genius: he strikes a chord in everyone's experience.

Of all the Beatles, he was from the beginning the most ambitious. But he was also the realist, always honest with himself amid all the clamour and money and razzmatazz. Events have never swept him off his feet, even when he has made mistakes. He is a survivor.

For years, rich beyond the dreams of the most avaricious pop stars, he has lived a life enviably balanced between months in Sussex, weeks in Scotland—on an estate, with modest farmhouse, where no one shoots the animals—and periods in London, or touring, and only the 24 months taken up with his latest venture have disrupted that routine. He is incredibly slim still, looks very young, and still prefers jeans and farm transportation, like Land Rovers



REX FEATURES

Paul McCartney and his wife Linda, above, keep their family out of the limelight
and get away to the country as often as possible.

or Jeeps, to posh suits and Ferraris. “Scotland,” he told me a couple of years back, “is terribly important. The air is the cleanest you've ever smelt, it stays light late, and you feel on top of the world.”

He sounds sane, rational, together—and that, too, rang a bell from the 1960s, when his old press agent Tony Barrow told me McCartney was “very organized—the other three don't know what they're doing”. That's why he was so ashamed of himself over the Tokyo episode: he had let down his own standards of being well organized. He does not, despite his beliefs, want to appear a loud advocate for pot. Drugs in general he does not like; he and his wife are vegetarians. He is conscious of his influence as a public figure, but insists that he must be himself even if he makes mistakes.

Despite his desire for privacy, he has never become remote or isolated. With Wings in the 1970s, and on his own in the 80s, he has continued to remain firmly in touch with the young audience, while hanging on to the Beatles audience which has grown older with him. His marriage in 1969 to Linda Eastman, daughter of a leading New York lawyer, has worked well. They have three children: Mary, 14; Stella, 13; James, 6; and a daughter, Heather, 21, by Mrs McCartney's previous marriage.

The family is close-knit, with Linda's father acting as Paul's business manager and his wife singing and playing keyboards when Wings were on the road.

It has been a long odyssey from his childhood in Walton Park, Liverpool, where he was born on June 18, 1942, the son of an aircraft factory lathe

operator and a coal merchant's daughter. His father, James, bought him his first guitar (£25) before Paul met John Lennon at a church dance. They played as a skiffle group first, becoming The Beatles as the 60s dawned.

One key to the success of The Beatles was the contrast between the rather romantic strain in McCartney and the fiercer, more ironic, angrier, rock 'n' roll of John Lennon. The combination was magic, even if they came to work more separately on songs despite the misleading joint credit of Lennon/McCartney on many. McCartney perhaps survived better on his own than did Lennon, his personality seeming to expand into quirkier, more thoughtful songs, without losing his lyrical, romantic gifts. He kept in touch with Lennon before the murder in New York, and also with George Harrison and Ringo Starr, despite being puzzled by Lennon's criticisms of him in the early 70s.

Post-Beatles, McCartney wanted to stay in the performing business (“I didn't want to be an ex-legend”) so in 1971 he formed Wings, with Denny Laine. It was a tremendous success, and songs like “Mull of Kintyre” and “Maybe I'm Amazed” have sold millions. He wanted, moreover, to put his money into music, not into property or stocks or factories. So, with Lee Eastman, Linda's father, he built up a huge song publishing operation.

The Beatles were a stage of his life which he now relishes. They got to the top, as they intended; and they tried to say to the world “love and peace—and what's wrong with that?”

Nowadays he keeps the lowest profile possible for the sake of his family. He does not flaunt himself or his possessions. He battles for privacy, more or less successfully, and if he holds views on certain matters—like marijuana—which would not be shared by many of us, he does not scream them from the rooftops, agrees he must abide by the law, and can argue his case for his beliefs with a nimble cogency which speaks volumes for his native wit and for his Merseyside grammar school education.

It was, for example, well before this year's miners' strike that he commented on the trade unions and their changing role in Britain: “Originally, unions were to save us ordinary people from the robber barons. But once they got decent pay, the mentality didn't change. They simply kept gunning for anyone richer than themselves. And what happens when you get nationalized industries or commune-type ➤

Striking a chord

things? They don't work. In the last 10 years, the unions have become the robber barons. They're bullies, and they've too much clout. The closed shop is nonsense. What's the use of having a club if you force the members to belong? These days we need unions to preserve our freedom."

"Change is coming. I'm certain of it. It's getting crazy when some people think garbage men should get the same or nearly the same as top politicians... In any group of kids, a couple will be smarter, and another couple will want to be led. The crazy hypocrisy of so much you hear in Britain!"

This month McCartney's bubbly resilience will be put to a further test with the debut of *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, the first film he has written as well as performed in. The only surprise is that, as a movie buff and an experimenter with making movies since the 60s, he has not done it before.

Now that he has done it, God knows what *Broad Street* will be like. It may be fine, it may be awful. It may or may not make a lot of money. Not having seen it, I can't tell you. What is certain, however, is that when he decided to make a film a couple of years back, 20th Century Fox agreed to fund it sight unseen. So why the delay? "Right from my schooldays, I had this problem of the start. I could never get started on anything. I was always fid-

dling with the words, checking the spelling, trying to get a flowery opening. Somehow I could never just spew it out, get it down."

He had to wait until 1980 to get his hang-up and it was his nine days in a Tokyo gaol that January—with nothing to write on or with, no music, and nothing to read, until he was grudgingly given a copy of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*—which did the trick. What happened? Arriving for a tour with Wings, he was arrested and imprisoned for nine days on a charge of smuggling hashish. "I reckon it害 him less than beer or cigarettes—into the country. He cursed only himself for his stupidity. 'Why had I done it?' Because I'm daft, that's why. What happened was no fault of the Japanese. Their law is their law, and I got nicked. I don't hold grudges nor do they."

His time in gaol was no joke. "I was very frightened. The guards all have this wooden ritual about them, and I kept thinking I was watching a war film. You had to sit cross-legged, very weird, and be inspected by 12 guys who looked like they'd come from a submarine. All the time, my main fear was for Linda and the kids. I suppose I was treated this way especially because I'm Paul McCartney. And why not? It's sort of cleansing. It's not bad for you to be humiliated at times."

He felt so frustrated at being unable to write while in gaol that he built up enough steam to put down his experi-

ences as soon as he was released.

"Somehow prison made me more confident. My hand listened to my head and I got over this schoolboy hang-up of the start. I kept saying to myself: 'Get it down, get it down—and I did. Twenty thousand words. I was very surprised with myself. It's not well written, but it is an account. I called it *Japanese Jailbird*. I thought I'd like to have it as a proper book, so I got a friend who's a printer to make me just a single copy. I didn't want to do a Random House. I loved those old Olympia Press things, just plain old words on paper, and reading Henry Miller in that Tokyo gaol had reminded me all over again how good they were. I suppose the experience of writing the book gave me the arrogance to say 'I'd write a movie script.'

It did—but not immediately. He had been toying with the idea of a movie for a long time but was uncertain how to go about it. He had had mixed experiences with films: enjoying *Help!* (1965) and *A Hard Day's Night* (1964) when he was a Beatle, but not the critical slamming which *Magical Mystery Tour* (1967) received.

So first he tried it with the professionals, Willy Russell and then Tom Stoppard, without success. "Tom tried,



RHKS81CHV



A scene from the new film *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, above, with McCartney and his wife at the pianos and Ringo Starr on drums. McCartney with the Beatles, right, in the 1960s.

Putnam, though Webb had not yet made a feature film.

Then one day, stuck in a traffic jam during the "monster commute" he often does to London from his home in Sussex, McCartney, as he tells it, "pulled out paper and pencil and began writing in longhand, and there it was in front of me: 'The movie begins...' So I kept on writing, and now the original of the script's kept in a plastic bag. I feel more artistic with a plastic bag."

"I sent copies to a few of my mates, but only Peter [Webb] said yes, he'd like to do it, and he got me very encouraged." Encouragement, though, creates no movies. First they thought of doing a TV film, and only in summer 1982 did it become what McCartney calls a "real movie", and the 20th Century Fox deal was struck. The cold light of day began to chill him. "It really started to dawn on me that there were lots of reputations to be blown here, lots of money to be lost, so you can see I've had to take this seriously. At the same time I've really enjoyed myself. It doesn't mean being silly, but I don't do things I don't enjoy these days. I've had enough of business crap and problems."

The film is 105 minutes long, about a day in the life of Paul McCartney, with

a lot of fantastic nonsense thrown in, and, of course, a lot of music. The plot centres on the hunt for a set of invaluable McCartney record tapes. Picture if you can a Dartmoor pursuit, McCartney among churchyard graves, Dickensian backstreets, a grisly death on the steps of the Albert Memorial, ballroom scenes from the 50s with teddy boys and pink tulle-gowned formation dancing teams, kids dressed in 40s gear and Arab head-dresses, standing in a big china cup. You also get the late Sir Ralph Richardson, Tracey Ullman, Jeffrey Daniels (*Starlight Express*), Finola Hughes (*Cats*), Linda McCartney, Ringo Starr, George Martin (record producer of *The Beatles*) and a heap more in what the cast men describe as a musical fantasy drama in the tradition of *The Sound of Music*.

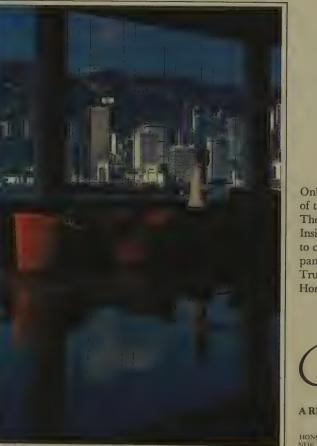
The music consists of a clutch of old McCartney hits like "Yesterday" and "Eleonor Rigby", four new songs, and a nine-minute section of what he calls "serious music". People forget that he composed the score for the warmly received *Bedtime Stories* film of 1967, *The Family Way*.

The former record producer of The Beatles, George Martin, has been important in the composing process, as McCartney happily concedes. "I've watched video sequences of the movie at home. I'll run one, then write a tune on the piano. I learn it and remember it. I'll get damn near enough to it and then record a cassette. Enter George, and I'll play it to him, and he'll say things like, 'I hear oboe here, and strings and horns', and George will think the orchestration, adding ideas of his own. I'll let him be right much of the time, but not always. He's more textbook, you see, but we know how each other works and I feel very comfortable sitting with him—we know each other's limitations."

McCartney smiles wryly about the nine minutes of "serious" stuff. "If you think some of the music's not quite me, then don't forget I've always been interested in music. Dad [his father] was a piano and trumpet player, leading bands in Liverpool got it into me, a love of harmony. I thought he had great flair. I never learned music formally, although I tried, because the teachers I had never liked music as I did. Yet I'd always wanted to be a serious composer, because I thought that way I could grow old gracefully."

He has written what is in effect a tone poem for a fantasy scene: "I had thoughts of Dickensian back streets, graveyards, churches. Or just all very mysterious. I won't call it classical music because these sounds pompous. Let's say it's film music, although the lead 'cello' called it classical. With the music and me acting and scriptwriting, and throwing in my two-pennypiece worth on the set, and two-hour drives at five in the morning most days, it's been pretty exhausting. Still, it's been expanding for me at 42. No regrets. I might tour again, singing. So you could say I'm worn out but ignited, ready for more."

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The battle for the sea bed

Nov 84

A black lump of ore resembling a knobbly seed potato was trawled up from the Pacific in 1875 on to the deck of the British oceanographic vessel, HMS *Challenger*. The chance discovery was recorded in Sir John Murray's 50-volume account of the epic four-year voyage. It was the first evidence of what has turned out to be the world's largest untapped and recoverable source of minerals.

By the time of the third United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea (UNCLOS) in 1974, nations were squabbling over who owned the nodules of ore and how best to exploit them. Lord Ritchie Calder warned that without a treaty the oceans would suffer the "biggest smash and grab since the European powers at the Berlin Conference in 1885 carved up black Africa". But despite 134 countries signing the 320 articles and nine annexes of the UNCLOS treaty drawn up in December, 1982, the international community remains hopelessly divided on sea-bed mining and the carve-up has begun to take place.

The United States, Britain and West Germany are among the handful of countries that possess the technology to raise the minerals and they refuse to sign the treaty. Rather than be compelled to share their expertise—and the

by Alex Finer

Immense mineral wealth carpets the deep ocean floor. Britain and the USA have the technology to mine the ore but reject the terms of the UN Law of the Sea Treaty, open for signature until December 10.

Will they defy world opinion?



profits—with other nations, they propose to go it alone.

The treaty remains open for signature until December 10. Lady Young, Minister of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, speaking in the House of Lords, confirmed the Government's refusal to sign, "unless a satisfactory régime could be obtained for deep sea-bed mining".

Mineral-rich nodules exist in all oceans, and carpet large areas of the sea bed at depths of 3 miles and more. They contain varying concentrations of manganese (25-30 per cent), nickel (0.2-1.8 per cent), copper (0.1-1.6 per cent) and cobalt (0.1-1 per cent) as well as traces of vanadium, molybdenum, lead and zinc (0.1 per cent). No one knows the size of this underwater treasure trove. But the high grade zone of the Pacific alone is estimated to hold up to 500,000 million tons in densities averaging 10,000 tons a square mile. Survey ships such as the West German *Sonne* keep the precise position of their best finds secret.

The main British interest is tied up with the fortunes of the Kennecott mining consortium in which Rio Tinto Zinc, Consolidated Gold Fields and BP have a 36 per cent stake. A spokesman, Marne Dubs, says, "Even if you consider only what we know is" ➤



The West German research vessel *Sonne* found valuable cobalt-rich nodules of ore (see cross-section, top) in 1981 at a secret mid-Pacific site.

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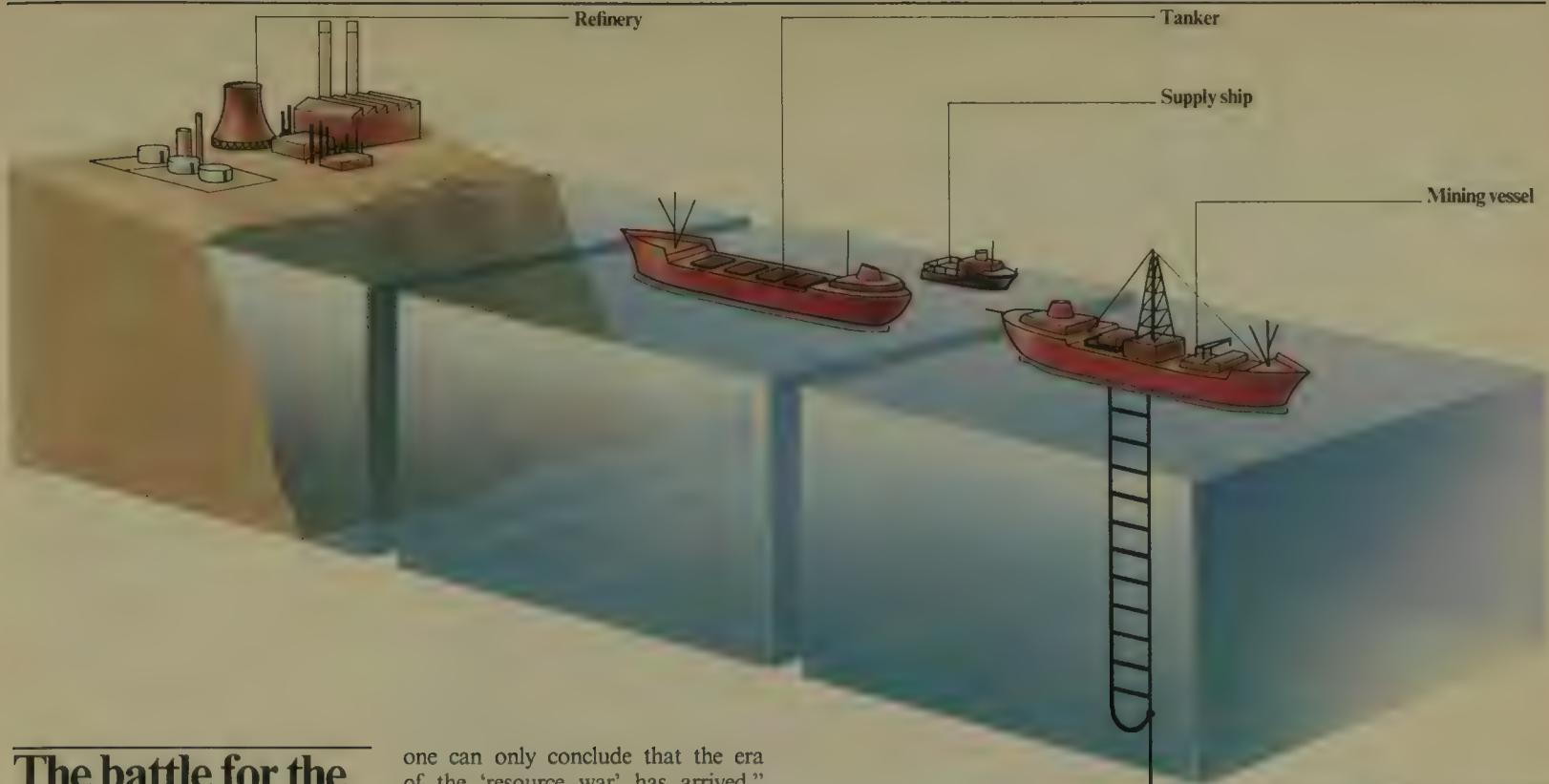
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The battle for the sea bed

exploitable by present methods, you find that nickel, cobalt and copper exceed known land-based supplies."

The location and composition of these new mineral resources have proved particularly cheering to the United States. At present the country depends on foreign imports for 23 of its declared list of 36 strategic materials. Some 98 per cent of manganese is imported; 80-90 per cent of nickel; 90-100 per cent of cobalt. Almost all America's cobalt, for instance, is mined in Zaire where production is regularly interrupted by the activities of Katangan rebels.

Alexander Haig, a former Secretary of State and Commander of Nato, has told a Congressional mining subcommittee that the United States is "inordinately and increasingly dependent on foreign sources of supply... As one assesses the recent step-up of Soviet proxy activities in the Third World,

one can only conclude that the era of the 'resource war' has arrived." American know-how and investment have therefore led the way in developing techniques for raising mineral-rich nodules in commercial quantities from the bottom of the deep oceans.

The method employed at the time of HMS *Challenger* had been to drag a net behind the boat scooping up samples haphazardly. "Like a blind man making a butterfly collection," remarked Jacques Piccard, the post-war deep-sea pioneer who in 1960 set the world's depth record of 36,000 feet (nearly 7 miles) in a submersible.

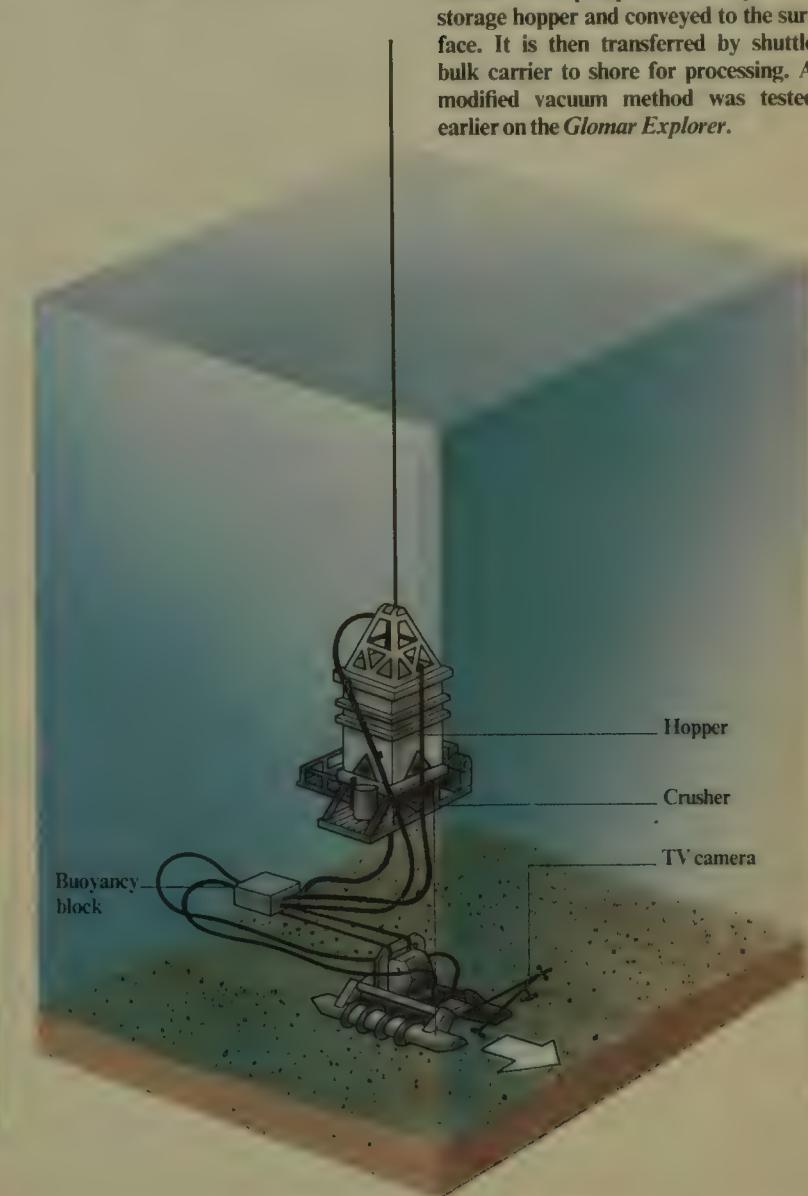
Today manned and unmanned submersible craft with television cameras, mechanical arms and sampler nets have become commonplace. They are used in conjunction with computers, satellite-linked navigation and sonar as well as with analytical techniques that turn ships into floating laboratories.

A profitable mining operation requires equipment and technology capable of raising an estimated 10,000 tons of minerals a day. A pipeline ➤

One of the Ocean Minerals Company mining systems, designed by Senior Vice-President Conrad G. Welling: a bottom-crawling vehicle picks up nodules on an endless-belt rake to be crushed and pumped as slurry to a storage hopper and conveyed to the surface. It is then transferred by shuttle bulk carrier to shore for processing. A modified vacuum method was tested earlier on the *Glomar Explorer*.



The Ocean Mining Associates boat, *Deepsea Miner 2*, uses compressed air to lift nodules through a 15,500 foot pipeline trailed from under the geodesic dome.



The battle for the sea bed

with a mining head which acts like a vacuum cleaner is the most favoured solution. James G. Wenzel, president of Ocean Minerals Company (OMCO), describes the task as "like standing on top of the Empire State Building trying to pick up small stones on the pavement using a long straw at night".

Four of the six major consortia have American investment. OMCO, for instance, is more than 60 per cent owned by Standard Oil and Lockheed. It leased the *Glomar Explorer* (once used by the CIA in an unsuccessful effort to lift a wrecked Soviet submarine) to test one of its methods of raising the nodules.

A device called a bottom miner—a cross between a small tank and giant vacuum cleaner—was lowered through a well in the centre of the hull on the end of 3 miles of steel pipe. The bottom miner sucked up the nodule slurry to the ship where it was washed in large sieves and would, in commercial operations, then be transferred to cargo vessels and ferried to shore-based refineries.

US Steel has a stake in Ocean Mining Associates. Its latest boat, *Deepsea Miner 2*, has raised nodules 3½ miles to the surface through 550 tons of dredge pipe by injecting compressed air down to the ocean floor through a second conduit pipe. The Kennecott consortium, dominated by American and British money, has tested a hydraulic system using water pressure.

Deep Ocean Minerals Association, an all-Japanese venture, has experimented with a continuous bucket technique in which a conveyor in a loop is towed behind one or two vessels. This comparatively cheap system is the least effective. AFERNOD, an all-French consortium, has been examining the possibility of using acoustically controlled vehicles to bring minerals up after collection by a crawler powered by an Archimedean screw moving over the sea bed.

Ocean Management Inc, in which West Germany has a quarter share along with America, Canada and Japan, collected its first 800 tons of nodules from the Pacific in sample testing using a suction method six years ago. A company spokesman, Dillard S. Hammatt, has complained at the delay in starting commercial operations caused by the UNCLOS treaty. "We can go out and do it if you sons of bitches will get out of the way," he said.

All participants at UNCLOS agreed with the principle that the high seas and their resources lying beyond individual coastal state jurisdictions were the "common heritage of mankind". It was the conflicting interpretations of the phrase that produced stalemate.

The United States, representing free enterprise, started from the position that its debt to the "common heritage" required little more than a basic licence

fee paid to some international authority in return for which mining consortia would be free to take what they wanted from the deep sea bed. This right to mine was based on the international legal doctrine of *res nullius*—marine resources belong to him who captures them.

Third World nations, however, wanted stringent controls to protect the interests of the widest possible community including land-locked and developing countries and ore producers. They wanted access to the technology and to the nodules as of right.

Henry Kissinger temporarily broke the deadlock in 1976 with a proposal for "parallel development" under which mine sites were to be divided between an International Seabed Authority and private enterprise. Although this was accepted by President Carter, the Reagan Administra-

tion balked at the provisions which emerged. Under them, the duly established Authority in Jamaica decides who can mine, taxes those granted licences, requires the mandatory sale of technology to its operating arm known as the Enterprise and imposes production ceilings so that land-based mineral producers do not suffer.

Satya Nandan of Fiji, chairman of the mining policy group, conceded that the Authority is "a cartel designed to stop [world mineral] prices falling".

Britain's Coal Board Chairman, Ian MacGregor, set out the contrary philosophy in a letter to *The Times*: "It is imprudent to entrust the rights of access by future generations to these minerals to an international UN body or cartel which, because of the one-man-one-vote principle, would be run on a basis totally alien to the market principles which have served the world

so far in discovering and developing mineral supplies."

The United States has, however, already benefited in one respect from the UNCLOS treaty, which sanctions the creation of 200 mile exclusive economic zones around coastal states. Some 40 per cent of the entire ocean and most of its resources have been placed under national jurisdiction—an area greater than that of all the continents and particularly beneficial to America with its Pacific islands.

Interest in finding commercially recoverable mineral deposits within the 200 mile zone has greatly increased. In a joint British-American survey, completed in August, the Hull-based British ship *Farnella* mapped 250,000 square miles of sea floor in the Pacific 200 mile zone between the Mexican and Canadian borders. The crew used a new side-scan sonar known as GLORIA (Geological Long-Range Inclined Asdic) developed by the Institute of Oceanographic Sciences based in Wormley, Surrey. It located more than 60 potential sites for hard mineral deposits.

President Reagan happily proclaimed a 200 mile zone in March last year even though he had rejected the rest of the treaty the previous June. This has led the Soviet Union to complain, rather poetically, that the treaty "is not a basket of fruit from which one can pick only what one fancies". The Canadians concur, arguing that states should not claim rights without being willing to assume correlative duties. Britain, West Germany, Italy and Belgium have nevertheless joined the United States in rejecting the UNCLOS deep-sea mining provisions.

Although there are now 134 signatures in the blue, leather-bound volume at UN Headquarters in New York, including countries with mining interests such as Japan, France and the Netherlands, there are still just 14 ratifications and the treaty will not take effect until one year after 60 ratifications have been recorded. This provides time for fresh compromise.

The cost of designing, building and commencing a commercial deep-sea mining operation is put at £300 million. Operating costs, maintenance and processing might cost another £700 million. The pay-back period is unlikely to be less than 10-15 years. So far no mining consortium has risked more than £50-£100 million.

As long as any uncertainty exists about title to the mineral wealth—in particular under the high seas—the American-led consortia will have trouble raising the huge additional investment they require. It will be no small irony if some American, British or German companies ultimately choose to secure international protection to good title by mining under the flag of a consortium partner whose state is a signatory to the treaty.

Hazards of a mineral harvest

Man may get more than he bargains for in harvesting the mineral wealth of the deep oceans. Although the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has ruled out the possibility of disturbing lurking sea monsters—the so-called "Godzilla effect"—there are ecological dangers in sucking nodules up from the sea floor.

Exploratory dives in the Pacific by the *Alvin*, a three-man submersible operated by the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution of Massachusetts, have found highly unusual lifeforms among the mineral deposits around underwater volcanic vents.

Until recently it was thought that all life on earth derived ultimately from the sun by photosynthesis. But the evidence discovered since 1977 near the Galapagos Islands and off the Mexican coast demonstrates that the heat of the earth's core can create and support life. The process is known as chemoautotrophy. Like photosynthesis, it produces organic compounds from inorganic ones. The energy, however, is derived from chemical reactions rather than light.

The many different strains of bacteria already identified thrive on dissolved hydrogen sulphide in the water at temperatures as high as 400°C—with up to 10 million million bacteria in each gallon of water. They are a primary food source in a self-contained ecosystem including crabs, clams, tube-worms and even vertebrates. They also thrive in laboratory conditions at normal atmospheric pressure.

The existence of these deep-sea "oases" of life has implications for life on other planets such as Jupiter and Saturn. There are also possible beneficial applications on earth. One suggestion is to use the bacteria to mop up waste hydrogen sulphide products in industrial processes, feed them to clams and create a new food source.

But similar bacteria could devastate the planet with disease, much as the South American Indians were decimated when the white man brought

measles into the jungle. Without inbred protection or any certainty of finding a suitable cure, totally alien underwater bacteria could spark a new Black Death. While concern about extraterrestrial bugs led NASA officials to put astronauts returning from the moon into quarantine, no precautions are yet taken against infection on deep-sea mining and exploration vessels.

The International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources has pointed to a number of more straightforward ecological dangers. There will be long-term environmental damage on the sea floor affecting in particular organisms such as benthic clams which have long generation times and can take 200 years to reach sexual maturity. The discharge of huge quantities of slurry brought to the surface will create extensive sediment plumes. These are expected to settle at a rate of only 60 feet a year. The clouding of the sea's upper layers reduces production of phytoplankton and disrupts the food cycle in fishing areas. The transport of dormant spores from the bottom to surface waters may also alter species composition.

In addition, over 70 per cent of the nodules by volume will end up as processing waste. The wastes will include heavy metals and, regardless of whether the operations take place on the coast or offshore, they will produce both chemical and thermal pollution.

Man's propensity to ignore such hazards is illustrated by the response to mercury pollution as a result of chemical production in Minamata Bay, Japan, from 1939 onwards. Despite evidence of disease in birds and cats in 1953, neurological disorders among fishermen and their families in 1956 and, in 1959, the positive demonstration that deaths were due to methyl mercury poisoning, the discharge of waste continued. It took a further 14 years before the courts finally found the factory culpable and ordered payment of compensation to victims or their families.

Alex Finer's novel about deep-sea mining, *Deepwater*, is published by Hutchinson at £7.95.

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Pictured: From the Garrard showroom, the Rolex Day-Date Oyster Perpetual Chronometer in 18ct. gold, with matching President bracelet.

THE COUNTIES

Geoffrey Moorhouse's

LANCASHIRE

Photographs by Sarah King



Rawtenstall in the Rossendale valley grew out of Lancashire's textile trade.

I write as a guilty man. Here I am, reviewing the shire of my origins, from the wrong side of the hill; and there can be no greater treachery than that from anyone born and brainwashed in either the county of Lancaster or of York (but at least I still get the order right). I look through the window and see my Pennines rolling straight up from the end of our lane, but I hear a puritan voice telling me that this is not quite good enough when I now call Wensleydale home. I take comfort from the fact that Eddie Paynter, who fought many a Roses battle on the right side, also made his peace with the enemy and ended up over the hill. That I should be haunted still by the old imperatives in such a mobile world marks me as an alien in more senses than one. There are moments when I am not sure whether anyone else cares about these topographical loyalties any more. Our governors do not, for a start.

The last time I wrote about my native county, Lancashire's boundaries were still more or less as Christo-

pher Saxton mapped them in 1577. We shared the Pennines with Yorkshire, the sea separated us from the Manxmen and the Irish, and while the Mersey marked our limit to the south, the Lune did a similar service to the north; to which was added the outrider of Furness, extending into the Lakes. Apart from that eccentric adjunct, the boundaries were wholly natural ones, and a tremendous weight of history, stretching back to the Brigantes and involving local peculiarities of culture as well as politics and economics, had been impacted within them.

For as much as a decade after the Second World War anyone living there knew, as well as he knew anything, that to be a Lancastrian was to be distinctively different from anyone else in the British Isles. In speech, most obviously; in other areas also, palpably if he took stock of his environment, paid attention to its present, informed himself of the past and compared himself with

everybody else. It was to be tied up with cotton, not wool. It was to be more accustomed to tripe than Yorkshire pudding. It was to spend Wakes Weeks in Blackpool or Morecambe more naturally than elsewhere. It was to stroll behind brass bands through the centre of town ("T' top o't street", we used to call it) for the annual Whit Walks. It was to have a communal affinity with an endless stream of names that rang: from John of Gaunt to Tommy Handley, from Robert Peel to Kathleen Ferrier, from John Bright to Gracie Fields, from Francis Thompson to C. P. Scott, from Richard Arkwright to Thomas Beecham. It was to have a proprietorial interest in the Hallé Orchestra, in the incunabula that John Rylands collected, in the Pre-Raphaelites Andrew Walker bequeathed. It was to rejoice with the rest of the tribe that we boasted some of the loveliest country in Britain, even if most of us had to make the best of

industrial towns which could be applauded only for their character. Haslam Mills, who was one of Scott's henchmen at the *Manchester Guardian*, once remarked that Lancashire gave itself the airs of a continent. If you kept your eyes open and traversed the county from Hawkshead to Irlam, from Blackstone Edge to Blundellsands, you could see very well why this should be so.

Post-war economics have altered much of Lancashire's substance, television (*pace Coronation Street*) has played havoc with the cultural pride, but nothing has done more to damage the old order and the old awareness than the manipulations of government. In 1972, for the convenience of public servants and no one else, the county was dismembered and has not been the same place since. There was a painful logic in the surrender of Furness and Lakeland Lanes to Cumbria (though I would have had another bone to pick there if I had originated in Westmorland) but how can any man with ➤➤



Lancashire

his faculties intact defend what else was ordained in that year?

Several million people who were Lancashire born and Lancashire bred have since found themselves bundled into an apparition known as Greater Manchester. These include the good folk of Saddleworth, who live as high up in the hills as I do myself; and the burghers of Ramsbottom, which is half-way up Rossendale; and the Wiganers, whose reputation as a subspecies of the tribe was evidently resented by government, which has no time for individualism, especially on a collective scale (no wonder Joe Gormley fled to Surrey, where he might feel that he was recognizably his own man still). I am told that a similar infliction has been visited on south-west Lancashire, in the name of Merseyside. If so I do not want to know about it, because Greater Manchester is already more than I can stomach.

When Arthur Mee wrote a directory to Lancashire in 1936, he subtitled it "Cradle of our Prosperity", which must have made the horses at Haydock laugh and would have them positively convulsed today. As usual, when British times are bad, Lancashire has again copped it in the neck as severely as anyone and more wickedly than most. Greater Manchester, in fact, was invented at a moment when the comparative in that title was about to become more grotesquely inappropriate than at any time in local history, except when Mee was launching his fantasy. "If you want to see life," someone advised Disraeli's Coningsby, "go to Stalybridge or Bolton. There's high pressure." But that was in 1844, and the high pressure has all gone, evaporated in the loss of Empire, to be replaced by the wind and wotnot of political and industrial rhetoric. What Greater Manchester thinks today Yokohama did the day before yesterday, and already has a new trick up its sleeve to stay two jumps ahead. It hurts to say this, but it happens to be true.

There is little joy left in a contemplation of what used to be south Lancashire's industrial towns. For all their ugliness, that character I mentioned contained some precious things built of local idiosyncrasy. At Bury,



Top left, Accrington, with its viaduct built in 1847, was a thriving cotton-mill town during the Industrial Revolution but has since declined. Modern development has changed the "gritty" character of Bury, top right, but the beautiful countryside is unchanged and it is still possible to walk straight out of the small towns and on to the moors. Above, on the moor above Littleborough and, right, the view from Boulsworth Hill looking towards the towns of Burnley and Nelson.

where I was schooled and sang Stanford in C, our parish church (at "T' top o't street") was the landmark round which the entire community—religiously inclined or not—swung throughout the year. It was a dignified building, but it was as black as pitch outside and pretty gloomy within. It was remarkable, apart from its commanding situation, for the flags of the Lancashire Fusiliers, which hung in two long rows from the clerestory down both sides of the nave and represented regimental history from the time of Wolfe. This was their garrison church, which they invaded every year to celebrate and lament the anniversary of their landing at Gallipoli in 1915; when, as I was constantly reminded by Grandad (who was there), they had won six VCs before breakfast and were proud of this feat.

The church was also in the path of the Whit Walks, which began in Union Square, again a shabby place but con-

taining some notable Victorian architecture and two marvellous shops. One was the home, the birthplace, of black puddings; the other housed coltsfoot rock, liquorice root, camomile, and every other herbal remedy that Culpeper ever took note of, in a bewildering assortment of tiny drawers, each labelled with its contents in gold lettering. When you walked into those shops, they made you glad to belong to the same place as them. That was their point, as it was the point of those flags, and many other things I could recall about the Bury of only 30 years ago.

The point has been lost. The church has been stonewashed clean, which is a gain. But the flags have been removed from the clerestory and half-hidden under the aisles: had the floors been carpeted, I suspect there would have been a call to make a proper job of it (the Fusiliers, after all, have been concealed in some military amalgamation, so why not their banners as well?).

Union Square has been eradicated, as if by some form of pest control, and with it those two shops. In its place Bury has been granted a parking lot and a shopping precinct, an anonymous sprawl which is already beginning to fade and could just as easily be in Harlow or anywhere else that has spawned one of Britain's gimcrack urban developments. Bury is no longer a gritty little town with a lot of character. It has been reduced to a nonentity which is not even allowed to consider itself part of Lancashire any more. They call this progress at Westminster.

I pick on Bury because I happen to know it better than most places that have gone the same way. Bolton and Rochdale, Oldham and Leigh are all in similar plight. Even the towns to the north of them, which have been permitted to escape the seepage of Greater Manchester, have been marked by the same deadening hand of the developers, who think little of style and »»





Lancashire

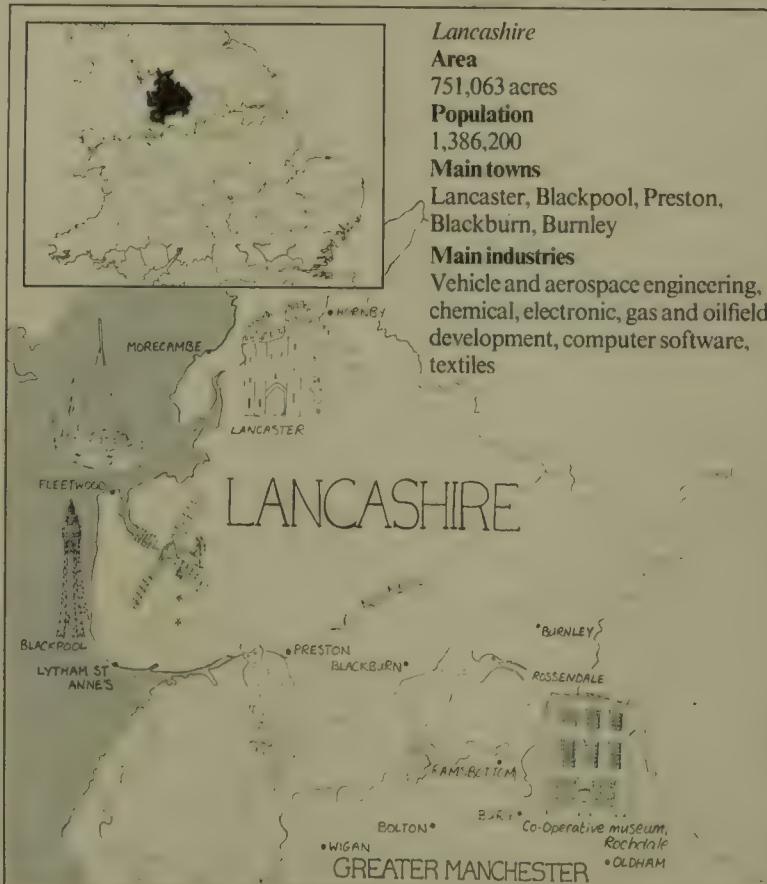
less of durability, both of which take toll of the profit margin. There were distinctive things about Blackburn and Burnley and the nearby communities that are the cricketing backbone of the Lancashire League, and they have been whittled away in this past generation, like the cotton industry on which they once thrived. Preston used to have much more than Tom Finney to be Proud Preston about; but it, too, is now just another Third Division place.

I am not being flippant here. The transformations of English football in my lifetime tell a great deal about the changes that have taken place in society at large; and what, in many ways, has gone wrong with us. In the same sense, what has happened to Blackpool says much about our not so brave new world. The tawdry glamour of the Costa del Sludge and its like has been such a counter-attraction to the breezy familiarities of the Fylde coast that the unique spectacle of the illuminations is dimmed, because its audience has ebbed. Not so long ago it would take a couple of hours or more to drive from one end of "the Lights" to the other. When last I tried it, we drove unhampered through the lot in a quarter of that time—and there were far fewer lights to see.

The one thing that has not been mauled too badly is the Lancashire countryside. The redeeming feature of many a mill town was that you could literally walk out of it into uplands that were wildly desolate or benignly rugged according to the season of the year. It is still, thank goodness, possible to climb straight out of Littleborough

and make for Jacob's Well and the traces of the Roman road, where the curlew and the peewit haunt the peat hags and the long Pennine slopes with their cries. Get yourself on to Holcombe Hill above Rossendale and you are in what some would call a wilderness, which means something not yet spoiled by man. And this is only one aspect of rural Lanes. Below the Pennines in the north of the county, the landscape near Hornby is as softly

tamed as Leicestershire. The damson orchards still flourish in Bowland, and in the farmlands around Preston they still make cheeses the old-fashioned way—white wheels and cylinders that crumble under the knife and bite the tongue. Lancashire may not be able to afford the airs of a continent any more, but in its topographical variety, and what that humanly includes, it still represents—as few other counties do—everything that England has to offer.



On the seafront at Blackpool, a holiday resort whose popularity is waning.

Nor is the spirit of Lancashire yet gone the way of Greater Manchester, in spite of all that government and the goggle box can do. I have half a shelf full of books and pamphlets, all published in the past few years, extolling old Lancastrian virtues and expressing a deep affection for the traditional peculiarities. *Old Lancashire Recipes* is one (and if you have never made potato cakes out of leftover spuds, you have not discovered that "waste not, want not" can be a pleasure as well as an ethic). *Clattering Clogs* is another, revealing that there are still 18 cloggers at work in the county. *Lancashire Evergreens* contains 100 dialect poems, mostly written in the 19th century but still recited today by people desperately trying to keep a flame alive against considerable odds.

In spite of my settling for the other side of the hill, the old allegiance still exerts its pull. No other county cricket club shall have my member's sub, and I start few journeys as eagerly as when I set off for Old Trafford on a summer's day. I instinctively head for Lancaster and its market hall, bulging with all the produce of the Fylde, if there is "a big shop" to be done; unlike our neighbours, who loyally patronize Northallerton or even Harrogate. And when I descend the flanks of Ingleborough, get through Cantsfield and come to the tranquil valley of the Lune, I realize I am back where they have an ancient claim on me. For all that I have embraced Wensleydale I remain a Lancashire man. I know it, every time the name is called.

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The East End's social laboratory

by Paul Wright

Toynbee Hall in East London opened in 1884 to help the underprivileged. The problems have changed but its aims are as relevant as they were 100 years ago.

This year Toynbee Hall celebrates its centenary, though the idea itself—of establishing a settlement in the East End of London—was born in Oxford late in 1883. It arose from the growing social awareness of those whose class had been largely responsible for the Industrial Revolution, the often appalling legacy of which had begun to prick the national conscience. The founding father was Canon Samuel Barnett, Vicar of St Jude's Whitechapel and a Canon of Westminster

Abbey—a small, dynamic visionary driven by a selfless passion for righting the world's wrongs.

It is difficult today to imagine the horror and even fear which conditions in the East End of London conjured up for the affluent bourgeois population of the Victorian capital's West End. Barnett was not alone in his desire to alleviate the deprivation on the doorstep of the world's most prosperous city. But he was rare in being less interested in charity than in education.

He foresaw a less hopeless future for the teeming masses in the slums of dockland if they could be given the chance of realizing and using the rich natural culture which he rightly suspected lay beneath the squalid surface. It was to be education with a difference: he realized that the chances of more than a handful of East Enders reaching the universities were remote. With his common-sense approach, he determined to bring education to the people. The Universities Settlement,



ILLUSTRATION: LIBRARY



Canon Samuel Barnett, top left, a man with a passion for righting the world's wrongs, was Toynbee Hall's founding father. The original Victorian buildings, top right, damaged during the Second World War, still form the nucleus of Toynbee Hall today, above.

which is Toynbee Hall's full title, sprang from his belief that if young graduates were to take up residence in the East End, they could conduct educational courses for the local population, learn about the area and its problems, and seek solutions. They would stay for a year and give their teaching or research skills while in residence. Behind this dream lay the even grander vision of a classless society.

Toynbee Hall, the first residential settlement, opened on Christmas Eve, 1884, an institution without political or ecclesiastical affiliations. Barnett was wise to resist the pressures which must have arisen for his brain-child to be adopted by the Church, or by political innovators. Toynbee Hall was thus free to initiate the social research which remains one of its main features, and to attempt to give the civic and social leadership suggested by that research, without becoming involved in doctrinal squabbles.

The returning ghost of an early resident would fairly easily be able to find his way about today. Apart from some areas which show the scars of the Blitz, and the silence which has descended on the docks, the physical changes are fewer than developments farther west in London might suggest. In all other respects he would be lost. The drop in the area's population, which began early in the century, has accelerated since 1945. Families are smaller, and the density which contributed so much to the warmth, as well as to the squalor, of the East End is gone. The Jewish majority, too, has disappeared. Although there are still Jews in the East End and the Jewish cultural influence persists, the dominant ethnic group is Asian, with Bengalis in the majority in Spitalfields itself. To this situation must be added the great advances in social security—the Welfare State—to which Toynbee Hall and its residents have made a not inconsiderable contribution through their own research and example.

Has Toynbee Hall already fulfilled, as far as is humanly possible, the primary aims of its founder? Does it have a future? When Major Clement Attlee—as he was—himself a former resident, returned after the First World War to help the most famous Toynbee Warden, J. J. Mallon, he described his task as "very difficult, namely to look out always for new activities, blending the old spirit with the new". A more apt description of the challenge facing John Profumo, the present Chairman, his Council, and Donald Chesworth, the able and experienced Warden, could hardly be conceived. Social and physical changes have not removed the need for such dedicated and disinterested institutions. Problems remain, however different they may now be.

Provided it can continue to rely on public support to maintain its financial health, Toynbee Hall can remain a social laboratory dedicated to the relief of the suffering and deprivation which continue to afflict an underprivileged area of the British capital.



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Putney and Brighton

Setting East Sussex ablaze

by Judy Astor

When a keen plant collector bought Sheffield Park in 1909, the seeds were sown in Capability Brown's gardens for autumn tints of rare and alien brilliance.

English autumns tend to be subdued rather than extravagant in their colouring: our native species run to gentle yellows and not too vivid oranges. But to get some idea of why the Americans rave about their fall, when the whole of the East Coast blazes in a display of botanical pyrotechnics, you have only to venture to Sheffield Park Garden in East Sussex about the third week in October. It is a conflagration of scarlets and oranges and yellows, an autumn bonfire, a glorious flare-up before the sombre tones of winter and made twice as telling by the reflections in the garden's five lakes.

It is no accident that Sheffield Park Garden rivals the American East Coast. Its 120 acres boast a rich collection of foreign trees and shrubs which have settled down happily in the acid soil of East Sussex. Acid soil, unluckily for those of us with high pH gardens, is a prerequisite for most foreign species noted for their autumn colour. Here are more than 100 tupelo trees from North America, Japanese maple, Canadian amelanchier, the Japanese *Dianthus caryophyllus*, *Fothergilla*, Scarlet American oak, *Parrotia persica* from Iran and *Stewartia gemmata* from China, massed hardy rhododen-

drons and many, many more.

All of this is far from the intentions of the first Earl of Sheffield, creator of the original park. Under his aegis, James Wyatt built Sheffield Park House in 1775 and Capability Brown laid out the grounds. But in 1909 the estate was sold to Arthur Soames, a keen and knowledgeable plant collector, and he superimposed his exotics on the 18th-century landscape garden.

It is an odd and heady mix. The bones of it are still pure 18th-century—carefully designed slopes and valleys, a descending chain of lakes, and artfully contrived vistas up to the neo-Gothic house and across the water. But bursting out all over is an exuberant Edwardian planting.

The National Trust bought the garden (but not the house) in 1954, and is doing its best to play fair by both these strong—and strongly opposed styles. Archie Skinner, head gardener here for 14 years, describes his job as trying to give the landscape an equal chance against the 20th-century planting. To do this, he opens up vistas by taking out a plant here and there, and making clearings in the thicket of mahododendrons, Portugal laurels and bamboos which spread during





JERRY HARPUR

Setting East Sussex ablaze

the inevitable neglect of the war years.

"We take the view that a feeling of space is very important both on the water and in the garden," he says. To this end they have skinned off a lot of the water lilies to let the water reflect the sky and the planting round the lakes, and they try to keep new plantings to the perimeter of the glades.

Purists grumble, of course, and say the Trust should hack everything down except for the few indigenous trees which Capability might have planted. Plantsmen rub their hands with delight at the rarities—the *Stewartia malachodendron*, so esoteric it is not even in Hillier's catalogue, or the *Pseudolarix amabilis*. But ordinary visitors just enjoy the spectacular views and the walks through the trees and shrubs and round the lakes, even if they do not recognize a rarity when they see one. It is enough to enjoy the trees and water and sky, the contrasts of form and colour.

Those who thrill to bursts of colour should pay a visit in early summer for the rhododendrons and azaleas and the new plantings of magnolias and camellias, or in autumn when the blaze is set off by two rivers of brilliant blue gentians in one corner of the garden. But there are treasures and pleasures for every season—the spring bulbs, the lace-cap hydrangeas, the 10 foot spikes of *Lilium giganteum* by the ditch



THE NATIONAL TRUST

Exotic trees and shrubs noted for their autumn colours were added early this century to the classic 18th-century garden of lakes, valleys and vistas.

garden, the miscanthus just getting its late summer stripes.

The walks have now been greatly extended with the boundaries pushed back and bits of the garden reclaimed from bramble, scrub, seedling ash and sycamore. It was always beautiful, but it used to be more of a potter around, now it is a proper walk.

One of Archie Skinner's pet projects

is the Ditch Garden. In the course of clearing, an overgrown drainage ditch was uncovered; now widened and thickly planted with hosta, astilbe, Royal Fern, *Lilium giganteum*, *Iris sibirica*, grasses and arum lilies, it looks cool and lush even in the middle of a drought.

Another favourite project is the 3 acre wild flower conservation area,

partly inspired by Christopher Lloyd's meadow at Great Dixter, which was left to its own devices in 1977. Nothing was sown but now thousands of orchids grow there, side by side with less exotic native plants like bettany, thistles, ajuga, pulmonaria, ox-eyed daisies and a nice range of grasses. Mr Skinner waxes lyrical about the beauty of seeding grasses.

Sheffield Park covers 120 acres, but it has a staff of only six, one of them part time. My guess is that Mr Skinner is a passionate enthusiast and a born leader. His explanation is that his staff are exceptional. "They're all countrymen—that makes a difference." He is Devon-born himself and has gardening in his blood. His grandfather and two uncles were head gardeners. He does not believe in chemicals except in a dire emergency, and puts his faith in mulching with rich homemade compost, made from grass mowings and leaves, which feeds the plants, suppresses weeds and keeps the soil moist.

Perhaps Archie Skinner's philosophy is best summed up by his own favourite quotation from Alexander Pope:

"Let not each beauty everywhere be spied

When half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds.

Varies, surprises, and conceals the bounds."

Sheffield Park Garden is open from April until November 18, Tues-Sat 11am-sunset, Sun 2pm-sunset. Entrance £1.50 per person.

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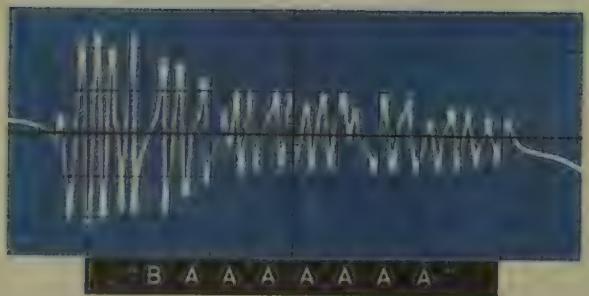
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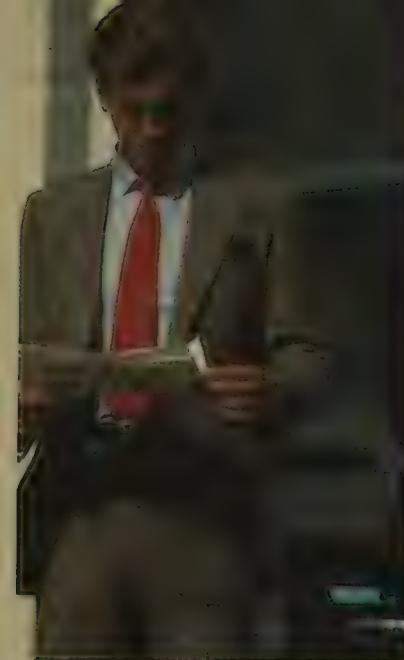


(Beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing.)





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Livening up the working suit

by Christine Knox

For most men who work in offices, wearing a suit is *de rigueur*. In one or two of the artier professions, like architecture, a sports jacket or even a leather blouson may be acceptable. But in a legal or business establishment they would be considered to show a reprehensible lack of seriousness.

So how can a man obliged by convention to go to work in a suit contrive to show a bit of his personality or clothes sense? He walks a delicate tight-rope. To err on the side of conservatism may make him feel boring, stuffy and conformist. To veer unduly towards flamboyance is to invite censure—doubtless unspoken—on several counts. Is he vain, even narcissistic? the

raised eyebrows may seem to ask. Is he just flashy, or perhaps a trifle camp? Isn't he a bit *too* elegant? It may be all-right for the Italians, but in Britain one must be careful not to overdo these things. Apocryphally perhaps, it is said that when Beau Brummel was complimented on how beautifully dressed he was, he snapped: "I can't be, since you noticed."

It is tempting for the suit-wearing British male, conscious of these hazards and perhaps also economizing, to rely mainly on his shirts and ties to make his modest sartorial statements. But the cloth and cut of a suit can be at least as eloquent, even if more discreetly so. Flecks of colour and

chalk-striped cloths have been in favour in recent seasons; and this autumn and winter, suits with a chevron or herringbone design are much to the fore. If a cloth neither too loudly cheerful nor unduly sober is chosen, it can safely be worn from the office to some relatively relaxed evening occasion without its owner feeling like a crow amid a flock of goldfinches.

As for style, jackets are still—as last year—predominantly double-breasted. Shoulders tend to be a little more padded, and lapels a bit wider. Flared trouser bottoms are still beyond the pale; but some trousers taper from quite loosely cut tops while others are much more fitted—thus providing a

range of choice which will appeal to widely differing girths and heights.

From across the Channel there are signs of a return of the dandy, or perhaps of the show-off: in Paris Jean-Paul Gaultier recently showed brightly coloured frock coats over clashing plaid and tartan trousers. Such flashiness is liable to be considered definitely excessive in Britain. If your office-bound Briton runs amok, it is more likely to be with a brightly printed bow-tie, red braces, or a bright-hued silk handkerchief. But he is much more likely to want to look elegant without attracting attention. ➤➤

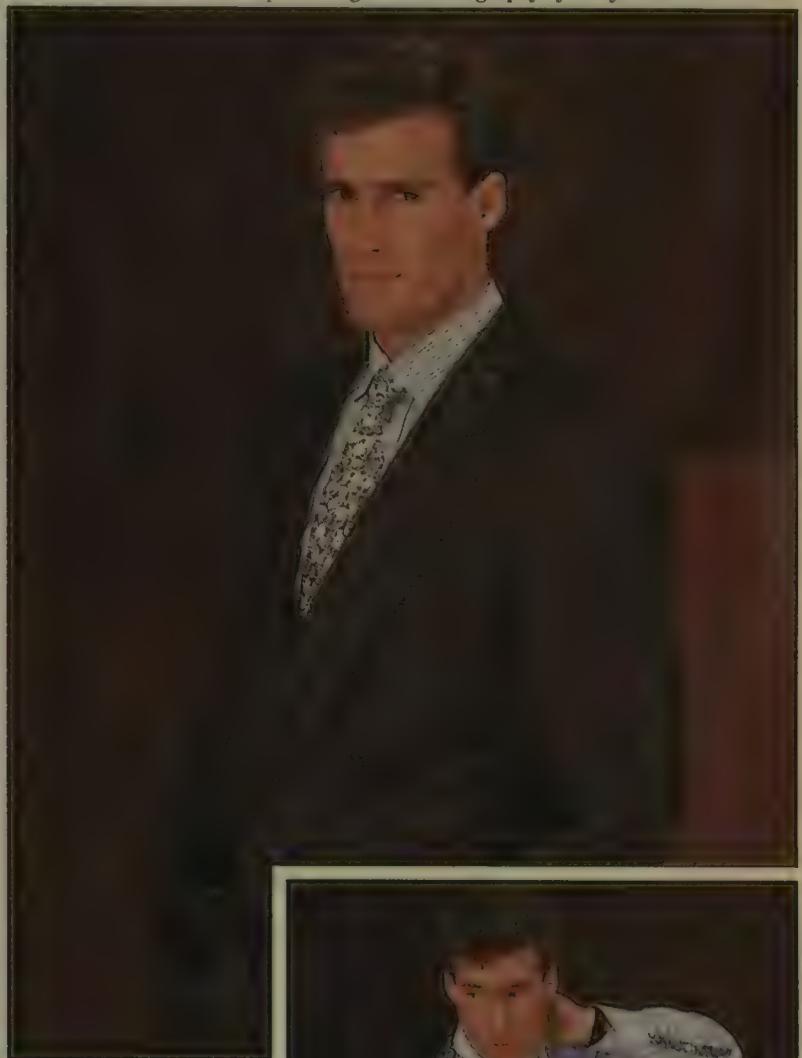
Photography by Tony McGee.



Navy pinstripe
double-breasted wool suit, with double vent and pleated trousers, £430; pale pink-striped shirt with single cuffs, £57; red self-patterned paisley silk tie, £24; all from Polo at Ralph Lauren, 143 New Bond Street, W1. Red spotted silk handkerchief from Liberty, Regent Street, W1, £4.15. Spectacles with tortoiseshell frames, NHS style No 422 from any qualified optician, £11.40 (lenses extra).



double-breasted wool suit, trousers have one pleat and are neat fitting, £110, brown leather belt, £10.99; both from Next for Men, 62, South Molton Street, W1 and all branches throughout the country. Tana Lawn shirt, detail right, with striped front and single cuff and mixed floral back and sleeves, £32; flowered tie in Tana Lawn, £7.50; both from Liberty.



ark grey worsted,

double-breasted suit with double vent and tapered trousers made for braces, £225; blue striped shirt with double cuffs, in long or extra long sleeve fittings, £29.50; red spotted silk tie, £14.50; hand enamelled and gilt cufflinks, £14.50; red striped and white kid braces, £13.50;

all from Hackett, 65B New King's Road, SW6.



Living up the working suit

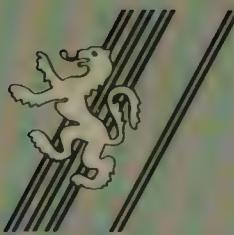
ark grey and

white, flecked wool tweed, single-breasted suit with small double vent, wide bag trouser with deep pleats and turn-ups by Hugo Moss from Simpson, Piccadilly, £195. Charcoal and white striped shirt with double cuffs, £26; grey and black silk bow tie, £10.50; yellow and red paisley silk handkerchief, £6.95; all from Liberty. Long red wool socks, £3.50; black lace-ups, £79; both from Hackett. Spectacles, style Leather Quadra, by United Kingdom Optical Co, from £45 (lenses extra).



rey worsted Prince of

Wales check, single-breasted suit, without vents and double pleats on wide tapered trousers, £240; wide striped shirt with single cuffs, £37.50; pale blue silk bow tie, £11.50; black/brown reversible belt, £23.50; all from Tommy Nutter, 19, Savile Row, W1. Black semi-brogue lace-ups, £79, from Hackett.



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AUSTIN REED - STYLE

A hard year in Bordeaux

by Peta Fordham

Three marvellous vintages in Bordeaux have been followed by a year which threw at the maker of wine almost every difficulty in growth that could be encountered. By June the all-important flowering was already two to three weeks late. The weather had been totally erratic. A cold March was followed by high temperatures in April, pushing forward a growth whose whole development was swiftly stopped by a chilly May which hardly

saw the sun and brought heavy rainfall. By this time everybody realized that it was going to be a late vintage and probably a difficult one; but optimism returned with a sunny June and a nice-looking flowering. Unhappily the sun provided only what the French call *luminosité*. Warmth, that primordial factor in vine development, was absent at the critical time and the nights were unusually cold, causing poor setting of the fruit and a drop in quantity.

This occurred in Bordeaux, especially in a high proportion of the areas where the delicate Merlot is grown (St

Emilion and Pomerol in particular) not merely as the predominant wine-grape but as one that is widely added to soften and "round off" the harder (and harder) Cabernet Sauvignon.

It was my original intention to recommend some buying of the 1983 Bordeaux still *en primeur*, as it should have been a good moment for final selection. However the shortfall in the 1984 crop alters the picture. Prices are already rising and by the end of the year I suspect that there will have been a rush for remaining 1983s and it is extremely unlikely that English mer-

chants will be able to buy again at the prices of their first lists.

Instead, I have been looking at some of the 1982s, which are going to provide superb drinking, and at several from earlier years, all at affordable prices, ready either for drinking fairly soon or for keeping for a few years, so that they steadily improve.

Of the 1982s, for sale by the case at £38.60, is Clos Tourmillot, what the merchant accurately describes as "a little-known but extremely well-made Graves rouge", already delicious drinking. A Haut Médoc, cru bourgeois supérieur, Château Beaumont (£49.60 a case) with beautiful balance, fruit and length is quite outstanding, tasting strongly of the rich, ripe grapes which made it. Both come from Haynes, Hanson & Clark.

A bargain at only £2.95 with lots of fruit but lightish and with a top-condition life of perhaps another 12 to 18 months or so, is John Harvey's Château Les Drouillards, from the Côtes de Blaye. I liked this wine: it has a suggestion of the 1982 majesty but has its own light character. Well forward and with a lot of body are two from Les Amis du Vin—a Côtes de Castillon, Château Vieille Tour Lartigue at £3.22 and a Côtes Canon Fronsac, Château Lariveau at £3.60—both distinguished by beautiful vinification and a full, rich finish.

A Château Belair, Côtes de Bourg is another 1982, already good to drink, with plenty in reserve, from Findlater at £3.02.

Two delicious 1981s can be found at Ellis Son & Vidler: a Côtes de Castillon, Château Thibaud-Bellevue at £3.23 is just a Bordeaux Supérieur but of real quality, and Château Nodoz, a straight Côtes de Bourg AC is a thoroughly recommendable, sound, flavoursome, full wine at £3.09. Two from Findlater are an AC Bordeaux, Château Combe des Dames, £3.36, and an exceptional Médoc, in Château Terre Rouge £4.07.

But for anyone who is looking for good claret at a fair price, Justerini & Brooks stock a lovely soft Château Latour-de-Bey 1979 at £5 with three years' bottle age and exceptional nose; and Château Patache d'Aux 1978 at £5.40, a robust wine with plenty of finish from nearby Bégadan which provides an interesting introduction to a commune that can produce differing wines of excellent quality. By the case both cost nearly £1 less a bottle.

Addresses: Haynes, Hanson & Clark, 17 Lettice Street, SW6 (736 7878). John Harvey, Denmark Street, Bristol (0272 836161). Les Amis du Vin, 7 Ariel Way, Wood Lane, W12 (743 2066). Findlater Mackie Todd, 92 Wigmore Street, W1 (935 9264). Ellis Son & Vidler, 57 Cambridge Street, SW1 (834 4101). Justerini & Brooks, 61 St James's Street, SW1 (493 8721).

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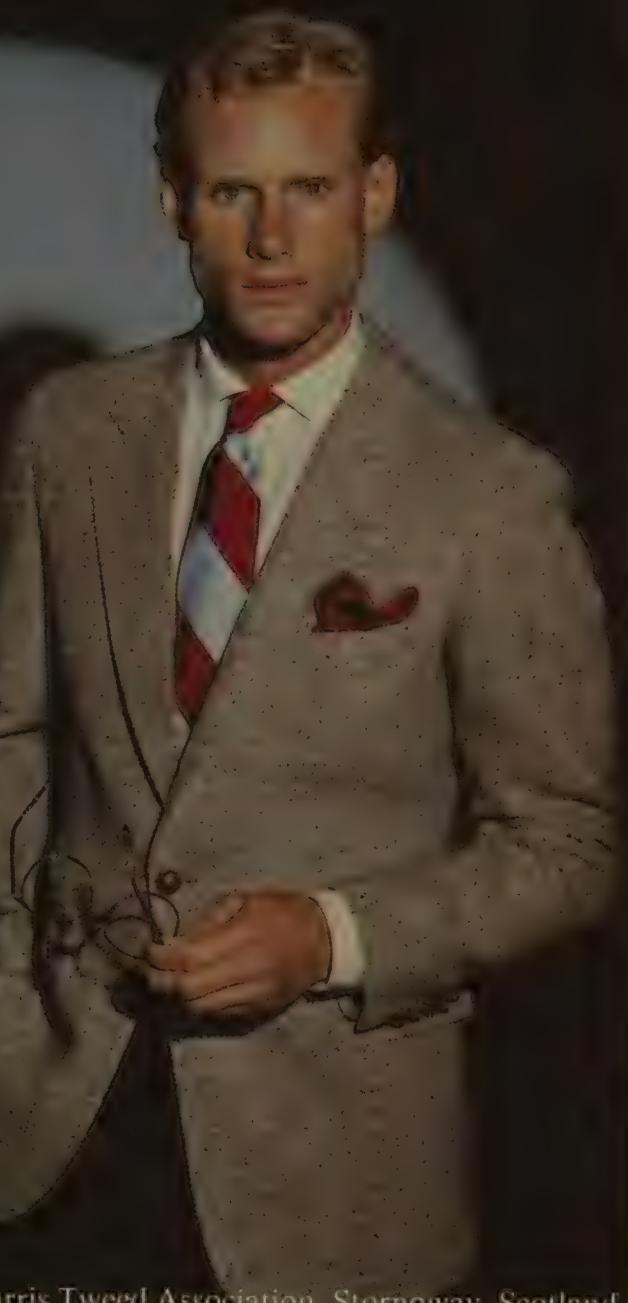
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Jewels for three life-styles

by Ursula Robertshaw

Just as the contents of a wardrobe are governed by the wearer's life-style, so are the contents of her jewel box. Suggested here are the bijoux that might be treasured and worn by a busy socialite, by a bright young thing and by a country lady, chosen from the collections of six leading London jewellers.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES STURTEVANT

On her expensive, smart suit she would wear her superb aquamarine and rose diamond **brooch** by Carl Fabergé—not only an instant dazzler but, to anyone with an eye, a rare object, for it comes from a famous historic jeweller and bears the initials of the workmaster, August Holmstrom. From Wartski, of 14 Grafton Street, W1, at £14,375.

She would have another real dazzler for special occasions, this time by a great modern jeweller, Charles de

—· The socialite ·—

Temple: his delicate 18 carat gold and diamond **necklace** which he has christened Winter's Tale (de Temple has made a complete suite in this design). The necklace costs £4,850 from him at 52 Jermyn Street, W1.

Also an eye-catcher is her yellow gold and diamond "Arcadie" **bracelet** from Cartier at 175/176 New Bond Street, W1, which costs £25,130.

Her **necklace** for day wear, when she will be attending committees, charity luncheons and so on, might be a Victorian 15 carat gold and natural pearl sautoir, with its own 18 carat gold, seed pearl and diamond fob watch attached, just to remind her—and her associates—that her time is precious. From "Young Stephen" at 1 Burlington Gardens, W1, it costs £3,400.

She is aware of the impact of simple gold jewelry, and wears Jocelyn Burton's large spiral shell **ear studs** for many occasions. In 18 carat gold, they cost £345 from her at 50c Red Lion Street, WC1. Her **dress ring** comes from Richard Ogden at 28/29 Burlington Arcade, W1, and is a fine example of Art Deco. Three large diamonds form the centre with supporting diamond shoulders, all mounted in platinum. It costs £1,400.

—The bright young thing.—

She wears quite a lot of cheap and cheerful "joke" jewelry, which she tires of and replaces every month or so; but she has precious favourites, too.

She wears a more delicate version of her socialite mother's gold shell **earrings** by Jocelyn Burton; hers cost £230 in 18 carat gold; and she also has, like her mother, a Cartier **bracelet**. Hers is of threaded steel and gold and, costs £680; she very much likes its snakeskin appearance.

She has one of Charles de Temple's lovely Gipsy pearl and pavé-diamond nugget **necklaces**, which she finds looks equally distinguished when worn with a sweater-and skirt or with a silk dress. It costs £2,250.

Her favourite **ring** is an emerald and diamond knot and heart ring, set in 18 carat gold, from Richard Ogden. It costs £700. The **pendant** she wears to dances and first nights is from "Young Stephen". It is also a heart, of 15 carat gold, Victorian, pavé-set with pearls and diamonds. It costs £480.

Her most precious piece, which even her mother envies, is a quatrefoil **brooch** by Castellani, decorated with enamel, diamonds, demantoid garnets and with a central pearl. From Wartski, it costs £3,450.



—The country lady.—

Pinned to the lapel of her Prince of Wales check suit, she might wear the delicate platinum **brooch** in neo-Gothic taste, with supporting griffins' heads, set with diamonds, rubies and a pearl. It is French and was made in about 1880—a very early and attractive use of platinum. From Wartski, it costs £4,025.

For grand occasions—hunt balls, social weekends, and so on—she would wear her superb Edwardian platinum and diamond **pendant** on its platinum chain. The lower part can be worn during the day as a brooch. It is from "Young Stephen", at £5,025.

With her cashmere sweaters she would wear her **necklace** of Charles de Temple's beautiful 18 carat gold-wrapped onyx beads, interspersed with teardrop gold links, at £1,885.

One of her favourite **dress rings** might be a Georgian flower bouquet set in an urn, depicted in rubies, diamonds and an emerald, set in gold and silver. From Richard Ogden, £1,075.

Every day she would wear her Cartier **bangle** in two shades of gold with discreet back-to-back Cs in diamonds—trademark of a great name. From Cartier, at £1,045; and she would find her lapis lazuli and 18 carat gold **ear studs** by Jocelyn Burton equally useful. They cost £420.



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A watch on time

by Eric Bruton

Top watch-makers are combining up-to-the-minute precision technology with increasingly sophisticated materials and designs.

Last week I met an old friend from the Swiss watch industry, who showed me a picture of an exclusive (and expensive) new pocket watch with skeletonized movement in a diamond-set case that was asymmetrical. I told him it reminded me of the melting watch in one of Salvador Dali's better-known pictures. He agreed, adding, "People I have shown it to are immediately attracted to the shape, but when it comes to buying one, they ask if they can have the watch in a round case."

That neatly illustrates the problem of the watch designer. An *avant-garde* approach attracts attention but buyers are conservative as they expect a watch to last a long time. Consequently thousands of new designs appear every year that must be different, but not too different. Fortunately for the watch designer there has been a gradual acceptance of change, which may be partly due to the appearance of the digital watch. It was a radical change, but it still did not displace the analogue watch with hands.

Recently some designers have avoided confusion by using one basic design for all their products. The Hublot, a brand introduced into the country only last year, is an example, coming in three sizes and three executions—steel, steel and gold, and 18 carat gold. All the dials are black and the bands in black rubber, a material which Hublot pioneered for underwater watches. There is also a growing market for top-quality sports watches. All are water resistant to a depth of 50 metres and one has a protective hinged cover over the crystal.

"A sports-watch performance in a watch equally at home in the boardroom" is how Dunhill describe their Millenium range. They have more than one design, but every watch has the same key features, such as distinctive single lugs which are narrower than usual for the band. All models are water-resistant to 30 metres and have mineral glasses made of transparent synthetic sapphire, which is very hard and scratch-resistant. Strong water resistance also keeps dust out of the case. Prices are from £370 upwards.

Since the development of the quartz crystal oscillator for watches, accurate timekeeping is no longer a problem. There is a current interest in phase-of-the-moon dials incorporated in otherwise everyday watches. A mechanical automatically wound watch from Ebel is a chronograph, which means it incorporates a timing mechanism. It shows the phases of the moon and has an annual calendar, which corrects itself automatically for lengths of



The most recent designs of Dunhill's Millenium range are all rectangular.

months. The same company is one of the few whose watches can be identified if they are stolen. They use laser cutting to inscribe a serial number on each watch and also "print" their emblem invisibly on the glass. It shows up when breathed on.

The accuracy of quartz has not slowed research into perfecting its timekeeping over a long period. A standard Longines quartz watch is adjusted to keep time to a minute a year, but that is not accurate enough for some people. So the new Longines VHP (very high precision) model is accurate to a minute in five years. It has a power cell that lasts five years so that the watch does not have to be stopped for cell changing.

At the other extreme Alpha has geared its production to quick changes in style and design to keep pace with the whims of the fashion trade. One of its current inexpensive models has a broad band of colour running round a white strap and across a white case and dial, reminiscent of the bands along many sports cars.

Fashion often looks to the past for inspiration and the current interest in Art Deco has been reflected in watches, particularly in auction room prices for the genuine articles. One Swiss firm, Numa Jeannin, are not only imitating Art Deco; they are using one of the original 1930s workshops and working to the original designs and specifications. They have recently appointed a UK agent.

Manufacturers used often to fit straps and leave the design and making of bracelets to specialist firms. Today they are as fussy about the bracelet as the watch; after all, they comprise a single unit, a fact recognized years ago by Rolex. Their heavy link style with a broader centre link has been adopted by several makers, one of them being Cartier, whose inspiration was a bracelet designed in 1940 by Louis Cartier for the Duchess of Windsor.

Raymond Weil of Geneva is one of the new wave of designer-watch pro-

ducers, having started his own company only in 1976. He rapidly established himself as a trend-setter in innovation and fashion. An example is the rectangular watch and band in black and gold, the gold used sparingly, mainly for edging. A golden bolt through black lugs attaches the band at each side.

A bolt image is also evident in the top model, Temptation, by Mougin & Piquand, another new name, although the distributors, Avia, are well known.

Mondaine call their M-watch the Volkswagen of the watch industry and it also has become a big seller, competing with cheap digital quartz watches from Hong Kong. Technical innovations have made these new watches possible, particularly special plastics and, in Mondaine's case, a more efficient means of making cases with more water resistant corners.

Effective case-sealing is a recurring problem because of developments such as the use of a power cell that at one time had to be replaced yearly by opening the case. Lives of cells have been much improved, but some research workers are looking elsewhere for power—to the solar cell, for example.

A style innovation is the present use of the rare metal titanium in jewelry and subsequently in watch cases. It has qualities comparable to precious metals with the advantage that it can be coloured in delicate shades by heat treatment. Omega, who have decreased their range from 400 to 150 models, were ahead of the market with the Seamaster Titane, which incorporated titanium in the case.

Swiss watch manufacturers have been obsessed with slimness from the early 19th century, when they were competing with the established and more accurate, but bulkier, English lever watch. A major manufacturer is now producing in volume quartz modules of only 1.95m thickness, so more slim watches can be expected.

The demand for masterpieces of skill, finish and complexity being produced by the few top makers seems to have been sufficient to encourage others to produce limited special editions. One is Zenith, who have created a limited edition of pocket chronometers with the classic A.-L. Breguet (1747-1823) cases, dials and hands. Breguet is acknowledged to have been the world's greatest maker. Each series of 25 has a different execution—a different selection of indications, such as moon-phase dial, calendar and up-and-down dial. Cases are in rose-coloured gold and prices are from £6,500 to £9,200.

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Shoes not made for walking

by Ursula Robertshaw

Shoes are powerful magic, symbols of luck and fertility. They have been associated with their owners' life essence and are often found hidden as protective charms in the walls of old houses. No wonder then that shoes made of various ceramics have proved attractive to collectors, and both individual artists and well known factories, such as Minton, Coalport and Royal Worcester, have made them.

Latest in collectable footware are the examples shown here, made by Wendy Lankester, to be known as the Gainsborough Collection in which she hopes ultimately to portray a complete history of footwear in bone china. The first four examples are a Victorian lady's boot, a 1920s satin bar shoe, a 1930s blue snakeskin court shoe, and a bow-tied sandal shoe similar to Queen Mary's going-away shoe of 1893. It was worn with a decorative sock to protect the foot from dust, matching the ribbon tie. This is the first in a series called Haute Couture; the shoes will be 18cm long and 6cm wide, the edition will be 200 worldwide, and the price £149. Other models planned include an early Stuart shoe of about 1613, a French Regency shoe of 1775 and a medieval shoe of about 1380.

The other three shoes we show are in the Period Fashions miniature series, measuring 12cm long by 5cm high. These sell at £73 each and are also in an edition of 200. Others planned are a 1900s Gibson shoe and a 1950s stiletto mule. Inquiries to the Gainsborough Collection, Kingsbury House, 15-17 King Street, London SW1Y 6QU or telephone 0732 61522.



Above, Victorian lady's bootee, 1890s style, reflecting the freer life-style of the New Woman; sandal shoe similar to that worn by Princess Mary of Teck, later Queen Mary, after her wedding in 1893, far left. Left, satin bar shoe of the 1920s, probably matching the wearer's dress, intricately embroidered with beads; blue-dyed snakeskin court shoe, 1930s, ornamented with rosette.

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ATOL 189B

Recovering the ship that hunted the Bounty

by Peter Gesner

HMS *Pandora*, wrecked in 1791, lies, amazingly well preserved, on the Great Barrier Reef. The Research Officer of Queensland Museum's Department of Maritime Archaeology describes the recent dramatic underwater excavation of the ship

One of the world's most important and promising maritime archaeological projects, is being carried out off the coast of Australia. It involves the excavation and possible raising of the 24-gun British frigate *Pandora* which sank on August 29, 1791, in the northern section of the Great Barrier Reef. She was returning from an expedition mounted by the Admiralty to recapture the notorious *Bounty*, having taken prisoner 14 of the mutinous crew but having failed to find any trace of the ship. A six-week excavation of the site last year disclosed that the wreck of the *Pandora* apparently had not broken up but simply settled on the seabed, which would make it one of the best-preserved shipwreck sites in Australian waters. A second expedition, again co-ordinated by the Queensland Museum, is planned for this month and next, weather permitting.

The *Pandora* sailed in the winter of 1790, after taking on extra fittings and stores at Portsmouth in anticipation of the need to repair and refit the recaptured *Bounty*. Commanded by Captain Edward Edwards she reached Tahiti in April, 1791, after an uneventful voyage around Cape Horn. Edwards was surprised and relieved when, hours after the *Pandora* had dropped anchor in Matavi Bay, four *Bounty* men came on board; and, among another four to surrender early the next day, were midshipmen Peter Heywood and George Stewart. From the information they volunteered it appeared that a group of 16 of the mutineers had chosen to stay behind in Tahiti; two had since died, while another six men were living in another part of the island where they had been building a boat in which to escape to South America. As for the whereabouts of the *Bounty*, the only information they were able to give was that Fletcher Christian, accompanied by eight mutineers and their Tahitian wives, had left in the *Bounty* early in 1790 for an unknown destination.

In spite of their voluntary surrender Captain Edwards ordered the eight men hand-cuffed and leg-ironed. Armed parties were sent ashore to round up the other six and within a few days 14 men had been accounted for; they were confined to a specially constructed wooden cell on the *Pandora*'s quarterdeck only 3·5 by 5 metres in area and 1·5 metres high.

The *Pandora* spent the next few weeks at anchor in Matavi Bay, completing the other part of her mission: gathering breadfruit trees. She departed on May 28, 1791, and, with very little information to go on, haphazardly searched the South Pacific for the *Bounty*. By mid August Edwards realized that further efforts would be futile; moreover, they had already lost two boats and 17 men and were running low on supplies.

The *Pandora* changed course and on August 26 reached the Great Barrier Reef at about the latitude of Murray Island. Edwards knew that navigable channels through these extremely dangerous and uncharted waters, could be found. On August 28 an opening at about 11°S was discovered and the yawl was sent to investigate. In the late afternoon signals from the yawl indicated that the opening would lead to the sheltered waters along Australia's north-east coast where they would be able to identify one of Cook's landmarks and pick up the route through the Straits to Timor.

As night was coming on Edwards decided to wait until the following day before attempting the passage. But just as the *Pandora* was manoeuvring towards the yawl to take the men on board for the night she struck an isolated cluster of tiny coral outcrops. She was stuck fast in the coral for a few hours, but with the rising tide, and after some of her heavy cannon had been thrown overboard, the crew managed to float her off. Anchored in the lee of the reef-cluster which the *Pandora* had hit, with all hands at the pumps, the crew managed to keep her afloat throughout the night. However at daybreak, after a breakdown of two pumps, it was clear that she had sustained too much damage and would not be kept afloat much longer. Heeling over suddenly at about 9am on August 29, 1791, she sank within a few minutes. Thirty-one of her crew drowned along with four prisoners.

The ship was relocated in 1977 by a group of wreckhunters, assisted by an RAAF Neptune carrying a magnetometer. Her rediscovery prompted the Australian Government to gazette the site in accordance with the Historic Shipwrecks Act (1976), and the *Pandora*, with about 100 other historic shipwreck sites in Australian waters, is

metres in the stern, midships and bow sections of the site. The remains of the wreck are on a fairly level bed of coral sand and appear to be distributed over an area of approximately 25 by 55 metres. The most prominent visible features are a large iron anchor with one of its flukes holding, the ship's stove, an area of copper sheathing, some cannon, several large ceramic storage jars and some bronze rudder fittings. All these items have been lightly concreted with coral and other marine organisms, especially the ferrous materials such as the anchor and stove. Apart from this they are in very good condition and have retained their original shape and appearance.

From the ordered distribution of these remains it was surmised that the wreck did not break up when she sank, but simply settled on to the sea bed and, as the superstructure collapsed, was gradually covered by the sand and sealed off from the surrounding oxygen-rich waters. To test this assumption one of last year's objectives was to determine just how much of the wooden hull structure had survived. It was decided to use the trench in the stern area to penetrate to deeper levels and expose the keel. But, due to the unexpected quantity of artifacts encountered as the airlift nudged its way into the overburden (accumulated debris) time had to be spent plotting and recording their positions.

The state of preservation of the artifacts occasioned a good deal of excitement. Evidence was also obtained, from the midships section of the site, which supports the hypothesis that the vessel has indeed retained its overall structure. Although the probe in this section penetrated the overburden only to a depth of 75 centimetres, it did reveal that further excavation will at least expose concentrations of artifacts closely related in function, and indicated that the *Pandora*'s surgery is still intact. Most of the artifacts found were identified as medical instruments and appliances. They were all found in such close proximity to one another, and stratified with drawer-like pieces of worked wood, that the view has been put forward that this was the cabinet in which George Hamilton, the *Pandora*'s surgeon, kept his personal possessions together with some of the instruments he used.

The archaeological remains of the *Pandora* are important evidence in the detailed study of 18th-century ship construction. Moreover, the careful and controlled excavation of the vessel's contents will provide a complete collection of material offering archaeologists, historians and materials scientists unique opportunities to break new ground in their research, ensuring not only that further knowledge of 18th-century technology and material culture can be gained, but also providing material evidence for a reconstruction of daily life on board an 18th-century warship.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK BAKER



Divers prepare for raising the iron anchor, top, and a cannon, above, of the *Pandora*, wrecked off northern Queensland in 1791; left, ceramic storage jars and a surgeon's mortar found in the ship.



now protected against the depredation of treasure-seekers and adventurers.

The *Pandora* site, situated some 150 nautical miles due east of Cape York in the far-northern section of the Barrier Reef, is almost on the outer fringe of the chain of reefs which form a natural boundary between the Coral Sea and the Torres Straits; it is not only exposed to the full buffeting force of ocean swells generated thousands of miles out in the South Pacific by prevailing south-easterly winds, but is also affected by substantial tidal flows between the deeper waters of the Coral Sea and the relatively shallow waters of the Torres Straits which generate fast-flowing currents and rips as large volumes of water are forced through the narrow reef openings.

Such conditions, compounded by

water depths over the wreck of between 30 and 33 metres, present a formidable set of logistical and operational problems and allow archaeologists and divers only very limited opportunity and little time in which to carry out underwater work.

The site is currently still under consideration for additional government funding as one of the main historical projects to mark Australia's bicentenary in 1988 and was recently also the object of an international appeal to attract private sponsors. The proposed project contains various scenarios: the most ambitious would be an operation on a similar scale to the one carried out on the *Mary Rose*. At a more modest level there are plans for a series of at least five major seasons to excavate the contents of the wreck and record the

remaining hull structure using stereophotogrammetric techniques. Whatever the outcome of the proposals or the results of the appeal, a start has been made by Queensland Museum's Department of Maritime Archaeology, which last year carried out preliminary survey work and trial excavations in selected areas of the site.

The 1983 *Pandora* Expedition, funded by the Federal Department of Home Affairs and Environment, spent six weeks on site between October 30 and December 10. During this period the 20-strong expedition team logged a total of 886 underwater hours; most were taken up by constructing a rigid aluminium reference grid, taking stereo-photographs of the site and excavating in two trenches of 2 by 5 metres and in a probe hole of 2 by 2

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MONEY

The angel's share

by William Essex

If a show is going to cost £100,000 to put on, it's a fair bet that it will not cost you more than £500 to back it. Big-time investors in the theatre are thin on the ground these days, and West End producers have come to realize that "fun" investments like shows will appeal to modern investors only if they involve "fun" sums of money. For this reason the capital for West End productions is now raised in limited shares, or "units". A show is budgeted to cost, say, £100,000 (which would make it a small-scale musical or a large-scale straight play), and that sum is broken down into units of either £500 or £1,000, which the producer will then attempt to sell to the "angels" (as the West End's growing army of small investors is known in the trade).

From the producer's point of view this arrangement has two main advantages. First, he will find it far easier to sell his production if he is talking in three or four figures than he would in six figures, and, second, small investors with little to lose are much less likely to question his right to do things his way than are large investors with everything to lose.

That is partly because angels are not doing it entirely for the money. For many of them it is enough to attend first nights, go to backstage parties, and meet not only British actors but also Hollywood legends whose agents have advised a little "legitimate theatre" to pep up the image. It is not unknown for companies to invest in the theatre just for the opportunity to entertain clients and overseas visitors in a novel way.

But that is not to say that there is not a lot of money to be made. Michael White, producer of such successes as *Annie* and *A Chorus Line*, has estimated the possible return from investment in the theatre as "perhaps 40 or 50 times your original stake". That is, up to £50,000 for an original £1,000.

The odds on hitting that kind of jackpot are slim. Only one in every four shows that reaches the stage will even begin to make a profit, and closures after less than a week (sometimes no more than a night) are quite frequent.

For those who feel that a return of £50,000 on £1,000 is worth quite a lot of risk, there are various ways of upping the chances of success. The Reverend Christopher Atkinson, a full-time parish priest and a part-time angel, has drawn up a checklist of rules over the several years he has spent investing in the theatre.

"First of all—this may seem elementary but it's worth saying—do be sure that you like the sound of the show. Producers have to have faith in their own ideas, and they do tend to have any number of irrefutable arguments

as to why any particular idea will work. Even failures were believed in once, and it simply isn't the case that convincing facts and figures lead automatically to successful plays."

What ultimately makes a play successful is the number of people who decide to go and see it, on the basis of whether or not they like the sound of it. The potential investor would do well to follow their example. In some ways, as a member of the theatre-going public, you have a better idea of what will succeed than a producer has.

But in other ways, you haven't. A producer will have acquired a good reputation only by being right more often than he is wrong, so take note of the number of titles of memorable shows that appear in brackets after his name. A good producer will be registered with the Society of West End Theatres (SWET) at Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2 (tel 836 0971), and will appear in *Who's Who in the Theatre*.

Once you are satisfied that you are dealing with a successful producer, and that you like the idea of his show, do not bother to call for the script, which will bear only the most fleeting resemblance to the end result.

Go by the people involved. Again, you can check up on the various technicians with SWET, but if the producer has managed to interest a television personality or film star in taking part, that name alone, in letters a foot high above the name of the play, will guarantee some measure of success.

In order actually to get your money into a show, start by putting your name on SWET's mailing list of potential angels. This is circulated to producers looking for backers, who will eventually receive details of proposed shows through the post. These will not, however, come immediately. Successful producers tend to keep faith with backers who have supported them before, and will have their own mailing lists of people to be contacted first. But as the old names drop out yours will move towards the top of the list.

The trap is this. If you decline to invest in any of the smaller and less potentially lucrative offers that come your way in the early days, you may find yourself marked down as a last resort, to be approached only when all the more amenable angels have turned a proposal down. To get round that, you could try investing through a company like Stage Payments of 13 Thurloe Place, London SW7 (tel 589 5458).

Stage Payments was started in the late 1970s, and since then has invested its clients' money in 12 shows, of which only two have been flops. Over the years it has established good working relationships with some successful producers, and has been invited to invest in some extremely lucrative shows.

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Evidence of other Worlds

by Patrick Moore

How did the Earth come into being? We cannot yet claim that we have the full answer, but at least we are fairly confident that we are reasoning along the right lines. The age of the Earth is around 4,700 million years; the age of the Moon is about the same. Apparently they grew up, by accretion, from a solar nebula—a cloud of dust and gas which was associated with the youthful Sun.

If so, then we must ask ourselves whether there are other planetary systems in our Galaxy, and whether there is a real chance that there are other life-bearing worlds.

First, the Sun is a perfectly normal star. There is nothing exceptional about it, and there is nothing in particular to distinguish it from many of the other 100,000 million stars in the Galaxy. It is about 865,000 miles in diameter, so that it could swallow up over a million globes the volume of the Earth; its surface temperature is nearly 6,000°C and in its core it is producing its energy by nuclear reactions, mainly the conversion of hydrogen into helium. It loses 4 million tons in mass every second, but there is no reason to suppose that it will change much for at least 5,000 million years.

Second, we know that different stars evolve at different rates; the more massive the star, the faster it ages.

In searching for other Solar Systems we are handicapped by the fact that no telescope is powerful enough to show even a large planet moving round a comparatively close star. Therefore we have to turn to less direct methods. One of these involves measuring the movements of stars which are close enough to show perceptible movement from one year to another against the background of more remote stars.

The most famous candidate is Barnard's Star which, at its distance of 6 light-years, is the closest star apart from the three members of the Alpha Centauri system. It has the fastest proper motion known, and in 180 years it covers a distance across the sky equal to the apparent diameter of the full moon—so that it is nicknamed the "Runaway Star." It is a faint red dwarf, and by cosmical standards must be classed as a glow-worm. For many years it has been carefully studied by Peter van de Kamp and his colleagues at the Sproule Observatory in America, with interesting results.

According to van de Kamp, it is "weaving" its way along, which indicates that it is being perturbed by an invisible attendant or attendants. The mass of the invisible body does not seem to be great enough for a star, and so it is presumably a planet. Van de Kamp inclines to the view that there are in fact two planets, each compar-

able in mass with our Jupiter.

The evidence is not conclusive and doubts have been raised, but there are other cases of the same sort of thing and there is nothing improbable in it. Yet a planet moving round Barnard's Star or an equivalent red dwarf would be a chilly, dismal world and we could hardly expect to find life there.

The new evidence is quite different. It came to light in 1983, with the observations sent back by IRAS.

Two of the NASA scientists working at the Rutherford Appleton Laboratory in England, Dr Aumann and Dr Gillett, were testing the IRAS equipment by turning it towards certain selected stars when they made a startling discovery. Vega, the brilliant blue star in the constellation of Lyra (almost overhead from England during summer evenings) showed what Hartmut Aumann called "a huge infra-red excess". In other words, it was associated with material which was not hot enough to shine, but was giving off long-wave radiation. Further studies indicated that this material was likely to be "chunky" rather than "dusty," and there was an immediate temptation to regard it as planet-forming, or perhaps even a fully-fledged planetary system. Subsequently, a similar infra-red excess was found with another bright star, Fomalhaut in Piscis Australis, the Southern Fish.

All this was exceptionally interesting. However, both Vega and Fomalhaut are much more luminous than our Sun; Vega would equal over 50 Suns and Fomalhaut 13, so that both evolve more quickly than our Sun and it is hardly likely that life would have had time to develop fully upon planets associated with them—even assuming that the material includes planets, which is little more than speculation. Therefore it was something of a surprise to find that exactly the same phenomenon was shown by at least 40 other stars which IRAS examined during its active career. And not all these 40 stars could be compared with Vega or Fomalhaut; some were of the same type as the Sun.

Obviously this is of special importance. If solar-type stars are surrounded by such material, there is an extra reason for believing that Solar Systems are common in our Galaxy, and no doubt in other galaxies also.

It would be unwise to take matters too far. Even if we agree that "other Earths" are commonplace, we still cannot prove that life will appear wherever conditions are suited to it, and there are at least two eminent modern astronomers who incline to the view that our kind of life is unique, or at least excessively rare. But these new results are immensely significant, and they do add force to the argument that there may be nothing really unusual about our world—or even about ourselves.

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International Motor Show preview

by Stuart Marshall

Motor shows are no longer events at which manufacturers whip the covers off top-secret new models. The genuine show-stopping surprise hardly ever happens nowadays; too many outside suppliers are involved. But many exhibitors at this year's International Motor Show (at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham) have not been seen in Britain before, even though they made their debut in Paris earlier this month. In any case the biennial Motor Show provides a good opportunity to look at the progress of the car industry.

The picture is much brighter than it was two years ago. Worldwide the recession has eased. The American motor industry is booming; the Japanese have been made aware that they cannot go on flooding markets with their own excellent products to the detriment—ever destruction—of local producers. The British car industry, a mere shadow of its former self, has bitten on the bullet but what remains seems to have a viable future for some years ahead. New nations are emerging as major car producers. They include South Korea, whose production has risen even the Japanese and Spanish now being overtaken by a manufacturer from Britain, which will make its mark in Britain next year with a brand-new car, the Ibiza. Already Spain sends tens of thousands of Vauxhall Novas and Ford Fiesta cars to this country while keeping a massive tariff barrier against our own products.

There is almost no such thing as a bad car any more, except for those obsolete designs made under licence in East Europe and dumped here for hard currency. They are, however, extremely cheap, but you get only what you pay for. Design has settled down to some extent. In the smallest class of car nearly all are the same in layout with a cross-mounted engine driving the front wheels, usually through a

five-speed gearbox with a high top for economic, unexpressed motorway driving. It only goes to show how we got it on with the Mini 25 years ago but then sadly failed to seize our advantage. The Mini and its bigger brother, the Metro, still do not have five-speed gearboxes, though the Metro has now emerged with a five-door as well as a three-door body.

In France, Renault has just stepped into line with a cross-engined New 5 to replace the 14-year-old best-seller which had its engine fore and aft and the gearbox just behind the radiator. Renault hopes it will check the inroads being made into its market share by Peugeot's admirable supermini-sized hatchback, the 205, and by the Fiat Uno, Car of the Year for 1984.

In the next size class Volkswagen's "born again" Golf—so called because it was deliberately styled like the old one to avoid depressing second-hand values artificially—is under great pressure from General Motors' new Opel Kadett, sold here as the Vauxhall Astra. Manufacturers face a dilemma when planning a product to replace a best-seller. Few except for the Japanese seem able to start with a clean sheet of paper. So it is a question either of changing the body radically but keeping the mechanicals exactly as before or of having new engines and transmissions in a shell that looks much the same as before. The improved both engine and body to come out in the new Golf is recognisably an updated old one. Renault appears hardly to have changed the 5's shell, though the windows are much bigger. But putting the power pack sideways has greatly increased interior space. It is a genuine new car, even though it may not look so at first glance.

General Motors, intent on capitalizing on the success of the medium-sized Cavalier, has given the Kadett a new body of such exceptional aerodynamic efficiency that although the engine is hardly changed, the top speeds are considerably higher. Economy benefits

too. Ford's Escort will also be under pressure from the Kadett in the marketplace. No doubt this is one reason why Ford has just introduced a turbocharged 125 mph version as a rival to GM's Kadett GTE.

A notable development in the supermini and small medium (that is, Escort-class) class is the number of cars now available with diesel engines. These were once held to be suitable only for larger cars able to carry the weight and tolerate the inherent roughness of the diesel. But diesel turbines have changed out of all recognition. Volkswagen made the breakthrough seven years ago with a Golf diesel. Others have followed.

The engines themselves are much smoother and more like petrol engines in their running characteristics. Some, like the VW's, were evolved from petrol engines; most nowadays are purpose-built as car diesels. They start easily, regardless of weather, are re-

sponsive to the accelerator, run up to quite high revolutions and give miles-per-gallon figures that would have been thought impossible a decade ago. Sixty mpg is easily achieved with, say, a Peugeot 205 or Ford Fiesta diesel. To improve refinement and improve power output still further, many diesel cars now have turbochargers.

The new Mitsubishi Galant, which is only the latest of a number of Japanese diesel cars to arrive in Britain, has a 1.8 litre turbocharged engine that gives a top speed of over 103 mph and runs so quietly that even a trained ear could believe it was a petrol engine.

In the medium-large class the Ford Sierra has now quite matched the old Cortina's success in Britain and in Continental markets its "jelly mould" aerodynamic shaping has caused less sales resistance than here. The Vauxhall Cavalier has picked up a lot of sales at Ford's expense. In this class BL's Austin-Rover Group is

making a most effective challenge with the hatchback Maestro and the three-box saloon Montego. A new 1.6 litre engine, introduced this year in the Montego, is now fitted also to the Maestro, which was launched with an older design. Both cars use transmissions sensibly bought in from Volkswagen, BL not having the time or money to develop new ones of its own. New for 1985, and making its first appearance at the Motor Show, is a most attractive Montego estate car, with two occasional seats in the back to make it a seven-seater.

In all the classes mentioned so far the Japanese have a wealth of products that are as good, as, better than, anything European manufacturers can offer. For sheer originality the Japanese car makers excite admiration, even awe. The engines and gearboxes are light in weight and of the most advanced design. Nissan's Mira, for example, is a small, cheap car comparable with a Metro. Its optional centre shaft engine and five-speed gearbox are outstanding. So is the Honda Civic's 12-valve, four-cylinder unit. The Toyota Corolla is arguably the best-all-round package in its price class.

It will be seen in years to come that one of BL's wiser decisions was to link with Honda. First the Triumph Acclaim, now the Rover 200 series, are Honda Ballade saloons manufactured in Britain with a high enough local content to allow them to be sold as British cars in the EEC. Next year the Project XX car, jointly developed and due to be jointly manufactured by BL and Honda, will go on the executive-car market. Not long afterwards the Nissan plant now under construction in the north-east will start turning out cars for sale throughout Europe. They

will have a higher UK content than some of the household-name cars which are perceived as British but made on the Continent, though finally assembled in Britain.

Areas of car design pioneered by the Japanese include "on demand" four-wheel drive. This is the ability to turn front-drive car into an all-wheel drive car at the flip of a lever, allowing the driver to keep going in conditions that would otherwise defeat him. And the all-wheel drive, which provides large-car passenger accommodation within small-to-medium-car overall dimensions, is another Japanese innovation now being taken up in Europe. The first modestly priced, mid-engined sports car to be introduced since the Fiat X1-9 is the Toyota MR2, which may be seen for the first time outside Japan at the Motor Show. It will be on sale in Britain in the New Year.

All-conquering though the Japanese are in the lower and middle sectors of the market, they have not been able to make much impact in the upper end. There is no Japanese equivalent of a Mercedes, a BMW or a Jaguar, though the new Nissan 300ZX Turbo 2+2 comes close in the sporting quality sector.

Audi, the prestige end of the Volkswagen-Audi Group, has carried out its promise to make Quattro-type permanent four-wheel drive available on

On view at the Motor Show: above left, the BL Montego estate car, which has two rear-facing seats to give it a maximum capacity of seven; above, the 158 mph BMW M635CSi coupé, and left, the Toyota MR2, a mid-engined sports two-seater from Japan's largest producer, both due in Britain in January.

same Turbo has 6.75 litres of V8 engine and does around 135 mph. The Mercedes 190E 2.3-16, a rare race-tuned development of the compact 190 saloon, exceeded 150 mph for seven days and nights at Nardo circuit, Italy, last year. It reaches British showrooms in the spring. Many orders have already been placed. This is one car on which discounts will not be offered or even expected though the price is likely to be close to £2,000.

Although few cars mentioned will get the most attention, a glance should be spared for the Reliant sports car and for the latest development from the now-revitalized producer of high-performance sporting machines, Japanese makers such as Toyota and Mazda have on display cars from the 1990s with features like four-wheel steering that seem outlandish today but could be standard 10 years hence.

The tip of the electronics iceberg that is rapidly taking over engine management and will soon handle most control functions, leaving the driver as an observer more than an operator, may be seen on a number of car makers' stands. The new Renault 11 Electronique has a most elaborate voice synthesizer and a hi-fi installation rivalling that of the big Renault 25, which was originally designed around a six-speaker stereo. Austin/MG, Opel, Audi, Alfa Romeo, even little Suzuki, all have electronic instrumentation layouts; the list is long and growing.

The Motor Show is open to the public until Sunday, October 28. Probably the best way to get there from London is by train. Birmingham International Station is part of the exhibition complex whereas the walk from the car parks seems endless especially in bad weather.

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On view at the Motor Show: above left, the BL Montego estate car, which has two rear-facing seats to give it a maximum capacity of seven; above, the 158 mph BMW M635CSi coupé, and left, the Toyota MR2, a mid-engined sports two-seater from Japan's largest producer, both due in Britain in January.

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TRAVEL

St Anton for ski buffs and buffets

by Robin Neillands

Among Britain's half-million or so regular skiers—those who count no year complete without a visit, or two, to the snowfields of the Alps—Austria has always commanded considerable respect and affection. Most of us learnt to ski there in our youth, the villages remain unspoilt and beautiful and for an enjoyable winter holiday—one which combines a range of winter sports with good nightlife and a friendly welcome—Austria remains unmatched among the Alpine nations.

Over the last 10 years, though, reservations have been made about the quantity and quality of skiing in Austria. The standard of British skiing has risen enormously since the 1960s and those keen Britons who go regularly to the slopes have come to prefer the long runs available outside the high-rise, purpose-built apartments of France, often regarding Austria as ideal only for beginners and intermediates, or those who like their winter holiday to offer something more than endless hours of *piste-bashing*; which sounds like a recommendation in itself to anyone other than a totally committed downhill ski buff.

The Austrians have not taken too kindly to this popular conception of their skiing facilities. However limited Austrian skiing may be when compared with the countless miles of downhill *piste* available in such areas as the Trois-Vallées or the Portes du Soleil, there are always exceptions to the rule, and where deficiencies exist the Austrians are keen to remedy them. The newly interlinked resorts of the Grossraum-Wilder Kaiser region around Söll offer skiing to suit all standards, on and off-piste, while few resorts anywhere in the Alps can hope to match St Anton in the Arlberg for charm, nightlife and, above all, plenty of testing, high-quality downhill skiing.

St Anton is a large resort, sprawling along the valley beside the railway that winds through the Arlberg pass. The centre lies at around 4,000 feet but the top lift-station stands at 9,222 feet, which means a long season, from December to April, and reliable snow. There are four main ski areas close to the resort, where 70 lifts serve some 200 kilometres of downhill run and a large amount of off-piste skiing. The newly opened lift which gives access to the Stuben area gives plenty of space to those intermediate-to-advanced skiers who like to go off-piste, and many of the St Anton runs are ski-trails rather than regularly prepared, well manicured runs.

Last winter our normal daily routine began on the Rendl slopes, which offer good skiing for whatever mood you

are in, on western or north-facing slopes, with good steep runs from the top lift down to the Brandkruz, our favourite, always sunny, coffee stop. The descent back to the village from there offers bumpy mogul slopes or a direct run down through the woods, with powder above, and narrow icy runs under the trees.

The Valluga area has runs which rival any French resort, and which only experienced skiers should tackle, unless the snow is just right. One of these is the steep and deeply moguled Schindlerkar run, which looks attractive at the top but becomes very nasty indeed just after it is too late to turn back. St Anton offers a vast amount of excellent skiing, with good descents in all directions from the various lift-stations. A personal favourite is the run down to the village of St Christoph, a delightful way to round off a morning.

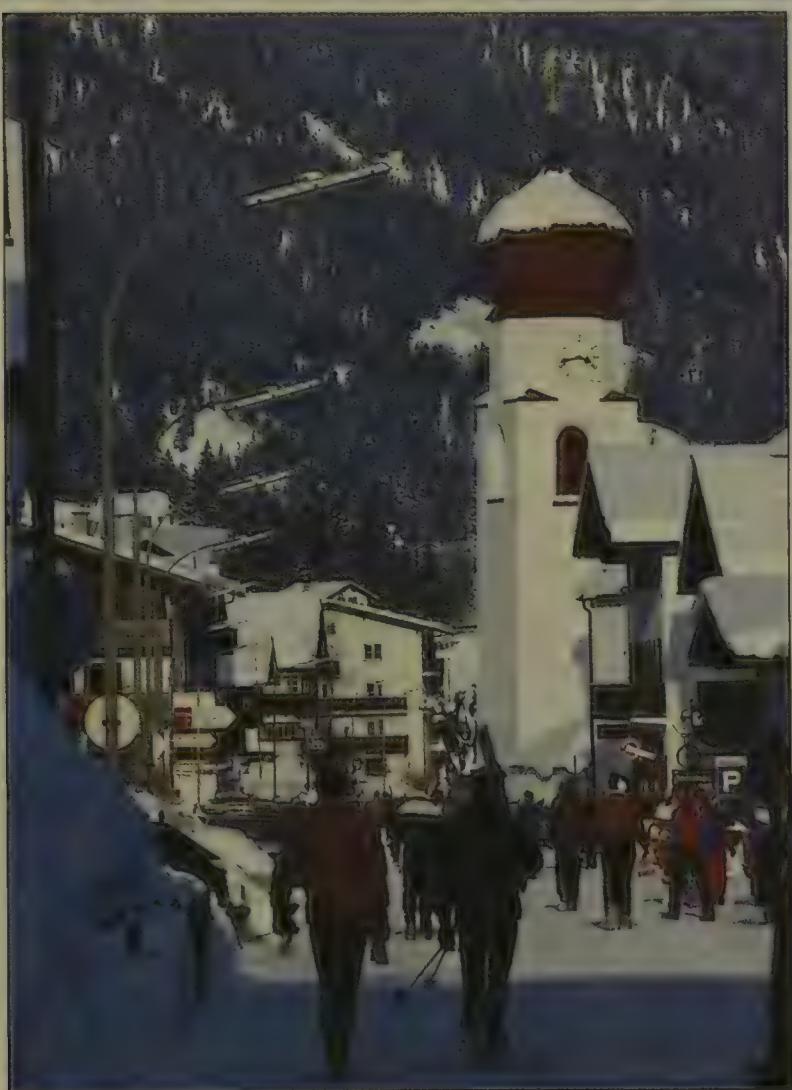
It might be thought that St Anton is not suitable for beginners, but in addition to gentle slopes close to the centre, the large and excellent ski school, under the direction of world champion Karl Schranz, offers a high standard of instruction. A first-time skier in our party who went to the school was skiing red runs with considerable competence when he joined us in the second week. The only complaints from the beginners were that the classes tended to be large and the instructors seemed rather intolerant with those who did not take to the sport after two or three lessons.

St Anton nightlife follows the familiar Austrian pattern: there are piano bars, tea-dances, a host of discos for the young set, and the inevitable Tyrolean evenings, when logs are chopped, iron-workers dance, and thighs are slapped with gusto. Such events apart, St Anton has two favourite ski rendezvous. The great stopping place for a *glühwein* or sticky cake after a day's skiing is the Krazy-Kangaroo, just off the slopes, which offers a half-price Happy Hour from 3 to 4 pm, cheap meals and a lively atmosphere. For something completely different try the station buffet—a little lacking in décor perhaps, even something of a slum, but this is the place where the skibums gather and they create a special atmosphere.

Moving up-market, St Anton has many fashionable hotels, notably the famous Post, where the Arlberg Ski Club started in 1901. A local man, Hannes Schneider, organized the first-ever ski school for the hotel's guests in 1907 and with Sir Arnold Lunn, the father of British skiing, founded the famous Kandahar races there in 1928. The Post is a rather grand hotel, ideal



REX FEATURES



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SKI PROMOTIONS

St Anton with its attractive, traffic-free main street, left, offers skiing for the experienced, top left, or beginners. There are many fashionable hotels, notably the Hotel Post, top, where the Kandahar ski races, above, were founded in 1928.

nearby resort of Lech, once just a small mountain village and now one of Austria's most fashionable resorts, full of people wearing floor-length fur coats, and a popular haunt of the European jet set. John Morgan has another attractive chalet a little outside the main centre at Lech-Zug.

The St Anton-Lech-Zürs-Stuben area clearly offers as much skiing, and at as high a quality, as the most demanding ski buff could want. Throw in the attractive villages, the pleasant people, and that irresistible Austrian *gemütlichkeit*, and St Anton will give you the skiing holiday of a lifetime. I cannot wait to go back.

Our Travel Editor writes:

For this winter John Morgan Travel offer a week at St Anton with half board (and afternoon tea) costing between £219 and £279; two weeks £349 and £429 according to accommodation and date of departure. Flights are on Saturdays, mid December to April from Gatwick to Zürich and then on by coach. Ski hire, instruction, lift

passes are arranged locally by company representatives and cost extra. Among other ski operators to St Anton and Lech are Club Mark Warner, Inghams Travel, Ski Bladon Lines, Ski Supertravel and Thomson Holidays. Details from travel agents.

A new 90-minute video film *Ski Focus Austria* covering 34 resorts including St Anton and Lech is now available, price £19.95 from Ski Promotions. Two worthwhile books for beginners are *We Learned to Ski* by Harold Evans, Brian Jackman and Mark Ottaway (Collins, £8.95) and *How We Learned to Ski* by Ali Ross and Harold Evans (Collins £6.95).

Austrian National Tourist Office, 30 St George Street, London W1R 9FA (029 0461). John Morgan Travel, Meon House, Petersfield, Hants GU32 3JN (0730 68621). Ski Promotions, South Bank Business Centre, 140 Battersea Park Road, London SW11 4NB (720 1919). Ski Club of Great Britain, 118 Eaton Square, London SW1 9AF (235 4711).

for dinner if you are staying elsewhere, and with plenty of entertainments such as cocktail bars and dance floors.

We chose to stay in the very comfortable Pension Falch on our John Morgan chalet party holiday. A number of British tour operators offer ski holidays in St Anton and our chalet holiday, apart from providing good food and good company at an affordable price, also included the services of

Lorraine, the resident ski guide.

There are a number of other resorts near by, either linked to St Anton by run and lift, or within easy reach by post-bus. St Christoph, just over the mountain, is a favourite spot for mid-morning coffee or an extended lunch, and there is a steep black run leading over to Zürs which really requires a guide. For yet more excellent skiing, the post-bus runs frequently to the

A life of mysteries

by Robert Blake

Agatha Christie
by Janet Morgan
Collins, £12.95

Agatha Christie's life is interesting for what she did rather than what she was. But it is the hallmark of the best-selling author to interest people, not necessarily to be an interesting person. I met her once or twice at dinner parties in Oxford when her second husband, Sir Max Mallowan, was a Fellow of All Souls. She was very pleasant to talk to, but I cannot remember anything she said—except when she told my wife "I've just killed you off". But it turned out that there had been an error in introductions and the name was not Blake. You had the grossly self-flattering notion that she was covertly eyeing you as a possible ingredient of her next book, though it is most unlikely that she had any such idea in mind.

The only other recollection I have of these occasions was that she was a very hearty eater—something that can legitimately be mentioned in print since Janet Morgan refers to it in this excellent "official" biography. On her 60th birthday she told her agent: "Thank goodness we've got a wonderful temporary cook. Her Vol-au-Vents! Her Soufflés! Though rain pours down, eating is always eating!" On her 80th birthday she wrote: "Picnic on the Moor with 5 dogs and a super dinner last night: Avocados Vinaigrette, Hot Lobster à la Crème, Blackberry Ice Cream and real blackberries and lots of cream, and special treat—half a large cup of neat cream for ME while the rest had Champagne." She lived to 85—a striking refutation of those dreary doctors who are always telling us that we eat too much.

Her success was staggering. In August, 1961, when she was 70, Unesco, doing something interesting for once, recorded that she was the best-selling author in the English language. Her books were sold in 102 countries, which was twice as many as the runner-up, Graham Greene. In 1980, four years after her death, it was reckoned that 400 million of her books had been sold since she first published *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* in 1920 after it had wandered from publisher to publisher, sinking apparently without trace in 1917 at The Bodley Head. But there is really no precise figure for her total sales. Her books have been published in at least 50 languages in countries which have different methods of making statistical returns. Nor is there any means of finding out how much money she made, though it is known that in the 1980s Agatha Christie Ltd, which owns most of her copyrights, has an annual turnover of more

than £1 million.

The novel which really made her name was *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, published in 1926. The ingenious idea that a "Dr Watson" (that is, the narrator) should turn out to be the murderer was suggested to her by her brother-in-law, but it was also quite independently suggested by a personage later to become one of the most eminent figures in British public life—the then Lord Louis Mountbatten. He did not know Agatha but he had read some of the Poirot stories in *The Sketch* and in March, 1924, wrote a letter in the third person to be forwarded to the author. In it he suggested in some detail a possible plot on these lines. He ended "Lord Louis would ask to be forgiven for having written to a person unknown to him and naturally does not expect Mrs Christie to use this plot unless it appeals to her." It did appeal. Forty-five years later Earl Mountbatten wrote to congratulate her on *The Mousetrap* which he had revisited, and reminded her of the earlier correspondence. She replied saying that her two sources were "a mere remark" of her brother-in-law and his own letter. Lord Mountbatten replied congratulating her on "using my idea in *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* which I personally think is about the best detective story ever written." He did not allude to the brother-in-law. But then, to modify a famous remark, "he wouldn't, would he?"

Shortly after the publication of the book there occurred an episode which has always intrigued the public. Agatha Christie disappeared from her house on December 3, 1926 until she was found by her husband at the Harrogate Hydro on December 14. "Give us back our 11 days" was the popular cry when the calendar was changed in the 18th century. Agatha Christie never got back her 11 days and no one knows exactly what happened. Janet Morgan has gone into the whole story with the aid of the family papers. There are still some puzzles, but there is no need to doubt that it was a case of amnesia brought on by a nervous breakdown at the imminent break-up of her marriage to Colonel Christie. It was a traumatic experience, and whatever else it was it certainly was not a publicity stunt as the malicious alleged. The fact that she does not refer to it in her autobiography proves nothing either way.

Janet Morgan has written an admirable book. It is scrupulously scholarly and accurate. It is also very readable—indeed as readable as Agatha Christie herself, and that is no small achievement. It would be an excellent Christmas present for anyone interested in detective stories and story writers—and that would be nearly everyone.

Christmas Books next month will include a review of the latest children's books.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

The Tree of Hands

by Ruth Rendell
Hutchinson, £7.95

Voices in an Empty Room

by Francis King
Hodder & Stoughton, £8.95
Gemini
by Domini Taylor
Hamish Hamilton, £8.95

Ruth Rendell's new novel grabs the reader by the scruff of the neck and does not let go until the final, satisfying pages. *The Tree of Hands*, her 27th book, is something of a departure for this prolific and professional author of psychological thrillers which are so creepy that they must be bad for the heart. The characters are not as disturbed as usual, although I should not like to meet any of them on a dark night. The main ones, in the middle-class camp, are the witch-like grandmother Mopsa and her best-selling authoress daughter Benet, whose heart is broken by the sudden death of her baby son James. To help her daughter get over James, the mentally unstable Mopsa pinches a working-class boy, Jason, of the same age. The repercussions had me awake until three o'clock in the morning.

It is with horrifying simplicity that she describes the sudden death—from croup—of James who is one year and nine months old. She writes so convincingly and with such psychological accuracy that we suffer each stage of the child's illness along with his mother—at first an ordinary child's cold, nothing to worry about, and then all at once something quite terrible.

After all this emotional turmoil, there is a shooting, there is fraud, there is true love, there is child stealing, there is madness, there is more excitement than anyone could reasonably expect. It is all excellently handled by a mistress of suspense.

To give you a taste of the spare, vivid writing, this is the beginning:

"Once, when Benet was about 14, they had been in a train together, alone in the carriage, and Mopsa had tried to stab her with a carving knife. Threatened her with it, rather. Benet had been wondering why her mother had brought such a large handbag with her, a red one that didn't go with the clothes she was wearing. Mopsa had shouted and laughed and said wild things and then she had put the knife back in her bag. But Benet had been very frightened by then. She lost her head and pulled the emergency handle that Mopsa called the 'communication cord'. The train stopped and there had been trouble for everyone involved and her father had been angry and grimly sad."

Although the shadow of Mopsa's former madness casts a spell over the whole book, the supernatural does not make any entry into *The Tree of Hands*. In contrast, Francis King's *Voices in an Empty Room* deals with the paranormal yet is oddly far more down to earth. He states the theme at the beginning of the novel (from a Meredith letter): "At rare moments one thinks that one hears a murmur of voices from behind the locked door, but one knows that if one were to succeed in battering it down, one would find only an empty room."

The characters treat telepathy and the communication with the dead in a matter-of-fact way, rather as though they are looking through a telephone directory for the number which gets through to heaven or hell, and are put out that they have not yet managed to locate it. This is realistic: it is one of the features of spiritualism which makes it so off-putting. But it also at times makes this novel somewhat depressing reading. I wanted the characters to look up at the stars, not always down at the pavement.

The methods by which the dead might communicate include automatic writing, automatic drawing and séances. Francis King's three skilfully interlinked stories about three women contrast the present—in which the bereaved women seek to hear from the deceased—with the past, and show how little each of the women knew about those they have lost. They could not communicate in life so why in death? This is too simple a description of the theme of a complex novel which studies in depth the relationship between Sybil and her brother who becomes obsessed with a pretty young boy and dies in mysterious circumstances, Lavinia, the selfish actress whose son dies a horrifying death and Bridget, whose husband is killed in the Falklands and who becomes prey to a conman. They all receive messages, some real perhaps, some false, but they all go to the wrong people or else are not understood. *Voices in an Empty Room* is an engrossing, unsettling book which offers questions and answers but deliberately does not quite match them together.

A far less ambitious novel is Domini Taylor's thriller *Gemini* which, like the first section of *Voices in an Empty Room*, keeps the reader guessing about the goodness or wickedness of twins with what appear to be telepathic powers. But while King's novel is detailed and specific, bringing his sinister "twins"—a lout and a fey seducer—to unpleasant life, the Taylor novel keeps Pandora and Peter vague and pretty. Although we soon know that they must be evil, or else there would be no point to the book at all, the news is not of much interest as we do not care about them or any of the other characters upon whom they exercise their powers. Give me the horror of Ruth Rendell's rollercoaster any time.

Another chronicle of hard Times

by James Bishop

The History of The Times—Vol V
by Iverach McDonald
Times Books, £20

When *The Times* published the fourth volume of its official history in 1952 it rather rashly decided to continue its account to the death of Robin Barrington-Ward, who had led the paper through most of the war years and who died, while still its editor, only four years before the volume was published. As an attempt to explain impartially and dispassionately the controversial policies of appeasement before the war and for social reconstruction even while the war was being fought the later chapters of Volume IV were dismissively inadequate.

That *The Times* now recognizes that it might have been wiser to follow its original plan, and end Volume IV in 1935, becomes apparent from the publication of its new volume which not only records the Second World War in greater detail but also looks back to the Munich crisis, both because much new evidence has come to light since 1952 and because the experience had a traumatic effect on those who fashioned policies on *The Times* and profoundly affected its editorial judgment in subsequent international crises.

The principal author of the previous volumes of the History was Stanley Morison, though he was not identified at the time. The author of the present volume, Iverach McDonald, had a distinguished career on the editorial staff of *The Times* for nearly 40 years, from 1935 until his retirement in 1973 after six years as associate editor. As correspondent in Berlin and Prague between 1937 and 1938 and then as diplomatic correspondent McDonald was intimately involved with the paper's foreign coverage, and made no secret of his opposition to the policy of appeasement.

McDonald has recorded his own views in his biography (*A Man of The Times*, Hamish Hamilton, 1976), but he is too professional to allow any trace of them to creep into this history. The thinking of Geoffrey Dawson and Barrington-Ward, and their reasons for taking *The Times* along the road they did, is explained in rational and sympathetic terms, and anyone who wishes to understand the policies of *The Times* during and shortly before the war will find this book of far greater help than the sackcloth of the earlier volume.

At the same time it may be concluded, on the evidence of this volume, that the damage done to the reputation of *The Times* during this period is under-estimated. The author writes

that "Dawson and Barrington-Ward were inspired by the vision—false but not ignoble—of a lasting European settlement once Germany's apparent grievances were met; and in this they were, once again, reflecting rather than leading opinion. When the outbreak of war brought about the new sense of national unity, *The Times* had a sufficiently firm and faithful following to sustain its standing and influence." This may have been so during the abnormal circumstances of war—when newsprint was rationed, papers small, circulations restricted and competition limited—but the record of the rest of the period covered by this volume, until 1966 when the paper was sold to Lord Thomson, shows that *The Times* was in fact having to battle hard (even if many of those responsible in Printing House Square were slow to realize it) to retain a following to sustain not just its standing, but its existence.

The lessening of its reputation as a leader of opinion and of the demand, in the new social circumstances following the war, for a single paper providing solely for the needs of a so-called "governing class", focused attention on other qualities of *The Times*, notably on its ability to provide the news, and explanations of the news, such as were now required of the quality newspapers. In this *The Times* was seen to be lacking. The proprietors in 1952 found the man, in Sir William Haley, then director-general of the BBC and a former editor of the *Manchester Evening News* and director of the *Manchester Guardian*, to put matters right.

McDonald records in lively detail the impact Haley had in turning *The Times* into a newspaper that could be judged on the quality of each day's issue rather than on its past reputation, but the changes he made came too late. Constitutionally *The Times* was not geared for change, nor was there any agreement within the office about which direction the paper should take. Haley believed that, as well as being a newspaper of record and one with a part to play in the running of the country, *The Times* should be "a balanced, interesting and entertaining paper for intelligent readers of all ages and classes". This suggested a considerably larger circulation than the paper then had. On the other hand the Manager, Francis Mathew, supported from the front by Stanley Morison, argued that *The Times* should restrict itself to a highly specialized and unique audience as typified in the advertising campaign "Top People take *The Times*", which Haley felt offended people's sense of what the paper ought to stand for. When *The Times* finally ceased its dithering and took the plunge to put news on the front page, and thus attract a much larger audience, its proprietors could not afford the cost of its success. Within six months the paper had been sold.

Grimsby is certainly one of the main towns in Lincolnshire, yet it is ignored in the category of "main towns". I'm not sure what he means by "just as Grimsby is altogether too near to Grimsby", nor do I know what "over-development" he is referring to. At least he notes that the town boasts a "skilful football team and a lively MP". What more could you want to put a town on the map?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The English Disneyland

From John May

Dear Sir,

I have read with interest of a plan to convert Battersea Power Station to an English Disneyland-type of project. To the average North American visiting Britain, this will be a sure-fire attraction. You must remember that when dealing with all strata of society and their children, many will not be completely satisfied with culture in the historical sense. I can think of no other project that will attract this element so admirably as a Disneyland-type theme park, except for one. Why cannot a consortium of interested individuals reconstruct old London Bridge? This landmark of history and symbol of London stood hundreds of years and is celebrated in nursery rhymes and stories on both sides of the Atlantic. So celebrated is this bygone relic that businessmen paid heavily just to bring its namesake, a much later structure with hardly any visual appeal, to America.

The "new" London Bridge need not, however, be constructed at its original site but farther west—maybe to link a newly constructed Globe Theatre to the City. With new engineering a way can be found not to impede the natural river flow.

In this new bridge, ale houses and Tudor-type stores could be featured. If this works in southern California I can see nothing but success for it as a popular money-producing project in its own city.

The initial cost of this project might be high but the thrill and the pagentry of England's past coming alive in the greatest capital in the world would be a jewel in London's crown. Perhaps even more so than an English Disneyland.

John May
1859-48 Street NE
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Unfair to Grimsby

From Sheilah Markham

Dear Sir,

Though I am 13,000 miles away, I cannot help but speak up for my birthplace, Grimsby, which Steve Race makes little mention of in his article on Lincolnshire (ILN, May, 1984).

Grimsby is certainly one of the main towns in Lincolnshire, yet it is ignored in the category of "main towns". I'm not sure what he means by "just as Grimsby is altogether too near to Grimsby", nor do I know what "over-development" he is referring to. At least he notes that the town boasts a "skilful football team and a lively MP". What more could you want to put a town on the map?

Sheilah Markham
University of Sydney
New South Wales, Australia



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CHESS

Esbjerg's young champion

by John Nunn

Britain now has eight grandmasters! This was the message sent back from Denmark at the end of the annual Esbjerg chess festival. Nigel Short from Atherton had finally succeeded in clinching the title by winning the tournament outright. Although only 19 years old, Nigel has been on the verge of the grandmaster title for a couple of years and only some tantalizing near misses (see *ILN*, March, 1984) have prevented him from achieving it. He is currently the world's youngest grandmaster and is still improving, so the future is bright indeed. The final scores at Esbjerg were: Short (GB) 7½ (out of 11), Mestel (GB) and Karlsson (Sweden) 7, Miles (GB) and Csom (Hungary) 6½, Arnason (Iceland) and Wiedenkeller (Sweden) 5½, Hansen and Kristiansen 5, Fries-Nielsen and Mortensen 4, Jacobsen (all Denmark) 2½.

Nigel still was not finished, however. Just three weeks later he won the Grievson Grant British Championship with a score of 8½ out of 11, becoming the youngest-ever British Champion. Strangely enough Nigel has always done well against Tony Miles, currently Britain's No 2. In both the above events Nigel beat Tony convincingly, continuing a series which is fast becoming a tradition.

This month's game is Nigel's win at Esbjerg, which boosted him towards the coveted title.

A. J. Miles N. Short
White *Black*

Nimzo-Indian Defence

1 P-Q4	P-K3
2 P-QB4	N-KB3
3 N-QB3	B-N5
4 P-K3	P-B4
5 N-K2	PxP
6 PxP	P-Q4
7 P-BS	N-K5
8 B-Q2	NxB
9 QxN	P-QR4
10 P-QR3	BxN
11 NxN	P-R5
12 B-N5ch	
12 B-Q3 P-QN3 13 NxRP RxN 14 B-N5ch B-Q2 15 BxR BxB 16 Q-N4	
	is an alternative leading to double-edged play.
12	... B-Q2
13 0-0	0-0
14 P-B4	P-KN3

The latest way of dealing with the advance of White's KB-pawn. Previously Black had either ignored it with 14 ... P-QN3 or prevented it completely by 14 ... P-B4, but neither of these moves has proved satisfactory.

15 QR-K1

The first new move of the game. 15 QR-B1 gave White the advantage in a Soviet game played last year, but Miles prefers to play directly for a kingside attack.

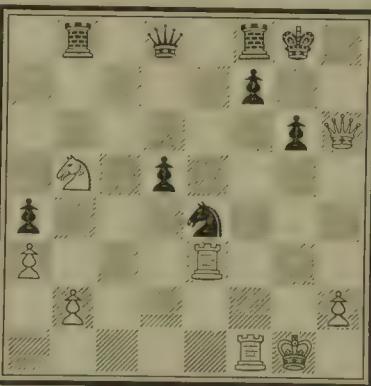
15	... BxB
16 NxN	P-N3
17 P-KN4	PxP
18 P-B5	

If 18 PxP, then 18 ... R-R4 19 N-Q6 Q-B2 is good for Black, so White must concentrate on the kingside, even if this means sacrificing a pawn.

18	... KPxP
19 QPxP	N-R3
20 PxP	NxP
21 PxP	

Attempting to complete a mating net by Q-R6 and P-B6 does not work, for example, 21 Q-R6 R-R3! or 21 N-B3 P-Q5 22 P-B6 R-R3 23 N-Q5 QxN 24 Q-R6 RxP! 25 RxR N-K5 and Black wins in both cases.

21	... RPxP
22 Q-R6	N-K5
23 R-K3	R-N1



24 N-B3

24 N-B7 sets the traps 24 ... QxN? 25 R-R3 and 24 ... RxP? 25 N-K6!, but fails to 24 ... R-N2! 25 K-R1 RxN 26 R-R3 P-B3 27 Q-R8ch K-B2 and the king slips safely away.

24	... RxP
25 K-R1	

White is forced into an ending a pawn down because 25 NxN PxN 26 R-R3 Q-Q5ch and 27 ... Q-N2 stops the attack dead. Black has the additional advantage that White's king is poorly placed and Nigel winds up efficiently.

25	... Q-N4
26 QxQ	NxQ
27 NxQP	R-Q1
28 R-Q3	K-N2
29 R-B4	N-R6
30 RxN	RxN
31 R(3)-KB3	R-Q8ch
32 R-B1	RxRch
33 RxR	R-R7
34 R-B3	P-N4

White could easily have resigned here, but he plays it out to the end.

35 R-B3	K-N3
36 K-N1	P-B4
37 R-B6ch	K-R4
38 R-B3	P-B5
39 R-Q3	K-N5
40 R-QB3	R-QN7
41 R-B4	R-N6
42 RxRP	K-B6
43 R-N4	RxR
44 PxR	K-K7
45 Resigns	

The hazards of ruffing

by Jack Marx

Just as ruffing partner's winner is a practice only rarely applauded, so ruffing an opponent's loser is scarcely more frequently acclaimed. If declarer leads a small card towards a suit length in dummy headed by one or more top honours, it is usually a mistake for first defender to ruff ahead of dummy, even if his own trumps seem to him to be worthless in themselves. Dummy's top cards remain intact, the suit is more easily establishable, and partner's honour holding lacks its due weight.

Nevertheless, it is a mistake to treat the principle as inviolable. In this hand from a European Championship of not so long ago an international player discarded in such a situation apparently as a matter of routine. Coupled with an earlier piece of thoughtless routine play in the trump suit, this produced an almost comical calamity.

♠ 1095 Dealer East
♥ K74 Love All
♦ 8

♣ KJ7642

♠ J873
♥ 985
♦ K10974
♣ 10

♠ Q6
♥ AQ10632
♦ QJ3
♣ A3

After an opening One Spade from East, South had become declarer at Four Hearts. West desperately led his single club, passed round to South's Ace. On declarer's Ace of trumps West played the Eight as the start of a conventional high-low signal that showed three trumps. When South next led his small club, West was true to the best traditions and declined to ruff a loser. Dummy's King won and a third round of clubs was ruffed high by South, who now proceeded to finesse dummy's Seven of trumps. Another high ruff of clubs established the suit and declarer, who might have lost a club ruff and three top tricks, took six tricks in trumps and four in clubs.

On the next hand from some British international trials, the defender sitting East had a similar routine lapse.

♠ AQ1075 Dealer East
♥ A8 Love All
♦ K4

♣ A873

♠ KJ3
♥ K7652
♦ J10853
♣ void

♠ 4
♥ J103
♦ A Q962
♣ K1042

After two passes West opened One Heart, doubled by North and raised to Two Hearts by East. With no further opposition South eventually became

declarer at Five Clubs. The contract was reasonable enough, were it not for the monstrous stack of trumps with East, who doubtless thought the contract was doomed whatever he did.

Dummy's Ace won West's small heart lead and the Ace of trumps was cashed. Somewhat shaken when West discarded, declarer made the best of things with King and a small diamond, whereupon East, loath to ruff a loser, fatally pitched a small heart. South seized his only chance, finessed Spade Queen, cashed Spade Ace and ruffed a third spade in hand. Dummy's small heart went on Diamond Queen, ruffed by East, who now led his Club Queen to South's King. South ruffed a heart in dummy and cashed the good Ten of Spades. He had already taken 10 tricks for the loss of one, and now at trick 12 he led dummy's fifth spade to make his Ten of trumps by a *coup en passant*.

A related subject is that of the advisability and timing of overruffing, one bound up with the struggle for trump control. This is not, as some players seem apt to assume, the concern solely of declarer. This third hand is almost identical with one cited by Jeremy Flint and David Greenwood in their *Instructions for the Defence*, which is entertaining as well as instructive.

♠ AQ Dealer North
♥ J72 Game All
♦ AK874
♣ A43

♠ 9653
♥ A3
♦ J10932
♣ 52

♠ 107
♥ KQ109654
♦ Q6
♣ K6

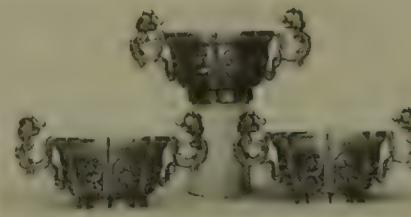
♠ KJ842
♥ 8
♦ 5
♣ QJ10987

West	North	East	South
1D	3H	3S	
No	4S	All Pass	

West's Heart Ace took the first trick and a second round of the suit was trumped small by South, who rightly tackled clubs first and lost the finesse to East's king. A third round of hearts stimulated South into brisk thought and rapid action. A 3-3 trump break was theoretically less probable than a 4-2, especially so on this bidding. He could win this trick by ruffing high, but if the trumps lay as he feared, and as they actually did, he would lose trump control to West and the hand would collapse. So he baited West with the temptation of a cheap trick by ruffing with Spade Four. West was enchanted with the gift of Spade Five, but was less so when declarer could now draw trumps and take the remaining tricks.

Defence, it is true, is said to be the most testing department of the game, but this West failed the most elementary test. He has only to throw his remaining small club and South will be bound to fail unless he began with King, Jack, Ten to six spades.

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THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

NOVEMBER BRIEFING



Thursday, November 1

Tim Heath reads Betjeman at the Poetry Society (p113)
Kensington Antiques Fair opens (p113)

Contemporary British art goes on show in Birmingham (p112)

Friday, November 2

Leeds City Museum commemorates the 500th anniversary of the College of Arms (p114)

New films: *Private Life; Strikebound; Tightrope* (p106)

Boris Godunov at Covent Garden (p110)

Saturday, November 3

Guy Fawkes celebrations: in & out of town (pp113, 118)

Patience at the Coliseum (p110)

Last night of *Aren't We All?* at the Haymarket (p105)

Rugby: England v Australia at Twickenham (p111)

Tennis: final day of the Wightman Cup at Albert Hall (p111)

Sunday, November 4

Motor sport: London to Brighton veteran car run (p111)

Swimming: National Synchro Championships finish at Gloucester (p111)

Monday, November 5

Maurizio Pollini recital at the Festival Hall (p108)

Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival opens (p118)

Tuesday, November 6

The State opening of Parliament (p113)

Gershwin piano recordings at the National Sound Archive (p113)

Stephen Poliakoff's *Breaking the Silence* opens at The Pit (p104)

Tennis: Benson & Hedges men's championships at Wembley (p111)

□ US presidential election

Wednesday, November 7

New exhibitions: A Window onto the Art World at Cölnaghi; Archibald Thorburn & George Lodge at the Tryon Gallery; The Ladye Bountifulle at the Christopher Wood Gallery (p112)

Brecht's *Mother Courage*

with Judi Dench opens at the Barbican (p104)
London Mozart Players at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p108)

Belfast Festival of Arts starts (p118)

Thursday, November 8

British Rail Pension Fund pictures go on view at Thomas Agnew (p112)
Caravan Camping Holiday Show opens at Earls Court (p113)

First night of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Lyttelton (p104)

□ Full moon

Friday, November 9

New exhibitions: The Golden Age of Anglo-Saxon Art at the BM; The Art of the Architect at RIBA (pp114, 112)

Film openings: Daniel Wachsmann's *Hansin*; John Milius's *Red Dawn* (p106)

Saturday, November 10

Lord Mayor's Show (p113)

Daily Mail International Ski Show opens at Earls Court (p113)

Hermann Prey recital at the Wigmore Hall (p109)

Sunday, November 11

English Concert give Sunday morning coffee concert at the Wigmore Hall (p109)

The Queen lays a wreath at the Cenotaph (p113)

□ Remembrance Sunday

Monday, November 12

The Tate shows its watercolours by William James Müller (p112)

Bach's Mass in B minor at the Festival Hall (p109)

Tuesday, November 13

Lunchtime lecture on Picasso at the Royal Academy (p113)

First night of Arnold Wesker's *Annie Wobbler* at The Fortune (p105)

Lanhydrock Music Festival in Cornwall opens (p118)

Ballet Rambert in Bath (p110)

Wednesday, November 14

Opera North perform *Johnny strikes up* at Sadler's Wells Theatre (p110)

First nights: Bogdanov's adaptation of *The Ancient Mariner* at the Olivier; *Psyche*, a new play about Freud, at the Arts (p105)

Photographs by John French at the V&A (p112)

Thursday, November 15

First day of the London Film Festival (p107)

The Princess of Wales names the P&O liner *Royal Princess* (p118)

The works of James Tissot go on show at the Barbican (p112)

Friday, November 16

Messiaen's Turangalila Symphony at the Festival Hall (p109)

Don Giovanni at Covent Garden (p110)

British Ice Dance Championships at Nottingham (p111)

Saturday, November 17

Première of the new ballet by David Bintley at Covent Garden (p110)

Elgar 50th anniversary concert at Peterborough Cathedral (p118)

Sunday, November 18

The Age of Vermeer & De Hooch closes at the Royal Academy (p112)

Film of the Bolshoi Ballet's *Spartacus* at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p110)

Amadeus Quartet at the Festival Hall (p109)

Monday, November 19

Royal Variety Performance at the Victoria Palace (p113)

Peter Donohoe recital at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p109)

Tuesday, November 20

Flower Show at the Royal Horticultural Society (p113)

Start of London Contemporary Dance season at Sadler's Wells (p110)

Boulez conducts the LSO at the Barbican (p108)

Last chance to see Danish Painting at the National Gallery (p112)

Cardiff Festival of Music starts (p118)

Wednesday, November 21

Racine's *Phedra* with Glenda Jackson opens at the Old Vic (p105)

New exhibitions: Harry Holland at the Ian Birksted Gallery & David Pye at the Crafts Council (p112)

Royal charity première of *A Private Function* (p106)

Royal Concert at the Albert Hall (p108)

Thursday, November 22

St Cecilia's Day concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p109)

□ New moon

Friday, November 23

New films: *The Killing Fields; Annie's Coming Out* (p106)

Saturday, November 24

Christmas Oratorio at the Festival Hall (p109)

Così fan tutte at the Coliseum (p110)

Last performances of Peter Nichols's *Passion Play* at Wyndham's & Ronald Harwood's *Tramway Road* at the Lyric, Hammersmith (p105)

Sunday, November 25

Craft fair at Alexandra Palace (p113)

Motor sport: Lombard RAC Rally

starts at Chester (p111)

Monday, November 26

Mahler's Symphony No 2 at the Festival Hall (p109)

Tuesday, November 27

First of two Barry Humphries platform performances at the National Theatre (p113)

Wednesday, November 28

First UK performance by American dancer Martha Bowers (p110)

25th anniversary concert of the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields at the Festival Hall (p109)

Thursday, November 29

Pop sale at Christie's South Kensington (p113)

First day of *The Lotus & the Dragon* at the British Museum (p114)

Messiah at St John's (p108)

Friday, November 30

Berlioz's *L'enfance du Christ* at the Barbican (p108)

Your Computer Fair at Olympia (p113)

Edinburgh Winter Antiques Fair (p118)

□ St Andrew's Day

Briefing researched by Angela Bird and Penny Watts-Russell.

Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for further details.

Add 01- in front of seven-digit telephone numbers when calling from outside London.

THEATRE

J C TREWIN

IT SEEMS THAT Judi Dench accepts any challenge (see page 26). She is now ready to respond to Brecht's *Mother Courage* in a production by Howard Davies at the Barbican from November 7. With her will be Stephen Moore (who has been appearing as Wolsey in *Henry VIII* and as Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night*), Miles Anderson, Trevor Peacock and Zoë Wanamaker. The play was first performed in London, at Stratford East, in 1955.

□ Playwright Arnold Wesker, long absent from the West End—he has had a piece at the National—returns with *Annie Wobbler* which he also directs. This began, as a series of East End sketches, as far back as 1949. It has taken a new shape with the combination of Wesker, Nichola McAuliffe, who has scope for a bravura performance in three characters, and Pamela Howard, the designer. The play opens at the Fortune on November 13.

□ No one can accuse the Old Vic of monotony. After the Bamber Gascoigne farce its latest production is a new version of Racine's tragedy *Phedra*, with Glenda Jackson in the title role, and Philip Prowse—who was at Greenwich in the spring—as director. It opens on November 21.

□ "And thus spoke on that ancient man, The bright-ey'd Mariner." Michael Bryant is to be Coleridge's mariner in Michael Bogdanov's adaptation of the poem which opens at the Olivier on November 14.

□ Besides Dora Bryan as Mrs Hardcastle, the cast for Giles Block's Lyttelton revival of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* (opening on November 8) includes Tom Baker, Hywel Bennett, Tony Haygarth and Kelly Hunter.



Nichola McAuliffe with Arnold Wesker: *Annie Wobbler* opens at the Fortune on November 13.

NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

Hamlet

Now, after seeing dozens of *Hamlets*, I wait above all for excitement, for something to add to the mosaic of an ideal performance built up across the decades. In recent years there has been little to treasure, and the current RSC revival under Ron Daniels is no exception. It can suggest a pressing anxiety to be different but too little lingers, even if Roger Rees, an actor of real sensibility, seeks hard to reveal a Prince who is prompted to revenge by heaven & hell. Resolutely distraught, he is yet most compelling when he is quietest—he speaks "How all occasions" beautifully—and he does survive some capricious notions by the director.

Unfortunately this revival is, in general, the noisiest in memory. The Ghost is so loud that he must have awakened everybody in Elsinore. In what proved to be a vigorous performance of a revenge play, I was too seldom taken by the true splendour of a great tragedy. There are some conventional portraits (Claudius & Polonius); a

moderate Gertrude & Ophelia; a really excellent Horatio (Nicholas Farrell), a man always on the margin; a fierce young Laertes (Kenneth Branagh) & a strong, direct Player King (Bernard Horsfall). But this production is not for the larger excitement, a *Hamlet* that can rise hauntingly from the page. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Henry VIII

At least two of the Barbican revivals this season have been superb—*Measure for Measure* & *Twelfth Night*—& I am sorry to be less than happy about *Henry VIII*. The Shakespeare-Fletcher chronicle is a play of farewells, to the world, to life, to greatness, but its director, Howard Davies, refuses to consider it as a pageant play. Why pageantry should be a crime I have no notion; the dramatist asks for it & the director's resolve not to acquiesce (as in the handling of the Order of the Coronation) is disappointing. I will not dwell on the night's flaws except to say, as glumly as possible, that it is absurd to try to write off as comedy the close of Buckingham's farewell. It should be a noble speech, & here it is wantonly blurred.

Other matters are better contrived. Gemma Jones's Katharine (throughout on the note of "a queen, & daughter to a king") takes heart & imagination, & she does not slacken in the trial scene ("Lord Cardinal, to you I speak"). Stephen Moore's Wolsey has the overweening qualities of the "scarlet sin", the vainglorious prelate, & retains the eloquence of his last set-pieces: his voice can sometimes betray him. Nothing betrays Richard Griffiths whose Henry is plain & solid, with no attempt to create the familiar physical aspect. Several other people fill out the action. Clyde Pollitt, for example, offers an excellent double of Buckingham's Surveyor & Katharine's honest gentleman-usher, Griffith. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

A New Way to Pay Old Debts

Philip Massinger may have had a mysterious inspiration, when he wrote this play in 1625, about an actor of the future who, 200 years on, would animate it so forcibly that it would remain forever linked with the name of Edmund Kean. On certain nights watchers of Kean's *Giles Overreach* would swoon in terror. Bridges-Adams wrote in *The Irresistible Theatre*, "The scene—of spontaneous combustion, one might call it—which makes an end of him, sets actors wondering what the deuce Kean did."

Though Emrys James is not in the same mould, he can be a grand actor, & in this oddly perverse production he sweeps everything before him. Massinger called the play a comedy; as Adrian Noble directs it at The Pit, it can waver into something like farce. Whenever Emrys James's Sir Giles is on the stage, however, he rescues the affair by the concentrated force of his personality, whether the man, sprucely frock-coated, is behaving like an outrageous toady or whether he is showing why he is described as "a cruel extortioner".

Mr James can get away with the last speech & the cry "Some undone widow sits upon mine arm. And takes away the use of 't.' He helped me to endure passages which, in this intimate studio production in the round, have to embarrass. The costumes are a thoroughly distracting, often grotesque, medley, & some of the acting disconcerts because it is so vehement. Still, Sir Giles Overreach aside, there is satisfying lesser work from Miles Anderson, soul of profligracy, & Lewis Jones as the precise Lord Lovell. A play for collectors, but they may wonder what they are collecting. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Pump Boys & Dinettes

No one outside America would call that an easy title; but it is really quite simple. The pump boys are at a petrol (or should one say gas?) station; the dinettes are waitresses at an adjoining café. I conclude that business on Highway 57 must be slack because all that happens is an evening of country music (no narrative), very well sung & played, by a cast of half a dozen, led by the versatile Paul Jones. The interior of the theatre—which these days is a chameleon—has been decorated to fit a perfectly good-tempered occasion. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

Stepping Out

Richard Harris's comedy is a happy & unpretentious experience. He takes an amateur tap-dancing class, in a North London church hall, through its growing pains, disastrous rehearsals & internal strife, towards ultimate success at a charity performance. We expect this; but on the way it is good



Griff Rhys Jones: *Trumpets and Raspberries* opens at the Phoenix on November 15.

theatrical fun to watch a mixed set of dancers—only one man, the resolute Ben Aris, among the women—turning anxiously into something adequate, to the delight of a teacher (the excellent Barbara Ferris). The only thing we miss is a jubilant post-mortem. Julia McKenzie has directed with zest. Watch out also for Diane Langton & Marcia Warren. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 9837).

FIRST NIGHTS

Nov 1. Two Planks & a Passion

New play by Anthony Minghella, with Michael Maloney. Greenwich, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc). Until Dec 15.

Nov 5. Bloody Poetry

Foco Novo & the Leicester Haymarket company in a new play by Howard Brenton about Byron & Shelley. Hampstead, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

Nov 6. Breaking the Silence

New Stephen Poliakoff play, directed by Ron Daniels, with Gemma Jones, Daniel Massey & Juliet Stevenson. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Nov 7. Mother Courage

Judi Dench in the title role of Brecht's play. See introduction. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Nov 8. She Stoops to Conquer

Goldsmith's comedy. See introduction. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Touring to New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446), Nov 19-24; Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922).

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Nov 26-Dec 1; Theatre Royal, Nottingham (0602 472328), Dec 3-8.

Nov 13. *The Way of the World*

Maggie Smith & Joan Plowright in the Chichester production of Congreve's Restoration comedy. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

Nov 13. *Annie Wobbler*

Nichola McAuliffe in Arnold Wesker's play. See introduction. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

Nov 14. *The Ancient Mariner*

Michael Bryant is Coleridge's yarn-spinning sailor. See introduction. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Nov 14. *Psyche*

New play by Paul Arnatt about Sigmund Freud. Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2 (836 2132). Until Dec 22.

Nov 15. *Trumpets & Raspberries*

Griff Rhys Jones in a comedy by Dario Fo about an industrialist, injured during a kidnap attempt, who assumes the identity of one of his workers. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 741 9999).

Nov 21. *Phedra*

Glenda Jackson plays Phedra in Robert David MacDonald's new translation of Racine's tragedy about a woman's love for her stepson. See introduction. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until Dec 22.

ALSO PLAYING

Animal Farm

Peter Hall's lucid & exciting dramatic version of George Orwell's satire. With Barrie Rutter as a Stalinesque Napoleon. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Aren't We All?

Frederick Lonsdale's early light comedy seems fresh enough when Claudette Colbert is about; less so, perhaps, when the speaker is Rex Harrison. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). Until Nov 3.

Benefactors

Michael Frayn's variation on the theme of change. With Polly Adams, Clive Francis, Jan Waters & Glyn Grainger. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc).

Blockheads

Mark Hadfield & Kenneth H. Waller play Stan Laurel & Oliver Hardy in a musical about the two film comedians. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 236 5324).

The Boy Friend

The musical-comedy ways of 1926 re-created in Sandy Wilson's famous period impression. With Anna Quayle, Derek Waring & Peter Bayliss. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

The Business of Murder

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty with Eric Lander & Richard Todd. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

Camille

New play by Pam Gems, based on Dumas's *La dame aux camélias*. With Frances Barber, Nicholas Farrell & Polly James. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789 295623, cc).

Cats

Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

Corpse!

One may laugh at the plot when the night is over, but in the theatre these fantastic events are compelling enough, with Keith Baxter & Milo O'Shea to support them. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Daisy Pulls it Off

Sally Cookson, absolutely topping as the new girl at Grangewood, is at the centre of Denise Deegan's glorious parody of 1920s school stories. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

Falstaff

David Buck plays the character, featured by Shakespeare in three of his plays, looking back over his life & loves. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc 741 9999). Until Nov 3.

Fool for Love

Sam Shepard's play is about a cowboy & his lover in a cheap California motel. With Ian Charleson & Julie Walters. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

42nd Street

An American musical that is a benign example of show-business at its unselfconscious best, with Clare Leach, James Laurenson & Georgia Brown. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

40 Years On

Paul Eddington rules Alan Bennett's now celebrated comedy, as the headmaster of the school that speaks for England. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 0261, cc).

Glengarry Glen Ross

A sardonically accurate American comedy by David Mamet. Cottesloe.

The Happiest Days of Your Life

In spite of the efforts of Peggy Mount & Maria Aitken, John Dighton's farce from the 1940s could be happier. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Henry V

Adrian Noble's revival has Kenneth Branagh driving strongly at the part of Henry—as valuable a recruit as the RSC has had for a long time. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789 295623, cc).

The Hired Man

New musical based on book by Melvyn Bragg & music & lyrics by Howard Goodall. Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (734 4287, cc). From Oct 31.

A Little Hotel on the Side

John Mortimer's translation of the Feydeau-Desvallier farce is wildly successful all round (& special honour to Benjamin Whitrow as the man who stammers only when it is wet). Olivier.

Intimate Exchanges

Return of Alan Ayckbourn's astonishing theatrical adventure where Lavinia Bertram & Robin Herford dispose of eight characters between them, in four variations. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 741 9999). From Oct 29.

Little Shop of Horrors

Musical about a plant, a blend of cactus & octopus, that grows into a terror. An acquired taste. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc).

Loot

Dinsdale Landen in the black comedy—about a coffin, a bank robbery & a police inspector—prized by admirers of Joe Orton. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc 434 1050).

Love's Labour's Lost

New production of Shakespeare's early comedy. With Roger Rees, Kenneth Branagh, Frank Midlam & Emily Richard. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Merchant of Venice

Visually this is a resolutely eccentric production by John Caird & designer Ultz. Frances Tomelty is an able Portia & Ian McDiarmid as Shylock is impressive at the end of the trial scene. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Mousetrap

Though now in its 32nd year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

The Nerd

American comedy, with Rowan Atkinson in the title role. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc).

Noises Off

Everything that happens in Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce, *Nothing On*, a wild helter-skelter touring business & the kind of thing that can breed catastrophe. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219).

No Sex Please—We're British

Good farces do not wane, & this one, directed by Allan Davis, does not after 13 years, more than 5,000 performances & innumerable cast changes. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

On Your Toes

In all ways, a grand musical. Now Galina Panova alternates with Doreen Wells. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

The Party

Trevor Griffiths' play is set in 1968 as a group of London radicals meet to discuss whether a similar insurrection to that in Paris could be brought about in England. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Passion Play

Peter Nichols's piece, in which the leading characters are each supplied with an *alter ego* to speak their true thoughts, is a tepid business, but it has the virtue of an affecting performance by Judy Parfitt. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565). Until Nov 24.

The Real Thing

Tom Stoppard's comedy, less fantastic than most but no less theatrically alert, now has Paul Shelley & Jenny Quayle in the principal parts. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

Red Star

Richard Griffiths gives a fine performance as a clumsy Russian actor chosen to portray Stalin in a film, although Charles Wood's piece is drearily episodic. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Richard III

It is not easy to accept Richard as the hop-skip-&jump goblin Antony Sher makes of him: still, he leads vigorously a cast that Bill Alexander has directed with invention. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Rough Crossing

New work by Tom Stoppard about an amorous tangle on board an Atlantic liner in the 1930s as the creators & stars of a musical comedy take their production to New York. With Michael Kitchen. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Run for Your Wife

Robin Askwith, Geoffrey Hughes, Windsor Davies & others hurtle across the stage in Ray Cooney's unstoppable farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

Singin' in the Rain

Don't compare the stage version with the Gene Kelly film. This is a gentle joy in its own right, with Tommy Steele to take us through the worries of a Hollywood when the screen began to speak. Palladium, Argyl St, W1 (437 7373, cc 734 8961).

Snoopy

A well received musical, founded on the American strip cartoon about Charlie Brown. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc). Until Nov 11.

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber & his director, Trevor Nunn, play amiably at trains, & the roller-skaters—engines to you—flash up, down & round the theatre. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262).

Today

New play by Robert Holman. Directed by Bill Alexander; cast includes Roger Allam, Penny Downie, Polly James, Amanda Root & David Whittaker. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Tramway Road

New play by Ronald Harwood about an English expatriate couple trying to settle in Cape Town during the 1950s. With Freddie Jones & Annette Crosbie. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Nov 24.

Two into One

New farce by Ray Cooney, with Donald Sinden, Michael Williams & Lionel Jeffries. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

West Side Story

Bernstein's gang-war musical (Sondheim lyrics) returns as freshly as though the Sharks & the Jets had never been away. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 6606, cc 930 4025).

Wild Honey

Michael Frayn's version of Chekhov's earliest play has Ian McKellen as the womanizing schoolmaster, Platonov, endowed with an irresistible sense of wild comedy. Lyttelton.

Fringe box office

Booking facilities for over 50 fringe theatres. Duke of York's Theatre foyer, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (379 6002, cc).

CINEMA

GEORGE PERRY



Sam Waterston & Haing J. Ngor held at gunpoint in *The Killing Fields*: November 23.

IT IS A STRANGE EXPERIENCE to see a longtime colleague in journalism being portrayed by an actor in a film, but there depicted on the screen in *The Killing Fields*, where he is played by Julian Sands, is *Sunday Times* foreign writer Jon Swain, who was with Sydney Schanberg of *The New York Times* during the incarceration of foreign correspondents in the French Embassy, Phnom Penh, in 1975. The vivid picture the film paints of the dangers journalists can encounter abroad is as nothing compared with the brutality and horror shown inflicted on an innocent civilian population, and David Puttnam's courage in making it is to be applauded.

□ The British Film Institute's Video Club is now open to all. For a £15 annual fee, you can purchase any of 300 films, including old classics not available from high street video dealers. Inquiries to PO Box 100, Marlow, Bucks (0923 777730). Full membership of the BFI costs £8.30 a year (plus £7.50 for the video club if required). The Institute also provides members with a useful Search and Find service for any film that has been released on video in the United Kingdom, and a book society offering books on film subjects. Information about Institute membership from the BFI at 81 Dean Street, W1V 6AA (437 4355).

□ Meanwhile, Britain's cinemas continue their inexorable decline. At the end of 1983 there were 1,303 screens on some 800 sites, a drop of 9 per cent on the previous year. Overall admissions had dropped to 64 million (in 1946 there were 1,635 million admissions, which puts four decades of social change in perspective). The dearth of cinemas means that almost every film released in Britain fails even to recoup its advertising costs.

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

Annie's Coming Out (PG)

Australian film in which Angela Punch McGregor plays a psychiatric worker at a home for the mentally handicapped. She befriends a patient with cerebral palsy & embarks on a court case to obtain permission to remove her from the home. Opens Nov 23.

Hamsin (not yet certificated)

Daniel Wachsmann's film looks at the change in relationships between Jews & Arabs when a new land act in the 1940s gave the Jews a lot of land held by the Arabs. Opens Nov 9.

The Highest Honour (15)

A true story of the Second World War in the Far East, in which a motley group of Australian & British soldiers harass the Japanese after the invasion of Singapore. They are captured, imprisoned &, because their fighting has been brave & honourable, are given death sentences by beheading—an alleged compliment. A friendship develops between the Australian leader (John Howard) & the Japanese interpreter (Atsuo Nakamura). Inevitably to be compared with *Merry Christmas, Mr Lawrence*, this film, directed by Peter Maxwell in association with Seiji Maruyama, favours a more direct approach, & is the better for it.

The Killing Fields (not yet certificated)

As a journalist covering the rise of the Khmer Rouge & overthrow of Lon Nol in Cambodia in the mid 1970s, Sydney Schanberg was a helpless witness to the seizure of his interpreter, assistant & close friend, Dith Pran, whom he knew would be sen-

tenced to forced labour & political re-education. Schanberg, expelled, returned to *The New York Times* where he won the Pulitzer Prize & other awards for his reporting, yet never stopped agonizing over the fate of his former colleague. *The Killing Fields* is David Puttnam's film of Schanberg's book—a moving, horrific account of friendship amid the Cambodian nightmare.

The film succeeds simply as a statement of the heroic power of such a basic human emotion, but what etches it indelibly on the mind is the extraordinary strength of its depiction of war—the sudden arbitrariness of death, the destruction of an entire society &, above all, the gut-wrenching, inescapable ache of fear.

Puttnam selected Roland Joffé to direct the film, Bruce Robinson to write it & Sam Waterston to play the leading role. Thailand provided the settings, Chris Menges the cinematography, Roy Walker the production design. Together they, & the rest of the team, have produced an outstanding & realistic war film. *The Killing Fields* repudiates those who have lost faith in the ability of contemporary cinema to jolt the sensibilities. Opens Nov 23.

Moscow on the Hudson (15)

Robin Williams plays a Russian circus musician on an official visit to New York with the company who decides to defect during a last-minute shopping spree in Bloomingdale's. Paul Mazursky's film is a comedy with a raw edge. The grimness of Soviet life is ladled on in a manner too heavy-handed to be regarded as satirical, & the latter stages of the film descend into a patriotic flag-waving session of a kind we have not seen since the 40s. Nevertheless, the plight of the defector is vividly portrayed, & his relationship with an Italian shopgirl (Maria Conchita Alonso) & a black security officer (Cleavon Derrick) is amusingly handled. It is certainly Robin Williams's most satisfying screen performance to date.

1984 (15)

Michael Radford's screenplay respects Orwell's original perhaps slightly too zealously, presenting the bleakest of bleak futures, with not a redeeming moment of lightness. Visually the film is a triumph, photographed in a dingy, low-key colour, with drabness & decay filling every corner of the screen. Orwell's *1984* is really 1948 advanced several stages into a nightmare; a metaphor for what was already going on in parts of Europe, and has since become commonplace elsewhere. The producer, Simon Perry, & director, Michael Radford, have avoided any hint of science-fiction advanced technology; the computers here look like 40s wirelesses, with valves & metal telephone dials, while such transport that exists on Airstrip One consists of dirty steam engines & tired, broken carriages jammed with people in drab overalls. John Hurt was born to play Winston Smith, & provides the definitive version, while Richard Burton, in a surprisingly low-key mode, gives his last film part a satisfying authority. Suzanna Hamilton & Cyril Cusack are also excellently Orwellian. It is gratifying that this seminal post-war book should have had such a fine film made from it in the appropriate year.

A Private Function (not yet certificated)

Alan Bennett's screenplay concerns the attempts by local councillors to fatten a pig & throw a party for the 1947 Royal Wedding, in spite of rationing & austerity. With Michael Palin, Maggie Smith & Den-

holm Elliott. Opens Nov 22. Royal charity première in the presence of Princess Anne in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1. Nov 21.

Private Life (PG)

Russian film, directed by Yuli Raizman, about a man so involved with his work that he hardly knows his wife & children. When he is made redundant they all have to adjust to the new situation. Opens Nov 2.

Red Dawn (15)

We have noted before that John Milius has moved on to a limb of American right-wing cinema. His new film begins with a terse series of captions outlining the Milius scenario of a Third World War, & then moves to a small, all-American town nestling in the foothills of the Rockies. A high school lesson is interrupted by the arrival of descending paratroopers who turn out to be invaders from Nicaragua, Cuba & Moscow. Some of the kids escape to the mountains where as the months pass they become a formidable partisan army, living off the land & ambushing convoys with pragmatic skill. The thesis appears to be that inside every American boy there lurks something of the spirit of Daniel Boone, & that these children will defend their homeland with the fervour of great patriots.

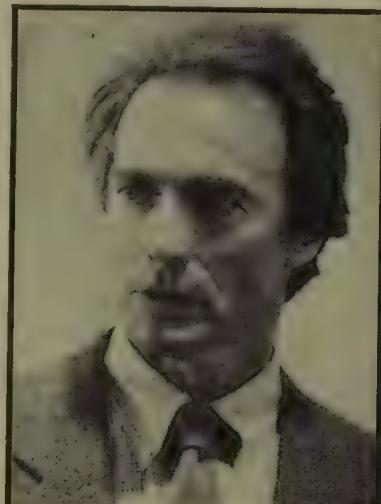
The parallels with occupied Europe in the 1940s are not disguised. Radio Free America broadcasts gnomic coded messages to the resistance, a line of hostages defiantly sings "America the Beautiful" before being mown down into an open grave, others die bravely behind the barbed wire of concentration camps. Milius aims to shock by showing such familiar cinematic horrors in a setting as American as whipped cream & blueberry muffins. The battles are superbly staged & the military hardware is convincing. But the film is a curious hybrid, as though Rossellini's *Open City* has been remade in the idiom of *Davy Crockett*. The arrival of this film in election year in America, where it has enjoyed a huge success throughout the summer, would seem to confirm another four years of Hollywood representation in the White House. Opens Nov 9.

Strikebound (PG)

Australian film, directed by Richard Lowenstein, about the first Australian "stay-in" in a coal mine during the 1930s. Chris Haywood & Carol Burns play the young couple who organize it. Opens Nov 1.

Tightrope (18)

Clint Eastwood plays a New Orleans detective investigating a series of murders of prostitutes. A single parent, with two young



Clint Eastwood in *Tightrope*: November 2.



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daughters, he is a deeply troubled figure, & his involvement with the investigation draws him into liaisons with women who become the killer's victims. Aware that he is being shadowed & that his own children are at risk, he fights manically to unmask & eliminate the clever adversary.

Genevieve Bujold plays a tough feminist, the director of a women's anti-rape training centre—not the most sympathetic part, but she gives it both warmth & intelligence, making the attraction between her & the lonely policeman completely credible.

For Eastwood, directed here by Richard Tuggle, who wrote the screenplay, the move from the steely invulnerability of the Dirty Harry characterization to the flawed man portrayed here comes at a timely moment. He is a gaunt, worried-looking figure, racked with inner pain. It is a much more interesting, textured performance than Eastwood normally gives. Opens Nov 2.

ALSO SHOWING

Baby It's You (15)

Rosanna Arquette plays a high-flying schoolgirl attracted to a sleek-haired, aspiring singer, played with considerable skill by Vincent Spano. John Sayles effectively captures the atmosphere of the 1960s.

Best Revenge (18)

John Heard & Levon Helm play two small-time American crooks reluctantly involved in drug smuggling & gangland double-dealing.

Bolero (18)

New film from John Derek with his wife, Bo, as a young heiress leaving America to seek love in the desert.

The Bostonians (PG)

Beautifully photographed adaptation of a Henry James novel set in Boston in the 1870s. Madeleine Potter plays a young pioneer of female emancipation, Vanessa Redgrave is her older mentor & Christopher Reeve plays a Southern lawyer in love with the younger woman.

The Bounty (15)

Though Anthony Hopkins's edgy, ambitious Captain Bligh has plenty of fine shading, Roger Donaldson's film is still a glamorized view of life in the 18th-century Royal Navy.

Cal (15)

Outstanding performance by Helen Mirren in a brief & doomed romance between a Catholic youth & a widow in strife-torn Northern Ireland. Pat O'Connor's film does not sugar the pill, but deals directly with the problems while giving a feeling of authenticity to settings & situations.

Comfort & Joy (PG)

Bill Forsyth's new film has Bill Paterson, splendidly deadpan, as a local-radio disc jockey who becomes involved in a Mafia-style gang battle between two rival factions of Glasgow ice-cream van owners.

Conan the Destroyer (15)

Arnold Schwarzenegger returns as the mythical hero now in search of a magical jewel which will restore life to his loved one. Directed by Richard Fleischer.

Dreamscape (15)

Dennis Quaid plays a researcher into dreams who tries to foil the plans of a mysterious government agency aiming to kill the President of the United States by using dream power.

Electric Dreams (PG)

An amiable & original comedy about a shy young architect (Lenny Von Dohlen) who buys a home microcomputer. The machine becomes jealous when he falls in love with the girl musician upstairs.

Forever Young (15)

The coming together in later life of two men who had been inseparable youths, the cause of whose original estrangement is seen in flashbacks. David Drury's film shows witty regard for rock-&-roll buffery, but the plot is thin.

The Hit (18)

Odd sort of thriller from Stephen Frears, in which John Hurt plays hard hitman to Terence Stamp's cool & unnerving victim. Locations in Spain are

well exploited, though Hurt's villain is less than convincing.

Metropolis (PG)

Hand-tinted re-issue of Fritz Lang's 1927 totalitarian allegory set in a futuristic city-factory.

The Natural (PG)

Robert Redford plays a former baseball star making a heroic comeback in spite of a blonde temptress sent to lure him astray.

Once Upon a Time in America (18)

Sergio Leone's four-hour epic about East-side Jewish immigrants is an enthralling tapestry. Robert de Niro plays an elderly gangster looking back on his life & Elizabeth McGovern is the principal love of his life.

Paris Texas (PG)

A vivid, absorbing, though slightly over-long account by Wim Wenders of a man (played by Harry Dean Stanton) who emerges from the desert to claim his son, now adopted by Stanton's brother & his wife.

The Philadelphia Experiment (PG)

Stewart Raffill's film is a science-fiction adventure involving the crew of a ship which disappeared into a "hole in time" in 1943 during an anti-radar experiment, reappearing in 1984.

Romancing the Stone (PG)

Kathleen Turner plays a romantic novelist suddenly caught up in a hair-raising attempt to rescue her sister from Colombian kidnappers.

Rope (PG)

Hitchcock's 1948 exercise in technical virtuosity is taken from a Patrick Hamilton play. John Dall & Farley Granger play two young men who murder a third; James Stewart is their old college tutor who realizes what they have done & summons the police.

Stranger than Paradise (15)

Jim Jarmusch's film is about a Hungarian immigrant to New York, his best friend & a young girl cousin recently arrived from Hungary.

Streets of Fire (15)

In his latest film, weak on story but strong on style, Walter Hill has created an extraordinary, sleazy, urban underbelly in which gangs face one another & heroes emerge like Homeric figures.

This is Spinal Tap (15)

A hilarious mock-documentary, purporting to be the *vérité* record of an American tour by a British rock group. Directed by Rob Reiner, it is a witty, well observed send-up.

Unfaithfully Yours (15)

Remake of the 1948 satirical comedy, without much satire or subtlety. Dudley Moore plays a conductor who fantasizes about ways to kill his supposedly unfaithful wife, Nastassja Kinski. Howard Zieff directs.

Where the Green Ants Dream (15)

Werner Herzog has directed a film about the aborigines of Australia & their battle with uranium miners who want their homelands.

Woman in Flames (18)

Gudrun Landgrebe plays a middle-class prostitute whose new-found independence is threatened by her relationship with an aging bisexual (Mathieu Carrière). Robert Van Ackeren's film attacks its seedy subject matter with Teutonic zeal & absence of passion.

The Woman in Red (15)

Gene Wilder's new comedy is a lumbering, unsubtle work. Wilder plays a timid city official who becomes infatuated with a beautiful model & has adventures trying to gain her sexual favours.

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition, but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

28th London Film Festival

Nov 15-Dec 2. Over 120 films from 40 countries shown in eight different venues. Information from National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3232).

Woody Allen Retrospective

Nov 9-30. Britain's first retrospective of the work of American film-maker, writer & actor Woody Allen includes all 13 films that he has directed since 1969, as well as those in which he has been writer & actor. Barbican Cinema, Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). £3, OAPs & children £1.50.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

MARGARET DAVIES

THE PATRON SAINT of music and musicians will be twice feted in London this year. The Royal Concert marking the Festival of Saint Cecilia, which is organized annually by the Musicians Benevolent Fund, will be held at the Albert Hall on November 21. Under the direction of Sir David Willcocks, a choir and orchestra of more than 900 performers, drawn from the five London music schools and the Royal Military School of Music, will perform works by Handel, including Coronation Anthems and *Messiah* Part III. The soloists will be Kiri te Kanawa, Janet Baker, Nicolai Gedda and John Shirley Quirk.

On St Cecilia's Day, November 22, the Brompton Choral Society and the London Bach Orchestra will perform music by Purcell and give the first London performance of Jonathan Willcocks's "Voices of Time".

□ Jane Glover, who has this season become the new Artistic Director of the London Mozart Players in succession to Harry Blech, has devised 10 concerts under the title "Mozart Explored" which continue at the South Bank until May 15. Each programme explores a particular aspect of Mozart's life and works. This month's themes are "Precocious Childhood" (November 7) and "The Church and the Stage: Italy and its Influence" (November 28). In each concert the works are linked by contemporary readings, largely the composer's own letters.

□ The Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields celebrates its 25th anniversary with a series of concerts at the South Bank starting on November 28. The Academy was founded in 1959 by a group of London's leading orchestral players, among them Neville Marriner, its present Artistic Director, and first performed in the 18th-century church of St Martin-in-the-Fields. It has built up a worldwide reputation for the refinement of its playing and has made more than 300 recordings of music ranging from the 17th to the 20th century. The jubilee season will also commemorate next year's 300th anniversary of the births of Bach and Handel.

□ Six young musicians will be launched by the newly formed Young Concert Artists Trust in presentation concerts to be given in London, Edinburgh and Manchester in the coming months, beginning at the Purcell Room on November 7 and December 12. The aim of the Trust is to provide management and guidance to young artists at the beginning of their careers as well as opportunities for performance.

CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Nov 21, 8pm. **Royal Concert**. See introduction.

Nov 25, 7.30pm. **Royal College of Music Symphony & Choir, Bach Choir, Cambridge University Musical Society Chorus**, conductor Willcocks:

Eiddwen Harrhy, soprano; Catherine Wyn-Rogers, contralto; David Johnston, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass. Verdi, Requiem.

BARBIAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Nov 1, 1pm. **Orchestra of St John's Smith Square**, conductor Lubbock; Dorothy Tutin, speaker. Walton, Façade Suites Nos 1 & 2.

Nov 4, 7.45pm. **Ghena Dimitrova**, soprano; **Leone Magiera**, piano. Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Puccini, arias.

Nov 6, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Berglund; Boris Belkin, violin. Verdi, Overture La forza del destino; Brahms, Violin Concerto; Sibelius, Symphony No 1.

Nov 7, 7.45pm. **City of London Sinfonia, London Symphony Chorus**, conductor Hickox; Felicity Lott, soprano; Anne Howells, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass; Alastair Ross, organ. Handel, Zadok the Priest, My Heart is Inditing, Organ Concerto in F (The Cuckoo & the Nightingale); Haydn, Nelson Mass.

Nov 9, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**: Yehudi Menuhin, conductor & violin; Josef Fröhlich, violin; Paul Coker, piano. Mozart, Concerto in C K190, Piano Concerto No 20, Symphony No 35 (Haffner).

Nov 10, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Bernard; Anthony Goldstone, piano. Mendelssohn, Overture The Hebrides (Fingal's Cave); Albinoni, Adagio; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Schubert, Symphony No 9 (Great).

Nov 11, 7.30pm. **Gabrieli String Quartet**; Peter Frankl, piano; Jack Brymer, clarinet; Adrian

Beers, double bass. Mahler, Piano Quartet in A minor; Mozart, Clarinet Quintet in A K581; Schubert, Piano Quintet in A (The Trout).

Nov 13, 7.45pm. **Philip Jones Brass Ensemble**. Handel, The Water Music Suite; Arnold, Symphony for Brass Op 123; Saint-Saëns, Carnival of the Animals.

Nov 15, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Bernard; Pierre Amoyal, violin. Rossini, Overture William Tell; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto; Dvořák, Symphony No 9 (From the New World).

Nov 16, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Leppard; John Williams, guitar. Respighi, Three Botticelli Pictures; Bach/Williams, Guitar Concerto in E; Rodrigo, Fantasia para un gentilhombre; Ravel, Le Tombeau de Couperin.

Nov 18, 7.30pm. **Pinchas Zukerman**, violin; **Marc Neikrug**, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas in E flat Op 12 No 3, in F Op 24 No 5 (Spring), in G Op 96 No 10.

Nov 20, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Boulez; Pinchas Zukerman, violin. Rossini, Overture L'Italiana in Algeri; Dvořák, Serenade in D minor Op 44; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons.

Nov 23, 1pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Kraemer; Lorraine McAslan, violin. Mendelssohn, Overture The Hebrides; Saint-Saëns, Introduction & Rondo Capriccioso Op 28; Tchaikovsky, Serenade for Strings.

Nov 24, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Harvey; Erich Grunberg, violin. Rossini, Overture The Thieving Magpie; Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Bruch, Violin Concerto No 1; Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral).

Nov 25, 7.30pm. **Hallé Orchestra**, conductor Skrowaczewski; Wanda Wilkomirska, violin. R. Strauss, Don Juan; Szymonowski, Violin Con-



Celebration and exploration: Neville Marriner and Jane Glover, see introduction.



certo No 1; Beethoven, Symphony No 7.

Nov 27, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Boulez; Jessye Norman, soprano. Boulez, Livre pour cordes; Wagner, Wesendonck Lieder; Berg, Seven early songs; Bartók, The Mandarin.

Nov 28, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**: Philip Ledger, conductor & harpsichord. Julian Lloyd Webber, cello; José-Luis García, violin; William Bennett, Paul Davies, flutes; Neil Black, oboe. Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos 4 & 5. Concerto for oboe & violin in D BWV1060; Haydn, Cello Concerto in C.

Nov 30, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Ledger; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, narrator; Fiona Kimm, Mary; William Shimell, Joseph; Richard Van Allan, Herod; David Thomas, Polydorus; Donald Stephenson, Centurion. Berlioz, L'enfance du Christ.

Preludes Op 28; Debussy, Estampes; Stravinsky, Agostin, Danse infernale, Berceuse & Finale from The Firebird.

Nov 29, 7pm. **City of London Sinfonia, St George's Chapel Choir, Windsor Castle**, conductor Robinson; Lynda Russell, soprano; Michael Chance, counter-tenor; John Graham Hall, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, bass. Handel, Messiah.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

(FH = Festival Hall, EH = Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR = Purcell Room)

Nov 1, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**; Vladimir Ashkenazy, conductor & piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat K271; Dvořák, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). FH.

Nov 2, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Pritchard; Josephine Barstow, soprano. Tippett, Praeludium, Shires Suite; Bainbridge, Fantasia for Double Orchestra; Britten, Les Illuminations. FH.

Nov 4, 3pm. **Chilingirian String Quartet**. Mozart, Quartet in D K499 (The Hofmeister); Bartók, Quartet No 6; Schubert, Quartet in G D887. EH.

Nov 5, 7.30pm. **Maurizio Pollini**, piano. Schumann, Allegro in B minor Op 8; Davidsbündlertänze Op 6; Chopin, Scherzo No 1 in B minor Op 20, Two Nocturnes Op 27, Ballade No 1 in G minor Op 23. FH.

Nov 5, 7.45pm. **The London Sinfonietta**, conductor Masson; Linda Hirst, mezzo-soprano; Neil Jenkins, tenor. Müller-Siemens, Febel, Reimann, Von Bose, Rihm. (Pre-concert talk on The Younger Generation of German Composers by Robert Saxton. 6.15pm.) EH.

Nov 6, 5.45pm. **Gaston Litaize**, organ. Couperin, Daquin, Franck, Vierne. FH.

Nov 6, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Sanderling; Bernard d'Ascoli, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 1; Bruckner, Symphony No 4. FH.

Nov 7, 7.45pm. **London Mozart Players**, conductor Kraemer; Deborah Rees, soprano; Paul Elliott, tenor; David Thomas, bass-baritone. Mozart, Sinfonias Nos 4 & 6, Bastien and Bastienne K50; Bach, Sinfonia in G minor Op 6 No 6; Leopold Mozart, Sinfonia in B flat for strings. EH.

Nov 8, 7.45pm. **Philip Fowke**, piano. Bach/Busoni, Chaconne; Schumann, Carnival Op 9; Liszt, Italie (Années de Pélerinage). EH.

Nov 9, 7.30pm. **Joachim Ticec**, piano. Scarlatti, Three Sonatas; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat Op 26; Chopin, Ballade in G minor Op 23, Scherzo in B flat minor Op 31; Liszt, Polonaise No 2. PR.

Nov 10, 7.45pm. **London Bach Orchestra, City of London Choir**, conductor Cashmore; Penelope Walmley-Clark, soprano; Susan Mason, contralto; Peter Broder, tenor; William Shimell, baritone; John Birch, organ. Dvořák, Mass in D; Kodály, Te Deum; Fauré, Requiem. EH.

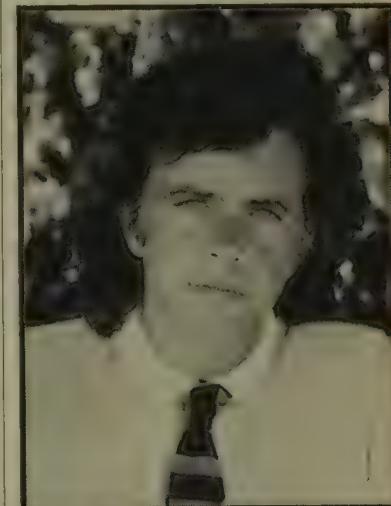
Nov 11, 7.30pm. **City of London Sinfonia**, conductor Hickox; Eli Eban, clarinet; John Bingham, piano. Mozart, Overture The Marriage of Figaro. Clarinet Concerto, Piano Concerto in A K488, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter). FH.

POPULAR MUSIC

DEREK JEWELL

Albert Hall (589 8212) with the faithful for the three nights of November 18-20. However, I do hope that her shows are more adventurous than those of the last five years. Every time I have seen her she has tended to fall back with a thump upon "Big Spender", "Goldfinger", "I Who Have Nothing" and other well-worn hits. No one appears to have given her a decent new song for years.

Although he is not my cup of tea, **Barry Manilow** will expect to do even better in terms of crowd-pulling by cramming 12,000 people into Wembley Arena (902 1234) for



David Essex: on tour from November 18.

those same three nights—which he follows up with three nights at Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre (021-780 2516) on November 22-24. The problem with Manilow is not that he has no new songs, but that most of them are of such indifferent quality. However his fans will not give a twopenny cuss about what I think.

Important, too, and much more to my taste, is the tour of **David Essex**, which comes to the Fairfield Hall, Croydon (688 9291) on November 18, Bletchley Leisure Centre, Milton Keynes (0908 77251) on November 25, and the Dome, Brighton (0273 202881) on November 28 before it hits Hammersmith Odeon (748 4081) on December 1, 2. It is likely to be more theatrical than other Essex concert tours, and that's not surprising for the singer expects to bring his *Mutiny on the Bounty* to the London stage early next year with himself as Fletcher Christian, Frank Finlay as Captain Bligh and Victor Spinetti as the Master.

One of my favourite solo singers, **Don McLean**, whose "American Pie" was a marvellous hit a decade or more ago, is at the Barbican (628 8795) on November 19, while that very good disco-funk band **Shakatak** will be running around the country from November 3. Their London dates take in the Fairfield Hall at Croydon on November 11 and the Hammersmith Odeon on November 24; they are good but they, too, when I last saw them, seemed in need of some good new material; maybe they have it by now.

Elkie Brooks continues a mammoth tour and is within striking distance of London on October 31 at the Guildhall, Portsmouth (0705 824355), the Gaumont Theatre, Southampton (0703 29772) on November 1 and the Winter Garden, Bournemouth (0202 296646) on November 2. Finally, if country music is to your taste, you can catch **Loudon Wainwright III** at the Dominion Theatre (580 9562) on November 17.

Nov 12, 7.30pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, **London Choral Society**, conductor Glover; Felicity Lott, soprano; Carolyn Watkinson, contralto; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Willard White, bass. Bach, Mass in B minor. *FH*.

Nov 13, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Thomas; Yefim Bronfman, piano. Stravinsky, Fireworks, The Firebird (complete); Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2. *FH*.

Nov 14, 5.45pm. **Wolfgang Stockmeier**, organ. Krebs, Grainger/Stockmeier, Parry/Stockmeier. *FH*.

Nov 14, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Berglund; Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Paul Tortelier, cello. Holst, Prelude & Scherzo Hammersmith; Brahms, Concerto for violin & cello; Elgar, Symphony No 1. *FH*.

Nov 16, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Zender; Jeanne Loriod, oboe/martenot; Peter Donohoe, piano. Höller, Schwarze Halbinseln; Messiaen, Turangalila Symphony. *FH*.

Nov 17, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, Royal Choral Society, conductor M. Davies; Jill Gomez, soprano; Margaret Cable, contralto; Michael Rippon, baritone. Bach/Holst, Fugue à la gigue; Elgar, Sea Pictures; Holst, Hymn of Jesus; Delius, Requiem. *FH*.

Nov 18, 3.15pm. **Amadeus String Quartet**. Beethoven, Quartets in C minor Op 18 No 4, in F Op 135, in E minor Op 59 No 2 (Rasumovsky). *FH*.

Nov 19, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Temirkanov; Salvatore Accardo, violin. Prokofiev, Lieutenant Kijé; Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto; Elgar, Enigma Variations. *FH*.

Nov 19, 7.45pm. **Peter Donohoe**, piano. Debussy, Beethoven, Chopin. *EH*.

Nov 20, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Haitink; Itzhak Perlman, violin. Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on a theme of Thomas Tallis; Britten, Sinfonia da Requiem; Elgar, Violin Concerto. *FH*.

Nov 20, 7.30pm. **Virginia Pleasants**, fortepiano. W. F. Bach. *PR*.

Nov 21, 5.45pm. **Peter Planyavsky**, organ. Planavsky, Hummel, Rieder, Heiller, Reimann. *FH*.

Nov 21, 7.45pm. **Monteverdi Choir & Orchestra**, conductor Gardiner; Diana Montague, soprano; Malcolm King, bass. Rossini, Stabat Mater; Verdi, Four Sacred Pieces. *EH*.

Nov 22, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Haitink; Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Stravinsky, Jeu de cartes; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 4; Shostakovich, Symphony No 6. *FH*.

Nov 22, 7.45pm. **London Bach Orchestra**, Brompton Choral Society, conductor Cashmore; Helen Kucharek, Lorna Anderson, sopranos; Ashley Stafford, Simon Hill, counter-tenors; Peter Hall, tenor; Nigel Beavan, Mark Peterson, basses. Purcell, Te Deum, Ode on St Cecilia's Day; Jonathan Willcocks, Voices of Time. *EH*.

Nov 23, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Sinopoli; Gidon Kremer, violin. Wagner, Overture Tannhäuser; Berg, Violin Concerto; Schubert, Symphony No 9 (Great). *FH*.

Nov 23, 7.45pm. **London Bach Orchestra**; Simon Preston, director, harpsichord & organ. Handel, Corelli, Vivaldi, Bach. *EH*.

Nov 24, 7pm. **English Baroque Orchestra**, London Oriana Choir, conductor Lovett; Helen Field, soprano; Penelope Walker, contralto; Neil Mackie, tenor; Peter Savidge, bass. Bach, Christmas Oratorio. *FH*.

Nov 26, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Sinopoli; Lucia Popp, soprano; Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo-soprano. Mahler, Symphony No 2 (Resurrection). *FH*.

Nov 26, 7.30pm. **Patricia Wright**, soprano; Piers Lane, piano. Purcell, Menotti, Kabalevsky, Prokofiev, Marx, Barber, Wolf, Ravel, Turina. *PR*.

Nov 27, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir (Ladies)**, conductor Haitink. Elgar, Introduction & Allegro; Prokofiev, The Love of Three Oranges Suite; Vaughan Williams, Sinfonia Antarctica. *FH*.

Nov 28, 5.45pm. **Odile Pierre**, organ. Boëly, Franck, Guilmant, Vierne, Widor, Dupré. *FH*.

Nov 28, 7.30pm. **Academy & Chorus of St Martin-in-the-Fields**, conductor Marriner. Rossini, Overture The Silken Ladder; Wagner, Siegfried Idyll; Mozart, Symphony No 35 (Haffner); Bach, Cantata No 50 Nun ist das Heil und die Kraft; Tippett,

Fantasia Concertante on a theme of Corelli; Handel, Coronation Anthem (The King Shall Rejoice). *FH*.

Nov 28, 7.45pm. **London Mozart Players**, conductor Glover; Eiddwen Harrhy & Marie Slorach, sopranos. Mozart, Symphonies No 10 in G K74, No 13 in F K112, Concert aria Misero me misero pargoletto K77, Motet Exsultate jubilate K165, Overture, arias & duet from Mitridate Re di Ponto. *EH*.

Nov 29, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Weller; Paul Tortelier, cello. Scriabin, Poem of Ecstasy; Walton, Cello Concerto; Stravinsky, The Rite of Spring. *FH*.

Nov 30, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers**, conductor Pritchard; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Carolyn Watkinson, mezzo-soprano; Malwyn Davies, tenor; Michael George, bass. Mozart, Vesperae Solennes de Confessore K339; Bruckner, Symphony No 7. *FH*.

WIGMORE HALL

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Nov 1, 7.30pm. **Barbara Thornton**, voice, organ, symphony; **Benjamin Bagby**, voice, harp; **Margriet Tinendam**, fiddle, psaltery. Love & lamentation in medieval France: music from the noble courtly society of the Champagne & from the intellectual world of Paris in the 12th & 13th centuries.

Nov 3, 7.30pm. **András Schiff**, piano. Bach, The Goldberg Variations.

Nov 4, 11.30pm. **Susan Milan**, flute; **Marisa Robles**, harp. Debussy, Telemann, Fauré, Bochs, Jongen, Alwyn.

Nov 6, 8, 10, 7.30pm. **Hermann Prey**, baritone; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Schubert. Nov 6, Die schöne Müllerin; Nov 8, Die Winterreise; Nov 10, Schwanengesang.

Nov 11, 11.30pm. **The English Concert**; Trevor Pinnock, director & harpsichord; Simon Standage, violin. Albinoni, Concerto a cinque in E minor Op 5; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons.

Nov 11, 7.30pm. **Budapest Wind Ensemble**. J. C. Bach, Quintet in B; Mozart, Serenade in C minor K388; Mozart/Triebensee, Don Giovanni Harmonia music; Seiber, Serenade; Dvořák, Slavonic Dances Nos 9 & 15.

Nov 13, 7.30pm. **Melvyn Tan**, fortepiano. Schubert, Three Klavierstücke, Sonata No 20; Beethoven, Sonata in F minor Op 57 (Appassionata).

Nov 14, 7.30pm. **Medici String Quartet**; Michael Collins, clarinet. Haydn, Quartet in C Op 76 No 3 (The Emperor); Mozart, Quartet in C K465 (Dissonance); Brahms, Clarinet Quintet in B minor Op 115.

Nov 16, 17, 18, 2pm, 7pm. **Elisabeth Schwarzkopf**. Master classes for young professional singers.

Nov 20, 7.30pm. **Thomas Hampson**, baritone; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Scarlatti, Wolf, Strauss, Ravel, Barber, songs.

Nov 21, 7.30pm. **Tang Yun**, violin; **Craig Shepard**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata No 10; Prokofiev, Sonata in F minor Op 80; Ysaye, Solo Sonata Op 27 No 4; Chausson, Poème Op 25.

Nov 22, 7.30pm. **Borodin Piano Trio**; Rostislav Dubinsky, violin; Luba Edlina, piano; Yuli Turovsky, cello. Ravel, Dvořák, Arensky.

Nov 24, 7.45pm. **Nash Ensemble**; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Ian Brown, piano; David Purser, trombone. Berio, Sequenzas IV & V; Haydn, Piano Trio in E minor Hob XV:12; Rossini, Soirées musicales for voice & piano; Mendelssohn, Piano Quartet in B minor Op 3; Malipiero, Sonata à cinque for flute string trio & harp; Respighi, Deita Silvana for voice & piano.

Nov 25, 3.30pm. **Allegri String Quartet**; Rian de Waal, piano. Mozart, Quartet in D minor K421; Britten, Quartet No 2; Dvořák, Piano Quintet in A Op 81.

Nov 26, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone. A homage in words & song to Peter Pears, with the participation of Sir Peter Pears himself.

Nov 28, 7.30pm. **Medici String Quartet**; Christopher van Kampen, cello. Haydn, Quartet in D Op 76 No 5; Mozart, Quartet in G K387; Schubert, String Quintet in C D956.

Nov 30, 7.30pm. **Paragon Ensemble**; Linda Ortmann, mezzo-soprano. Mozart, Quintet in E flat K452; McGuire, New song cycle; Dorward, Wind Quintet; Ponchielli, Quartetto.

It is astounding how many artists whose careers stretch back 20, 30 or 40 years, or even more, are currently giving concerts—many in renaissance years after they vanished from public view. The durable talents of Shirley Bassey (scarcely a vanishing lady, however), Dizzy Gillespie, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and Arvell Shaw are among those on view in or around London in November.

And if the name of **Arvell Shaw** is unknown to you, then shame on you. He was playing on the Mississippi riverboats in the 1940s and appeared with Louis Armstrong's big band in 1945. He was already a celebrity among bass players when in 1956 Bing Crosby should have fixed his name in our memories by giving him particular credit in the roll-call of musicians who provided backing for the song "Now You Has Jazz" from the classic musical *High Society*.

Shaw, at all events, was the bassist most closely associated with Armstrong's famous All Stars of the 1950s and 60s, and now he is in Britain with a glowing show called "The Wonderful World of Louis Armstrong". A British trumpeter, **Keith Smith**, leads the band, which includes another former All Star, drummer **Barrett Deems**, now a sprightly 70, who has played with the bands of Joe Venuti, Red Norvo, Charlie Barnet and Muggsy Spanier, and also that superb pianist **Nat Pierce**, whose ability to encompass different styles has taken him down the years through bands as diverse as those of Woody Herman, Count Basie, Claude Thornhill and Quincy Jones. The good sounds of this Armstrong tribute can be heard at the 100 Club in Oxford Street (636 0933) on November 3 and at the Wimbledon Theatre (540 0362) on November 4 or you might just be in time to catch them at the Gordon Craig Theatre (0438 354568) in Stevenage on October 31.

As for November's other jazz attractions, you can hear **Dizzy Gillespie** for a fortnight at Ronnie Scott's club (439 0747) from November 26. The presence of Freddie Hubbard on the same bill at the recent Capital Music Festival seemed to inspire Gillespie to reach for the heights with his trumpet-playing instead of fooling around with vocals and conga drums as he has done a little too much in recent years. He is so good, so talented and such an experienced modern trumpet player that I want to hear him do that all the time. Before Gillespie hits the club those old faithfolds of the tenor saxophone **Eddie Davis** and **Johnny Griffin**, who rarely fail to give good value for money, are back at Scott's for a fortnight from October 29. And so is **Blossom Dearie**, that gentle and idiosyncratic singer of English songs, who was one of the earliest artists to play at Scott's in the 1960s. She will be there for a fortnight from November 12.

Highlights at the Pizza Express (439 8722) in Dean Street include the **Humphrey Lyttelton Band** on November 9 and the great American veteran alto saxist and composer **Benny Carter** on November 28, 29. He will be appearing with **Al Casey** on those nights plus the **Brian Dee Trio**, and Casey himself is due to play with fellow American **Kenny Davern** on November 22, 24. Another American star, **Benny Walters**, is featured on November 17, 30. Staying with the American flavour, **Dick Wellstood** is at Pizza on the Park (235 5550) on November 3, 5, 6. And on the bill for November 26 to December 1 pianist **Tony Lee** is paired with vibesman **Bill LeSage**.

Shirley Bassey will be expected to fill the

OPERA

MARGARET DAVIES

THE HANDEL OPERA season at Sadler's Wells Theatre marks the company's 30th anniversary and is a major contribution to this year's Handel in London festival. Two new productions will be shown. *Imeneo*, the story of an Athenian noblewoman and her two rival suitors, was Handel's penultimate opera, written in the shadow of financial collapse; it will be directed by Michael Rennison. *Radamisto*, a grand heroic piece in which the protagonist triumphs in both love and battle, inaugurated Handel's greatest period as an opera composer; it will be directed by Tom Hawkes. Both operas will be conducted by Charles Farncombe.

□ The following week at Sadler's Wells the London première of Krenek's 1920s jazz opera *Johnny strikes up* will be given by Opera North in conjunction with the New Opera Company.

□ Two major revivals of the month: at Covent Garden, *Boris Godunov*, in Andrei Tarkovsky's telling, spare production; at the Coliseum, *Rusalka*, staged by David Pountney as a Victorian adolescent's dream.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Madam Butterfly, conductor Robinson, with Janice Cairns as Butterfly, David Rendall as Pinkerton, Malcolm Donnelly as Sharpless, Della Jones as Suzuki. Nov 1, 7, 10, 14, 16.

Manon, conductor Lewis, with Frances Ginzer as Manon, Anthony Rolfe Johnson as des Grieux, Alan Opie as Lescaut. Nov 2.

Patience, conductor Morris, with Dinah Harris as Patience, Derek Hammond Stroud as Bunthorne, Alan Oke as Grosvenor, Anne Collins as Lady Jane. Nov 3, 9, 21, 27, 30.

Arabella, conductor Elder, with Josephine Barstow as Arabella, Neil Howlett as Mandryka, Nan Christie as Zdenka, Dennis Wicks as Count Waldner. Nov 8, 13, 17, 23.

Rusalka, conductor Elder, with Eileen Hannan as Rusalka, John Treleaven as the Prince, Ann Howard as Jezibaba. Nov 15, 20, 22, 26, 29.

Cosi fan tutte, conductor Robinson, with Felicity Lott as Fiordiligi, Jean Rigby as Dorabella, Meryl Drower as Despina, Adrian Martin as Ferrando, Christopher Booth-Jones as Guglielmo, Geoffrey Chard as Don Alfonso. Nov 24, 28.

HANDEL OPERA
Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc)

Imeneo. Oct 31. Nov 2, 7, 9. **Radamisto**. Nov 3, 6, 8, 10. See introduction.



Jonathan Sprague and Gillian Sullivan: in *Johnny strikes up* at Sadler's Wells.

OPERA NORTH—NEW OPERA COMPANY
Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Johnny strikes up, conductor Lloyd-Jones, with Penelope Mackay, Gillian Sullivan, Kenneth Woollam, Jonathan Sprague, Lyndon Terracini, Thomas Lawlor. Nov 14, 16, 17.

ROYAL OPERA
Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 240 1911).
Boris Godunov, conductor Lockhart, with Nicola Giuselev as Boris, Dimitri Kavrkos as Pimen.

Robert Tear as Shuisky, Mikhail Svetlev as Dmitry, Eva Randová as Maria. Nov 2, 7, 10, 12, 15, 19.

Carmen, conductor Delacôte, with Teresa Berganza as Carmen, José Carreras as Don José, Valerie Masterson as Micaela, Giorgio Zancanaro as Escamillo. Nov 3, 6, 9.

Don Giovanni, conductor Ostman, with Thomas Allen as Don Giovanni, John Tomlinson as Leporello, Stuart Burrows as Don Ottavio, Makvala Kasrashvili as Donna Anna, Barbara Daniels as Donna Elvira. Nov 16, 21, 26, 29.

Reviews

Turandot will remain for all time an enigma. Would Puccini, had he managed to complete the score, have been able to achieve the climactic duet that was to surpass anything he had previously written? His familiar theme of love culminating in death was here reversed, for it is through death that love is able to blossom—a distasteful concept in the cruelty of its execution. The characters & situation are also enigmatic, & the new Covent Garden production, which opened the season (having first been shown in Los Angeles in the summer), heightened the work's mystery by its masks & stylization, borrowed from the traditional theatres of Asia. Turandot was a white-masked figure, apparently neurotically afflicted by the dreadful fate of her ancestor, sung by Gwyneth Jones with implacable resolution & unfaltering power; her trance-like second-act entry in total silence was chillingly effective. Plácido Domingo's Calaf, though disguised behind heavy white make-up, was not short of vocal expression in his sometimes tense but always ardent singing; his plea for the life of the Prince of Persia was especially fine. There was much to admire in Colin Davis's account of Puccini's highly coloured score & in the singing of the largely static chorus, ranged in tiers on the balconies of Sally Jacobs's pagoda set. For the rest Andrei Serban's brimming production resembled non-stop revue, for there was hardly a moment when the eye was not occupied by dancers, cartwheeling ministers, an execution procession with giant whetstone & Liu's huge bird-bier passing across the stage—and unnecessarily returning to make a heavy point at the end.

ENO's first British staging of Janáček's **Osud** (Fate) was a visual *tour de force* in the way that David Pountney and his designer, Stefanos Lazaridis, staged the quasi-cinematic libretto on a revolve compartmented by transparent plastic sheets, thus enabling the disjointed, episodic scenes to flow without pause. Philip Langridge as the composer sang with feeling for Janáček's complex character, and Mark Elder's conducting caught the swift changes of mood in this brief, concentrated score.

BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW

SEVERAL PREMIERES to tempt us this month. On November 17 a new one-act work, *Young Apollo*, by David Bintley will be given at the Royal Opera House, his third for the company. It is set to Britten's Young Apollo Suite, and variations commissioned from Gordon Crosse, and has designs by Victor Pasmore. It is good to see major artists designing for ballet. Sometimes, as with Deanna Petherbridge's exquisite architectural backcloths for *A Broken Set of Rules*, their contribution can be the one that lives in the memory.

□ London Contemporary Dance's season at Sadler's Wells, from November 20 to December 8, includes two London premières—*Skylark* by Robert Cohan and *Rite Electrik* by Tom Jobe, both to music by Barrington Pheloung—and the company's first performance of Richard Alston's *Doublework*, to music by James Fulkerson.

□ The film of the Bolshoi's *Spartacus*, with the definitive cast of Vladimir Vasiliev, Natalia Bessmertnova, Maris Liepa and Nina Timofeyeva, may be seen in the Queen Elizabeth Hall on November 18 at 3pm. Though ballet translates only indifferently to the screen, this full-bloodied, unself-consciously melodramatic Grigorovich classic, danced to Khachaturian's schmaltzy score, is well worth a visit. Our chances of seeing the company live seem, at the moment, slim.

MARTHA BOWERS

Laban Centre, Goldsmiths' College, Lewisham Way, SE14 (691 5750/692 4070).

First UK performance by the American dancer whose work combines dance, improvisatory movement & theatre. Nov 28, 29.

PAUL CLAYDEN

Laban Centre, Goldsmiths' College.

Nettle City, a satirical look at city life through dance & visual imagery. Nov 8, 9.

DANCE UMBRELLA 84

Performances by various dance groups at The Place & Riverside Studios. Further information from Dance Umbrella, 581 5018.

SHOBANA JEYASINGH

Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

With vocal, drum & clarinet, a concert recital of **Bharatha Natyam**, the classical dance of Tamil Nadu, South India. Nov 16.



Jobe's *Rite Electrik*: première November 27.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Skylark, **Rite Electrik**, new works by Cohan & Jobe—see introduction—and the first London performance of Alston's *Doublework*; **No Man's Land**, **Esplanade**, **New Galileo**, **Run Like Thunder**, **Agora**, **Free Setting**. Nov 20-Dec 8.

LUDUS DANCE COMPANY

Laban Centre, Goldsmiths' College.

Paper Tiger, for 9-to 11-year-olds & for those who feel dance has a function beyond entertainment. Nov 19, 20.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 240 1911).

Birthday Offering, a grand classic by Ashton; **A Wedding Bouquet**, inspired by Gertrude Stein's play, this witty satire remains delightfully fresh; **Monotones II**, third in this Ashton quartet, is beautiful & abstract, & danced to Satie; the last scene of **Daphnis & Chloë** ends the evening. Nov 1. **Swan Lake**, the hardy perennial, here with additional choreography by Ashton & Nureyev & designs by Leslie Hurry. Nov 5, 8.

Varii Capricci, Ashton's witty curtesy to William Walton, whose score he uses, with a work set in the south of France—a kind of latter-day *Les Biches*; **Young Apollo**, see introduction; **Elite Syncopations**, MacMillan & Scott Joplin at play in a honky-tonk. Nov 17, 24, 27.

Raymonda Act III, Petipa classic re-created by Nureyev; **Young Apollo**, **Elite Syncopations**. Nov 22.

Mayerling, MacMillan's account of the corrupt court of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor Franz Joseph & the events which led to the shooting of Crown Prince Rudolf in 1889. Nov 28, 30.

Out of town

BALLET RAMBERT

Wildlife, **Intimate Pages**, **Entre Dos Aguas**, new Bruce ballet, **Voices & Light Footsteps**, **Death & the Maiden**.

Theatre Royal, Bath (0225 65065), Nov 13-17. Theatre Royal, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (0632 322061), Nov 20-24.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

New work by Jobe/New Galileo/new work by Cohan; **Run Like Thunder**/Doublework/Agora. Gaumont, Southampton (0703 29772). Nov 6-10.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET
The Sleeping Beauty, new production by Peter Wright, designer Philip Prowse; **The Dream/Petrushka/Façade**.

Empire, Liverpool (051-709 1555, cc 051-709 8070). Oct 29-Nov 3.

Apollo, Oxford (0865 44544). Nov 5-10.

Palace, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). Nov 12-17.

The Sleeping Beauty; **Concerto/The Dream/Façade**.

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351), Nov 19-24. Congress Theatre, Eastbourne (0323 36363). Nov 26-Dec 1.

SCOTTISH BALLET

Cinderella, Darrel's production to Rossini's score. His Majesty's, Aberdeen (0224 638080). Oct 31-Nov 3.

Films

BOLSHOI BALLET

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Spartacus. See introduction. Nov 18, 3pm.

ROYAL BALLET

Romeo & Juliet, with Fonteyn, Nureyev, Blair, Somes. Nov 25, 7.15pm.

FRANK KEATING

AFTER THEIR lamentable performances in recent rugby union internationals the last thing the respective XV's of England and Ireland needed was to meet the vibrant Australian Wallabies' touring side so early in the new season. Shell-shock needs rest and recuperation, not another posting to the front line. The quaking English settle behind their sandbags once again at Twickenham on November 3, and the Irish at Lansdowne Road on the following Saturday.

In the summer Ireland sacked their coach, McBride; England's coach, Greenwood, must surely have considered resignation after his team's wholesale slaughter on tour in South Africa. He survives, but can view the arrival of the Australians with no relish, for they are hot from a vigorous, combative series with the world-champion All Blacks from New Zealand, which they could have won if, with the very last kick of the rubber, a drop goal attempt by their outstanding back, Mark Ella, had not curled wide of a post. Australian tourists in Britain are uncompromising, competitive and fast of foot and temper. The English will have to tackle like furies—which aspect of their game in South Africa, by all accounts, resembled that of netball-playing, pat-a-cake-palmed schoolgirls. Like the Irish they go into the match knowing their reputations can scarcely get worse.

HIGHLIGHTS

ATHLETICS

Nov 17. Open meeting, Cosford, nr Wolverhampton, W Midlands.

BADMINTON

Oct 29-Nov 3. SKC tour: England v Korea: Oct 29, Farnborough, Hants; Oct 31, Mansfield, Notts; Nov 1, Darlington, Durham; Nov 3, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Nov 13-20. England v China: Nov 13, Leeds, W Yorks; Nov 15, Altrincham, Greater Manchester; Nov 16, Coventry, W Midlands; Nov 17, Gloucester; Nov 19, Bournemouth, Dorset; Nov 20, Woking, Surrey.

Oddly enough, although this British game has its roots in the East—the first rules were drawn up at Poona in the mid-1870s—the Koreans & Chinese were among the last to take it up on a large scale, whereas in neighbouring Indonesia & Malaysia it ranks as probably the most popular indoor sport. This month's tour will give a fillip not only to the marvellous pastime of the English provinces, but also to the game in Korea & China, where every point will be closely scrutinized.

FOOTBALL

London home matches:

Arsenal v Aston Villa, Nov 10; v Queen's Park Rangers, Nov 17.

Brentford v Lincoln City, Nov 10.

Charlton Athletic v Leeds United, Nov 3; v Birmingham City, Nov 17; v Carlisle United, Nov 30.

Chelsea v Coventry City, Nov 3; v West Bromwich Albion, Nov 17.

Crystal Palace v Shrewsbury Town, Nov 6; v Huddersfield Town, Nov 10; v Oldham Athletic, Nov 25.

Fulham v Wimbledon, Nov 10; v Wolverhampton Wanderers, Nov 24.

Millwall v Preston North End, Nov 10; v Burnley, Nov 30.

Orient v Walsall, Nov 3; v Hull City, Nov 10; v Bristol Rovers, Nov 30.

Queen's Park Rangers v Sheffield Wednesday, Nov 10; v Aston Villa, Nov 24.

Tottenham Hotspur v West Bromwich Albion, Nov 3; v Chelsea, Nov 24.

Watford v Sunderland, Nov 10; v Sheffield Wednesday, Nov 17.

West Ham United v Everton, Nov 10; v Sunderland, Nov 17.

Wimbledon v Crystal Palace, Nov 4; v Grimsby Town, Nov 24.

GYMNASIACS

Oct 31, Nov 1, 3, 4. Daily Mirror/USSR Gymnastics & Sports Acrobatics Display Teams' visit, Wembley Arena, Middx.

HORSE RACING

Nov 3. Holsten Diat Pils Hurdle, Sandown Park. Nov 10. Mackeson Gold Cup, Cheltenham.

Nov 10. William Hill November Handicap, Doncaster.

Nov 17. "Fighting Fifth" Hurdle, Newcastle.

Nov 24. Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup, Newbury.

ICE SKATING

Nov 16. Tuborg Ice Dance Championships of Great

Britain, Nottingham.

Nov 27, 28. Tuborg Ice Figure Championships of Great Britain, Richmond Ice Rink, Twickenham, Middx.

MOTOR SPORT

Nov 4. London to Brighton Veteran Car Run, start 8am, Hyde Park Corner, SW1, finish Marine Drive, Brighton, E Sussex.

Nov 25-29. Lombard RAC Rally, start & finish Chester, Cheshire.

NETBALL

Nov 24. Sugar International Netball Trophy: England v Jamaica, Wembley Arena.

Another healthy sports-centre activity deserving international attention. Of all the "new" Commonwealth countries, the Jamaican women's teams have provided the sharpest, most spirited & talented opposition for some years, even though the JNA was founded only in 1958. Then, there were just four clubs on the island: now there are more than 50.

RUGBY



COLORSPORT

Dick Greenwood: coach of England's rugby XV (see introduction).

Nov 3. England v Australia, Twickenham.

Nov 10. Ireland v Australia, Lansdowne Road.

Nov 14. Ulster v Australia, Belfast.

Nov 24. Wales v Australia, Cardiff.

SWIMMING

Nov 3, 4. Sugar/ASA National Synchro Championships, Gloucester Leisure Centre, Glos.

While one half of the nation found the televised synchro swimming from the Olympic Games risible the other half watched entranced. If you like teeth & smiles & tight bottoms, all enacting some soggy sort of Loch Ness pageant, then this is for you. Certainly Busby Berkeley lives on!

TENNIS

Nov 1-3. Nabisco Wightman Cup (women), Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7.

Nov 6-11. Benson & Hedges Championships (men), Wembley Arena.

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GALLERY GUIDE

THOMAS AGNEW

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm. **Pictures from the British Rail Pension Fund.** A selection from the paintings bought by the Fund between 1974 & 1980, among them works by Brueghel, Rubens, Van Dyck, Tiepolo, Chardin, Gainsborough, Monet & Picasso. Nov 8-Dec 14. £1.

BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (928 7521). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Turner of Oxford.** A representative exhibition of the work of William Turner (1789-1862), a seminal watercolourist of the early 19th century. Nov 7-Dec 2.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. **James Tissot** (1836-1902). See introduction. Nov 15-Jan 20. £1, OAPs, students, disabled, unemployed & children 50p.

IAN BIRKSTED

37 Gt Russell St, WC1 (637 2673). Mon-Fri 12.30-5.30pm, Sat 11am-1pm. **Harry Holland.** See introduction. Nov 21-Dec 22.

COLNAGHI

14 Old Bond St, W1 (491 7408). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **A Window onto the Art World—Colnaghi 1760-1984.** Impressive array of paintings including Veronese's *Resurrection*, Metsu's *The Letter Reader* & works from the collections of the Ashmolean, Manchester City Art Gallery, Metropolitan Museum of Art & Nelson-Atkins Museum, Kansas City. See introduction. Nov 7-Dec 15.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. **Henri Matisse: Sculpture & Drawings.** Major show of 68 bronzes & 159 drawings. Until Jan 6. **Josef Koudelka.** Photographs taken since 1962 during travels in remote regions of Eastern & Western Europe, predominantly of nomads & people living on the fringes of society. Until Dec 9. Admission to both exhibitions £2, OAPs, students, unemployed, children & everybody all day Mon & 6-8pm Tues & Wed, £1.

JAPANESE GALLERY

66D Kensington Church St, W8 (229 2934). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. **Japanese Beauties.** Woodblock prints including some by Utamaro, Eizan & Kuniyoshi. Prices from £10 to £200. Until Nov 30.

JUDA ROWAN GALLERY

11 Tottenham Mews, W1 (637 5517). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Sean Scully.** Paintings & drawings. Nov 2-Dec 15.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Danish Painting: The Golden Age.** 80 paintings from the years 1770-1850 lent by the Statens Museum for Kunst in Copenhagen. Until Nov 20.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Glyn Philpot 1884-1937.** Paintings, drawings & sculptures by a now unjustly neglected painter who had a special vision of the fashionable world in the early part of this century. Nov 9-Feb 10.

PYMS GALLERY

13 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 3050). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10.30am-1pm. **Rural & Urban Images.** British & French paintings 1870-1920. Until Nov 30.

QUINTON GREEN FINE ART

5-6 Cork Street, W1 (734 9179). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm. **Zsuzsi Roboz.** A collection of personal memoirs in acrylics & oils. Nov 15-Dec 15.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. **The Age of Vermeer & De Hooch.** A superb survey of Dutch 17th-century genre painting including a group of important Vermeers. Until Nov 18. £2, OAPs, students, disabled, unemployed & everybody on Sunday until 1.45pm £1.40, children £1. **Modern Masters from the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection.** One of the greatest private collections of Old Masters has been expanded to include large & fascinating holdings of more recent art. The show includes work by Cézanne, Van Gogh, Mondrian, Nolde, Pollock, Picasso, Manet & Bal-



Reading the News by James Tissot: at the Barbican Art Gallery from November 15.

ON NOVEMBER 15 the Barbican Art Gallery opens the first major retrospective devoted to the work of James Tissot (1836-1902). Forced to leave France in 1871 because of his involvement in the Commune, Tissot settled in London for 10 years and produced a series of ravishing paintings, now among the most sought-after of Victorian pictures, showing English society and also scenes from the most elegant part of the *demi-monde*. A frequent model was his beautiful mistress, Kathleen Newton. After her premature death at the age of 28 Tissot returned to his native France and spent much of the rest of his life illustrating the Bible.

□ An exhibition entitled *A Window onto the Art World—Colnaghi 1760-1984* presents a panorama of paintings sold in the past by this eminent firm of dealers, and a selection from current stock. There are loans from many public and private collections, including some from major museums in the United States. But, as Colnaghi rather sadly point out, there are none from two good customers—the National Gallery and Tate Gallery here in London—both of whom refuse on principle to lend to a commercial art gallery.

□ One of Britain's best realist painters exhibits from November 21 at the Ian Birksted gallery. Harry Holland's work shows a feeling for classical structure which is matched with an eye for the eternally mysterious quality of everyday things. Sometimes he seems like a British equivalent of the great American realist Edward Hopper.

thus. Until Dec 19. £2, £1.40 & £1.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

66 Portland Pl, W1 (580 5533). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Tues until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. **The Art of the Architect: Treasures from the RIBA's Collections.** About 150 drawings by architects including Palladio, Wren, Hawksmoor, Nash, Voysey, Lutyens & Lloyd Wright. Nov 9-Jan 27. £2, OAPs, students, unemployed & children £1, weekends half-price.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075). Daily 10am-4pm. **Michael Kidner.** Paintings, drawings &

sculpture 1959-84. Nov 3-Dec 2.

SPINK

King St, St James's, SW1 (930 7888). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. **Richard Foster.** Oils & watercolours, including views of the Nile, England & Europe. Nov 6-23. **Oriental Ivories.** Important pieces mostly from the Ming & Qing dynasties. Nov 8-23.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Tues until 7.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **William James Müller (1812-1845).** The Tate is putting on show its largest holding of works by this 19th-century watercolourist, whose early

death made him one of the great might-have-beens of English art. Nov 12-Mar 31. **George Stubbs.** The achievements of a great English artist are explored in depth, including his paintings in enamel for Wedgwood & his printmaking. Until Jan 6. £2, OAPs, students, disabled, unemployed & children £1, Tues half-price from 5.30pm. **Mary Martin (1907-1969).** Reliefs & drawings by one of the few British artists to have created purely abstract work of high quality with no hidden figurative references. Until Nov 25.

TRYON & MOORLAND GALLERY

23-24 Cork St, W1 (734 6961). Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm. **Archibald Thorburn (1860-1935) & George Lodge (1860-1954).** Paintings & drawings, prints & books which they illustrated. Nov 7-Nov 27.

CHRISTOPHER WOOD GALLERY

15 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 9141). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **The Ladye Boundefille.** Exhibition of paintings, drawings, watercolours, sculpture & photographs portraying women & children in Victorian & Pre-Raphaelite art. Nov 7-30.

Out of town

BIRMINGHAM CITY MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Chamberlain Sq, Birmingham (021-235 2834). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **The British Art Show.** A comprehensive survey of art in Britain today, which includes no fewer than 84 contemporary artists. Worth a journey, as it will not be seen in London. Nov 1-Dec 22.

MINORIES

74 High St, Colchester, Essex (0206 577067). Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Manet's Etchings.** Arts Council touring exhibition. Nov 3-25. **British Studio Glass.** Nov 3-Dec 2.

SAINSBURY CENTRE

University of East Anglia, Norwich (0603 56161). Tues-Sun noon-5pm. **Trading Shapes: Chinese & Islamic Ceramics from the British Museum.** Illustrates the interaction between Near & Far Eastern potters who borrowed shapes & glazes from each other from the 14th to 17th century. Until Dec 9.

PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

5 & 8 Gt Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. **Alex Webb & Harry Gruyaert.** Colour photographs printed on "contrast-masked" Cibachrome to give particularly high quality. Webb's images document Mexico & the Caribbean, Gruyaert's Belgium & Morocco. Until Nov 24. **I happen to like New York.** photographs by Yulla Lipchitz. Until Nov 17.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6511). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **John French.** A retrospective of the work by one of the top photographers of the 1950s & early 1960s which gives a glimpse of the time when frivolity was still a very serious business. Nov 14-Mar 10. £1.

CRAFTS

DAVID BLACK

96 Portland Rd, W11 (727 2566). Mon-Sat 11am-6pm. **20th-century tribal rugs.** Recently made rugs which use hand-spun & naturally dyed yarn in traditional designs. Includes rugs from Nepal, Persia & Turkey chosen for their fine quality. Nov 7-Dec 21.

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earls Court, SW3 (836 6993). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat 11am-5pm. **Richard Batterham.** ceramics. Nov 2-24.

CRAFTS COUNCIL

12 Waterloo Pl, Lower Regent St, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **David Pye.** A retrospective exhibition to celebrate the 70th birthday of Britain's most distinguished wood turner, illustrating his quest for the difference between "the thing which sings & the thing which is forever silent". Nov 21-Feb 3. **New Domestic Pottery.** The work of a small number of potters who concentrate on the functional. Nov 21-Feb 3.

NICHOLAS HARRIS

26 Conduit St, W1 (499 5991). Mon-Sat 11am-5pm. **19th- & 20th-Century Decorative & Novelty Silver.** Until mid-Nov.

LONDON MISCELLANY

PENNY WATTS-RUSSELL

EVENTS

Oct 29-Dec 8. **Sir John Betjeman: A Celebration.** See introduction. Lyttelton circle foyer. *Platform performances*, 6pm: Nov 5, 6, Cassock & Hassock, Prunella Scales & Benjamin Whitrow reading from Betjeman's Church Poems (Cottesloe); Nov 27, 28. **Barry Humphries** talking about the poet (Lyttelton); Dec 3, 4. **Betjeman Country**, a verbal tour by Frank Delaney, Gary Raymond & Elizabeth Counsell to the accompaniment of Matthew Scott on piano with music by Mervyn Horder (Cottesloe). National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252). £1.80.

Nov 1, 7.30pm. **Summoned by Bells**. Tim Heath reads Betjeman's verse autobiography. Poetry Society, 21 Earls Court Sq, SW5 (373 7861). £2. OAPs, students & unemployed £1.50.

Nov 1-6. **33rd Kensington Antiques Fair**. Exhibitors from many parts of the country offer the pick of their stock at this annual fair. Kensington Town Hall, Hornton St, W8. Thurs noon-8pm, Fri-Tues 11am-8pm. £2 including catalogue. OAPs, students & children £1.

Nov 3. **Firework displays**. The failure of Guy Fawkes's Gunpowder Plot is celebrated in a number of London parks & open spaces: Battersea Park, SW11; Burgess Park, Albany Rd, SE5; Crystal Palace Park, Thicket Rd, SE20 (£1.50, OAPs & children 50p); East London Stadium, Mile End Park South, Rhodeswell Rd, E14. Fireworks 8pm, preceded by various entertainments in the different locations, so arrive early.

Nov 4, 4-10.30pm. **Fireworks Festival**. An assortment of entertainment that includes Galaxy Circus at 4pm & 7.15pm, funfair from 4pm, fireworks display to music at 6.15pm & cabaret from 8pm with comedian Jimmy Jones. Pickett's Lock, Pickett's Lane, N9. Fireworks & funfair: £1.50. OAPs & children £1; circus £1.50 & £1; cabaret £5. Nov 8-18. **Caravan Camping Holiday Show**. Displays of new equipment, information about caravan & camping sites in Britain & on the Continent, cookery demonstrations & entertainment in a big top. Earls Court, SW5. Daily 10am-8pm, Fri until 10pm, £2.80. OAPs & children £1.50.

Nov 9, 10, 10am-4pm. **Sunshine Fund Craft Sale**. Sale of craft items entered in fund-raising competition for RNIB's Sunshine Fund. Nov 9: 224 Gt Portland St, W1; Nov 10: Parish Rooms, Church Walk, Richmond, Surrey. 10p. children 5p.

Nov 10. **Lord Mayor's Show**. 11.10am the annual procession moves off from London Wall & proceeds along Gresham St, Lothbury, Bartholomew Lane, Threadneedle St to the Mansion House where the Lord Mayor joins it. Then via Poultry, Cheapside, New Change, Cannon St, Ludgate Hill & Fleet St to the Royal Courts of Justice.

Nov 10-18. **Daily Mail International Ski Show**. Primer for winter sports enthusiasts—what to wear & where to go. The focal point is a 150ft ski slope used for free tuition & demonstrations. Earls Court, SW5. Mon-Fri noon-10pm, Sat, Sun 11am-7pm. £3, children £2.

Nov 20, 21. **Flower Show**. The last RHS show of the year with special displays of apples & pears, ornamental plants & orchids. Royal Horticultural Society Hall, Greycoat St, SW1. Nov 20, 11am-7pm, 90p; Nov 21, 10am-5pm, 70p.

Nov 23-25, 11am-5pm. **Tradescant Trust Christmas Fair**. St Mary at Lambeth, Lambeth Palace Rd, SE1. 25p.

Nov 25, 10am-6pm. **Alexandra Palace Craft Fair**. With 300 craftsmen demonstrating their skills & selling their wares—everything from clothes, clocks & cooking-ware to cut-glass crystal & fine bone china—the fair purports to be the largest of its kind in Europe. Alexandra Palace, N22. £1. OAPs & children 50p.

Nov 26, 11.30am-5.30pm. **Christmas Bazaar**. Support the NSPCC by buying gifts, tombola tickets, toys, sweaters, books & bric-a-brac. Claridge's Hotel, Brook St, W1.

Nov 30, 12.30pm. **Malt Whisky Tasting**. Organized by the National Trust for Scotland to celebrate St Andrew's Day, this event offers the opportunity to sample 21 varieties of whisky & partake of a buffet lunch in the presence of the Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress. Mansion House, EC4. Tickets £25 from National Trust for Scotland, 15 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1 (222 4856).

Nov 30-Dec 2, 10am-6pm. **Your Computer Christ-**

"GREAT WAS my joy with London at my feet". This line from John Betjeman's verse autobiography succinctly expresses the delight felt by the late Poet Laureate for the city in which he spent much of his youth and to which in his later years, as co-founder of the Victorian Society, he devoted much of his conservationist activities. In a major exhibition—Sir John Betjeman: A Celebration—mounted at the National Theatre by the Poetry Society and the publishers John Murray, memorable tribute is paid, in photographs, caricatures and Betjeman's own drawings, to this much-loved figure; it is accompanied by readings of the poet's works in the Cottesloe and Lyttelton Theatres.

□ Riverside locations are an asset shared by two recently opened arts centres. The Watermans, at 40 High Street, Brentford, Middlesex (568 1176), is a purpose-built complex, with art gallery, theatre and cinema, which promises a varied programme of activities, including the Moving Picture Mime Show, Phoenix Dance Company and a production of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. The Audun Gallery, in a converted warehouse at Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, SW10 (352 4080), is the brainchild of American poet David Audun and British dancer David Hepburn and is devoted primarily to theatre design. A mixed exhibition this month features the work of Elizabeth and Christopher Bell.



mas Fair. Home computer addicts could solve most of their Christmas present problems here, among a wide choice of microcomputers & software. Olympia, W14. £3, OAPs & children £2.

FOR CHILDREN

Nov 4, 10am-2pm. **Allsorts Mini-Marathon**. Youngsters participate in crawling, toddling, roller-skating, walking & running events for the benefit of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Battersea Park, SW11.

Nov 4, 2.45pm. **Bangers & Spooks**. A programme of songs, stories & instrumental music for children aged 5-11, presented by David Moses, David Ramm & the Gaudemus Children's Choir, conductor Joan Taylor. Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). £2.50, £2.

Nov 10, 11am. **Ernest Read Concert for Children**. London Mozart Players, children's choir; Hannah Roberts, cello; Bernard Keefee, conductor & commentator, perform Beethoven, Handel & Haydn. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). £1.40-£2.60.

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Nov 13, 20, 27, 6.15pm. **The Golden Age of Anglo-Saxon Art**: Nov 13, Before the Golden Age—Anglo-Saxon Art from Sutton Hoo to Alfred, Sir David Wilson; Nov 20, The kings of late Anglo-Saxon England, Dr Simon Keynes; Nov 27, The last century of Anglo-Saxon monasticism, Dr Antonia Gransden.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Nov 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 1.10pm. **Workshops**: an opportunity to meet specialist staff & see objects from the Museum's collections at close quarters: Nov 1, Film presentation of the London Blitz. John Huntley;



Top, Dadd's *Caravan Halted by the Sea Shore*; at Sotheby's. Above, Betjeman tribute: National Theatre from October 29.

Nov 8, Roman London—new finds from the City. Francis Grew; Nov 15, Feminine foundations—lingerie for the Edwardian lady, Victoria Woollard; Nov 22, Christmas cards, Nicola Johnson; Nov 29, Heraldry & archaeology, Tony Wilmott.

Nov 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1.10pm. **London Business Houses**: Nov 2, Palaces of commerce—the golden age of the London department stores, Alison Turton; Nov 9, The story of Whitbread's Brewery (1742-1976), H. A. Monckton; Nov 16, A London clearing bank—its history & archives, Edwin Green; Nov 23, The treasury of London shipping records, David Burrell; Nov 30, City insurance archives—a surprising historical source, Christopher Cooper.

NATIONAL SOUND ARCHIVE

29 Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 6603).

Nov 6, 7.30pm. **Gershwin the pianist**, Artis Wodehouse. A chance to hear recordings of Gershwin playing his own music in the 1920s & 30s as well as

modern renditions.

Nov 20, 7.30pm. **John McCormack**, John Steane. On the centenary of the birth of this Irish tenor. Nov 27, 7.30pm. **The Institut de Recherche et Coordination Acoustique/Musique—a report on work in progress**, Jonathan Harvey & Nigel Osborne. Two English composers discuss IRCAM which opened in the basement of Paris's Centre Beaubourg in 1976 to foster collaboration between scientists, technicians & musicians. Free tickets from the NSA with sae.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Nov 13, 1pm. **Picasso in the 1920s**, Dr Christopher Green. Nov 20, 1pm. **The Surrealist spirit**, Dr Roger Cardinal.

Nov 27, 1pm. **Individual effort—aspects of 20th-century American painting**, Richard Humphreys.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Nov 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 6.45pm. **20th-century interior decoration**: Nov 1, The new eclecticism in French design, François Catroux; Nov 8, Post-Modern interiors, Charles Jencks; Nov 15, The work of the firm of Irvine & Fleming, Keith Irvine; Nov 22, The decorator in society, Nicholas Haslam; Nov 29, The interiors of Sir Edwin Lutyens, Colin Amery.

SALEROOMS

BONHAM'S

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Nov 1, 11am & 2.30pm. The contents of Birkenhead Houses, furniture, ceramics, clocks & pictures, including watercolours by Cotman & de Wint, a charcoal drawing by Gainsborough & an early work by Turner.

Nov 28, 11am. Watercolours, including one by James Callow estimated at £3,000-£5,000.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Nov 21, 11am. Musical instruments.

Nov 23, 11am. English pictures, including Joseph Wright's *Mr & Mrs Thomas Colman setting out to ride* estimated at £1 million.

Nov 30, 11am. 19th-century paintings.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Nov 20, 2pm. Pictures, watercolours, drawings, prints & sculpture, of American, Canadian, African, Eastern & Australasian interest.

Nov 29, 6pm; Nov 30, 10.30am. Pop sale of 20th-century entertainment memorabilia, including Vivien Leigh's dresses from *La dame aux camélias*, some of John Lennon's writings & a Warhol silk-screen portrait of Mick Jagger.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Nov 8, 11am. Musical instruments.

Nov 13, 11am. Modern British paintings.

Nov 15, 1pm. Books, maps & atlases.

Nov 20, 11am. Victorian paintings.

Nov 21, noon. Sporting items, including cricket & golfing memorabilia.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Nov 21, 2.30pm. 18th- & 19th-century British drawings & watercolours, including six watercolours by Turner.

Nov 22, 10.30am & 2.30pm. Musical instruments, including a 1707 Stradivari violin estimated at over £300,000.

Nov 22, 23, 11am. Music & Continental books & MSS including General de Gaulle's speech on the liberation of France with annotations, estimated at £10,000, & Toulouse-Lautrec's Latin dictionary illustrated with schoolboy drawings.

Nov 27, 7pm. 19th-century European paintings, drawings & sculpture, including Richard Dadd's *Caravan Halted by the Sea Shore* estimated at more than £100,000.

Nov 28, 11am. 19th-century Danish paintings & drawings from a private collection.

ROYALTY

Nov 6, 11.30am. **The Queen** opens Parliament.

Nov 11, 11am. **The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh** attend the Remembrance Day Service at the Cenotaph & lay a wreath, Whitehall, SW1.

Nov 19, **The Queen Mother** attends the Royal Variety Performance, Victoria Palace, SW1.

MUSEUMS

KENNETH HUDSON

LEEDS CITY MUSEUM commemorates 500 years of the College of Arms with a special Heraldry in Yorkshire exhibition to be opened by the Duke of Norfolk on November 2. The exhibits range from a medieval knight in full armour with all his trappings, to a modern pullover with the coat of arms of Ilkley worked into the knitting.

□ The history of British motorcycles and motorcycling is documented at the new National Motorcycle Museum which opened to the public for the first time on October 21. Situated in the village of Bickenhill, not far from Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre, the museum has up to 350 fully restored machines on display, the oldest dating back to 1903.

□ From October 30 the Barbican has a photographic record of how Marks & Spencer (see page 41) celebrated their centenary this year—one of several foyer exhibitions at the Centre during November.

MUSEUM GUIDE

BARBICAN CENTRE

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Mon-Sat 9am-11pm, Sun noon-11pm. Foyer exhibitions: **A Community Celebration**. The centenary of Marks & Spencer. Oct 30-Nov 26. **National Piers Society exhibition**. Drawings, paintings & models of British piers. Oct 30-Nov 11. **Ernest Ansermet**. The life & work of the Swiss conductor. Nov 3-Dec 2. **Off Camera**. Fourteen celebrities' favourite outfits. Nov 3-Dec 3. **Paintings by John & Hilary Hoyland**. Landscapes from France & England. Nov 6-25. **Impressionism to the Present Day**. A Royal Academy winter exhibition. Nov 13-Dec 9. **Flowers for All Seasons**. Watercolours by Sue Ellen Wilder. Nov 20-Dec 9. **Kenneth Box**. Watercolours of the seashore. Nov 27-Dec 8. **Definitions**. Work by members of the Designer Jewellers Group (on sale Mon-Fri 11am-3pm, 5-8pm, Sat 11am-8pm, Sun noon-8pm). Nov 27-Dec 23.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Chinese Ornament: The Lotus & the Dragon**. Chinese flower ornament & its roots in the art of ancient Egypt, Greece & Rome, & the influence of Buddhism on Chinese decorative art from the 5th century AD. Nov 29-May 6.

British Library exhibitions:

D. ORWELL'S

DZIENIEKU FARMA



Animal Farm in Latvian, 1954: Orwell at the British Library until November 18.

The Works of George Orwell in the Languages of Eastern Europe. Rare & unusual items, many published clandestinely. Until Nov 18. **Samuel Johnson 1709-84: A Bicentenary Exhibition**. His career illustrated by items from the Library's collections. Nov 8-Feb 25. **The Golden Age of Anglo-Saxon Art 966-1066** (jointly with the BM). Nov 9-Mar 10. £2, OAPs, students & children £1.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. **Resistance: European Resistance to Nazi Germany, 1939-45** continues, with accompanying film shows on Sat & Sun showing how various countries over the last 40 years have portrayed the experience of occupation during the Second World War. Until Apr 21. £1.50, OAPs, students & children 80p (films free).

The Freedom of the Seas. Marine watercolours & drawings by official Admiralty artists that show the efforts to keep the approaches to Britain open during the First World War. Until Jan 6. **Paintings & drawings of the WRNS** by Eileen Hogan. Until Nov 25.

Proving popular are the Museum's small anniversary displays based on the personal memories of people who took part in such notable events as D-Day, the outbreak of the First World War & the Battle of Arnhem.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Wildlife Photographer of the Year exhibition**. The winning pictures chosen from more than 12,000 entries, sent in from all over the world. Until Jan 4.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **The Art of the Master-Turner**. The work & equipment of the late Fred Howe, with demonstrations organized by the Worshipful Company of Turners. Until Dec 4. The Heat Gallery has a new permanent exhibit called **Feeling Comfortable**, dealing with energy conservation.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **The Discovery of the Lake District**. The Lakes as an amenity for ordinary people through three centuries. Until Jan 13. **John Deakin 1912-71: The Salvage of a Photographer**. Surviving photographs by a brilliant photographer who came to despise his work & destroyed most of it. Until Jan 20. **Edwin Smith: Photographs 1935-71**. Working people, British architecture & the British landscape. Until Jan 20. **John French**, fashion photographer. See p 112. Nov 14-Mar 10. **Certain Shawls 1839-49**. British & French woven & printed shawls & the designs for them. Until spring, 1985.

Out of town

BRIGHTON MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Church St, Brighton, E Sussex (0273 603005). **Beauty's Awakening**. Art Workers' Guild celebration of its centenary with an exhibition of the work of representative Guildsmen over the past 100 years, including Edwin Lutyens, William Morris, Eric Gill & C. R. Ashbee. Until Nov 25.

LEEDS CITY MUSEUM

Municipal Buildings, Leeds, W Yorks (0532 463000). Tues-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-4pm. **Heraldry: A Yorkshire Tribute**. See introduction. Nov 2-Dec 31.

NATIONAL MOTORCYCLE MUSEUM

Coventry Rd, Bickenhill, Solihull, W Midlands (067 55 2085). Daily 10am-6pm. See introduction. £2.50, OAPs, students & children £1.50.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF

PHOTOGRAPHY, FILM & TELEVISION

Prince's View, Bradford, W Yorks (0274 727488). Tues-Sat noon-8pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **The Other Eden**. Explores the way in which photographers have portrayed the English countryside, 1840-1984. Until Nov 25. **Country Crisis**. Based on the Channel 4 series which takes the lid off the chocolate-box image of the countryside. Until Nov 25. **New Perspectives on the Nude**. An exhibition from the ffoliogallery, Cardiff. Nov 14-Dec 23. **Alexander Rodchenko**. Work of the leading photographer & graphic designer of post-revolutionary Russia. Nov 14-Dec 23.



BRIEFING**HOTELS**

HILARY RUBINSTEIN



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welcoming and offer a three-day package starting on Christmas Eve, with a large dinner, presents round the tree and carols at midnight. On Christmas Day there is a late buffet lunch and traditional dinner; on Boxing Day there is a cocktail party and buffet dinner. Guests leave after lunch next day.

Blanchland, 30 miles south-west of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, surrounded by moors, fields, forests and a lake, is named from the white robes of the monks of Blanchland Abbey, dissolved in the 16th century. The Lord Crewe Arms, now a 15-bedroomed hotel, was once the Abbot's lodgings, guest house and kitchen and has a priest's hole, a Crypt Bar and, reputedly, a 250-year-old ghost. Ermes Oretti and his English wife offer a three-day package including a Christmas Eve champagne reception, traditional Christmas lunch with Father Christmas, and Boxing Day candlelit dinner.

The Prospect Hill Hotel at Kirkoswald near the Eden Valley in Cumbria is a simple, small, personal hotel converted from a complex of 18th-century sandstone farmhouses. The main dining room is a beautifully converted barn. The 12 bedrooms—two with baths, two with showers—are small and charmingly equipped. Guests are provided with information about the locality, particularly about walks—for which maps, wellingtons and waterproofs are supplied. The Hendersons offer a house-party atmosphere with nothing organized apart from the seven-course Christmas lunch.

Christmas packages are also offered at many hotels already mentioned in this series, among them, in the Lake District, Miller Howe, Windermere, Cumbria (09662 2536); quiet but festive; Rothay Manor, Ambleside, Cumbria (0966 33605); something organized each day; in Wales, Minffordd, Talyllyn, Gwynedd (065473 665); jolly; Maes-y-Neuadd, Talsarnau, Gwynedd (0766 780200); quiet; Druidstone Hotel, Druidston Haven, Dyfed (043783 221); fairly quiet; and in Scotland, Cringletie House, Peebles, Borders (07213 233); quiet.

For those who prefer to spend the long December break away from home, hotels which offer special Christmas packages provide an attractive alternative. Some hotels are festive and traditional in their programmes; others leave guests to their own peaceful devices. Both kinds tend to get booked up well in advance.

The Elms, at Abberley, 12 miles northwest of Worcester, is a noble Queen Anne house with a well-grafted modern wing set in 13 acres of parkland. Most of the 27 bedrooms (including two suites) have lovely views, large bathrooms and many cossetting extras. The hotel offers a four-day package starting on Christmas Eve, with no special entertainments, just plenty of food and drink, a cocktail party on Christmas Eve, champagne on Christmas Day and a formal Christmas dinner.

In north-east Devon, Huntsham Court is an unconventional hotel run by Danish-born Mogens Bolwig and his Greek wife Andrea who place great emphasis on music. The music room has more than 2,500 records and cassettes which guests are free to play on the hi-fi; the 12 bedrooms, all named after famous musicians, have pre-war radios.

The Bolwigs' four-day package starts on Christmas Eve with a Devon tea, carols, champagne cocktails and an after-dinner torchlight walk to the carol service in the local church. On Christmas Day there are presents (a guest acting as Father Christmas), a buffet lunch and a dinner with music and dancing. Boxing Day offers a 1920s to 40s-style dance after dinner. On December 27 there is a pheasant-plucking contest. Guests leave on December 28 after a Danish lunch with schnapps.

At Battle, Little Hemingsfold Farmhouse is a part 17th-century, part early-Victorian house filled with books, interesting pictures and fine furniture in a tranquil setting of 26 acres of gardens, woods and pastures, with direct access to the 1,000 acres of Battle Great Wood. It has eight double and two single bedrooms, all with bathrooms. Meals are served communally round two large candlelit tables. Bread is home-baked and many of the vegetables and fruits are home-grown. Anne Benton offers a quiet three-day holiday with a Christmas Eve dinner, a Christmas lunch and buffet dinner.

The Twenty-One in Brighton is a hotel and restaurant in an early-Victorian town house in Kemp Town (there are no lifts and many steps up to the top floor). It has only six double bedrooms, four of them with shower, all with radio and colour television; it has been carefully refurbished and is comfortable and spotlessly clean. Hosts Simon Ward and Stuart Farquharson are warmly

□ The Elms, Abberley, nr Worcester, Hereford & Worcs (029 921 666). Four-day package £300 per person (£80 extra for suite) full board.

□ Huntsham Court, Huntsham, nr Tiverton, Devon (039 86 210). Three days from £145, four days from £170.

□ Little Hemingsfold Farmhouse, Battle, E Sussex (042 46 2910). Three-day package £195 full board.

□ The Twenty-One, 21 Charlotte Street, Brighton, East Sussex (0273 686450). Three-day house-party £145 full board.

□ The Lord Crewe Arms, Blanchland, nr Consett, Durham (043 475 251). Three days £110 full board in hotel, £102 in annexe.

□ Prospect Hill Hotel, Kirkoswald, Penrith, Cumbria (076 883 500). Bed and breakfast £12.20. Dinner is à la carte, about £8 (Christmas dinner £14).

The above rates, unless otherwise stated, are for one person. VAT is included. Service is included at The Elms and Huntsham; at the others it is optional.

Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*, published annually by the Consumers' Association/Hodder. The 1985 edition, price £8.95, comes out on November 1. The *Guide* would be glad to hear from readers who have recent firsthand experience of any unusually good hotels. Reports to Good Hotel Guide, Free-post, London W11 4BR.



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BRIEFING

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CONCERTS AND DINNERS afford opportunities for evening visits to great country houses during their winter hibernation. As part of the 150th anniversary celebrations of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Dr Geoffrey Beard gives pre-concert talks on Robert Adam in two houses with strong Adam connexions: Harewood in Yorkshire on November 16, and Saltram, near Plymouth, on November 24. Details of these and other concerts appear in the listings below. At Weston Park, near Shifnal in Salop (095276 207), a new series of gastronomic dinners, eaten beneath the Van Dyck portraits in the dining room, begins on November 2 and continues until December 22. For £15.50, you have a four-course meal and a chance to look at the rest of the house, with its celebrated Gobelin tapestries.

□ A new activity holiday is launched this month at Sudeley Castle, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham in Gloucestershire (0242 602308). Falconry weekends, starting on November 3 and continuing early next spring, aim to introduce absolute beginners—anyone over the age of 12—to this ancient skill for a cost of £50, which does not include accommodation. Advanced tuition is also available at £250 for a 12-day course.

EVENTS

Nov 3. Guy Fawkes' celebrations. Try & arrive in good time for these explosive evenings, to enjoy the other entertainment: 6pm, steam fairground & firework display; Beaulieu Abbey, Hants, £2, children £1; 7.30pm, Leeds Castle, nr Maidstone, Kent, £2, children £1; Craft fair & Morris dancing, Allington Castle, nr Maidstone, £1, accompanied children free; Funfair & music, Kempton Park Racecourse, Surrey, £1.50.

Nov 3, 7.30pm. **Creakes Noye & the Capriol Singers** give a concert of medieval music on instruments of the period in a medieval setting. Rufford Old Hall, nr Ormskirk, Lancs. Tickets £5 from 11 Watkin Rd, Clayton-le-Woods, Chorley, Lancs (02572 72808).

Nov 3, 8pm. **John Lill**, piano. Music by Mozart, Schumann, Chopin & Prokofiev in an 18th-century house. Clandon Park, W Clandon, nr Guildford, Surrey. Tickets £10 from National Trust box office, Polesden Lacey, nr Dorking, Surrey (31 53401).

Nov 5, 7pm. **Victorian Bonfire Night**. The museum's reconstructed Victorian village is lit entirely by gas, there is a roaring bonfire (no fireworks), the bakery turns out hot potatoes as well as bread, or try the local groarty pudding—a sort of stew. Black Country Museum, Dudley, W Midlands. £1.25, OAPs & children 75p.

Nov 5-14. **Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival**. The emphasis this year is on music theatre. Mauricio Kagel & Peter Maxwell Davies talk about their composing techniques, the BBC Symphony Orchestra in a programme of Davies's works. Box office, Tourist Information Office, Albion St, Huddersfield, W Yorks (Mon-Fri 0484 22133, Sat 0484 32177).

Nov 13-17, 20-24, 6.30-9.30pm. **Aston Hall by candlelight**. Some of the Jacobean rooms brilliantly lit as if for a ball, others more dimly illuminated to give a feeling of 17th-century life. Aston Hall, Trinity Rd, Birmingham 6 (021-327 0062). £1, OAPs & children 50p.

Nov 13-27. **Lanhydrock Music Festival**. Concerts by the Hanover Band, Mevagissey Male Voice Choir, Endellion Quartet; a Parisian evening with Duchy Opera & a piano recital by Roman Rudnytsky. Lanhydrock House, nr Bodmin, Cornwall (0208 3320).

Nov 15, 10am-4pm. **Needlepoint Day**. Susan Arkell demonstrates nine different textured stitches on a sampler which can be made into a cushion cover when finished. Bring scissors & a thimble, other materials available for £9.50 on arrival. The Old Rectory, Farthinghoe, nr Brackley, Northants (0295 710018), £10.45 with lunch.

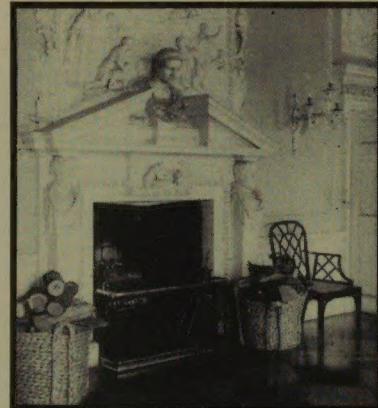
Nov 16, 23, 7.30pm. **Concerts at Harewood**: Nov 16, Brodsky String Quartet plays Mozart, Tippett & Borodin. Pre-concert talk by Dr Geoffrey Beard on Robert Adam & his work (see introduction); Nov 23, György Páuk, violin; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Beethoven, Schubert, Debussy, Prokofiev & Bartók. Harewood House, nr Leeds, W Yorks (0532 886331), £6.

Nov 20, 11am. **Study day on Italian Majolica**. Ceramics specialist Gordon Lang from Sotheby's talks about the Burghley collection. Burghley

House, Stamford, Lincs (0780 52075). £30 including lunch.

Nov 23-Dec 8. **Cardiff Festival of Music**. 20th-century music performed by the Oslo Philharmonic, BBC Welsh Symphony, London Symphony & Philharmonia Orchestras, Medici String Quartet & guitarist John Williams. Box office, St David's Hall, Cardiff (0222 371236, cc 0222 35900).

Nov 24, 10am-5pm. **Dr Johnson Book Fair**. Two dealers specializing in Johnson's books are among the 35 stalls selling antiquarian books, documents, prints & maps in the town of his birth. Lichfield Arts Centre, Lichfield, Staffs. 30p, children 15p.



Adam's work at Saltram: see introduction.

Nov 24, 7.30pm. **Concert at Saltram**. Ian Partridge, tenor; Jennifer Partridge, piano. Music by Brahms, Parry, Prince Albert, Schubert & Stanford in a George II mansion. Pre-concert talk by Dr Geoffrey Beard (see Nov 16). Saltram House, Plympton, Devon (0752 336546). £5.

Nov 28-30, 11am-1pm. **Pruning fruit trees & bushes**. Demonstrations by experts in the Royal Horticultural Society's inspiring gardens. RHS Gardens, Wisley, nr Woking, Surrey. Free, but admission charge to gardens for non-RHS members £1.40, children 70p.

Nov 29-Dec 2, 11am-7.30pm. **Crafts Fair**. Start Christmas shopping among the 50 stalls. Randolph Hotel, Oxford. 50p, children free.

Nov 30-Dec 2. **8th annual Edinburgh Winter Antiques Fair**. Roxburgh Hotel, Charlotte Sq, Edinburgh. Fri, Sat, 11am-9pm, Sun 11am-5pm. £1, accompanied children free.

ROYALTY

Nov 15. **The Princess of Wales** names the P & O Company's new cruise ship *Royal Princess*. Southampton, Hants.

Nov 16. **The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh** visit Uppingham & Oakham Schools to mark their quatercentenaries. Leics.

Nov 20. **Princess Anne** attends the Variety Club of Great Britain Women of the Year Awards 1984. Queens Hotel, Leeds, W Yorks.



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